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THE MASTERS OF CAPITAL IN AMERICA

MORGAN: THE GREAT TRUSTEE

BY

JOHN MOODY

AUTHOR OF "ANALYSES OF RAILROAD INVESTMENTS," ETC.

AND

GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

AUTHOR OF "GALVESTON: A BUSINESS CORPORATION," ETC.

THE aggregation of capital, the growth of great corporations, and through them the development of monopoly, constitute the most significant social fact of modern times. In no place has this movement been so rapid and significant as in the United States.

Virtually all the great public questions before this country at the present time are united by one common factor — the concentration of capital in a few hands. The insurgent movement, the railroad question, the tariff question, the conservation question, the labor question — all these are the result of the popular revolt against it.

Up to this time no history of this great modern movement of the concentration of wealth has been attempted. The following article begins the history of its development in America.—EDITOR.

IT seems curious, now, that the great financial houses of Wall Street, whose hands are upon all the industries of this continent, should have started in the dry-goods or clothing business. The Morgans began this way, and Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and Brown Brothers, and the Seligmans — and a great number of the other old and powerful private banking houses of America. It seems to-day a curious and small beginning. But this is merely because we have lost all memory of the operations and proportions of the financial world of fifty and a hundred years ago.

The concentration of capital, which men have been watching with alarm for the past forty years, began with the equipment of civilization

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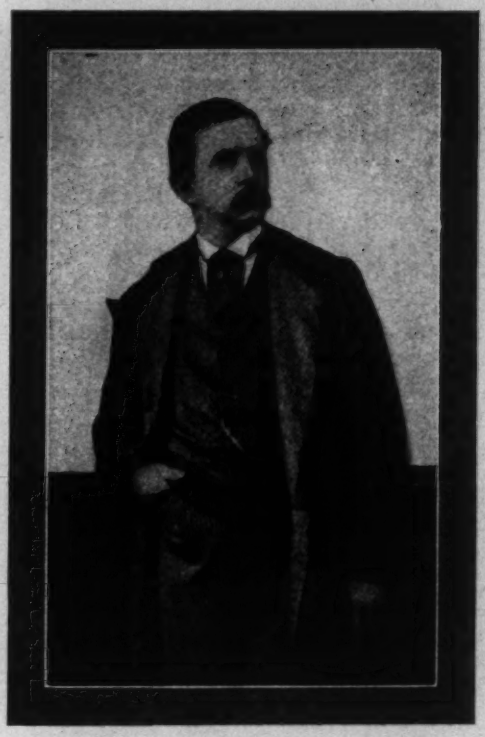
with power machinery. A hundred years ago it did not exist; fifty years ago it was scarcely started. Before that movement, only one business operation required considerable masses of capital — the wholesale handling of merchandise. This capital gathered in the hands of great merchants, whose stock in trade, particularly in a new country like America, was very largely cloth or manufactures of cloth. Even Nathan Rothschild, the most famous financier of the early nineteenth century, made his start financing the material and products of the early English cloth mills.



J. PIERPONT MORGAN AT THE AGE OF FORTY

In America we have forgotten all this. Our "merchant princes" — only fifty years ago the copy-book model of every school-boy — have passed out of mind. The business of security-selling — a small, local, irregular peddling trade to the big American merchant of sixty years ago — now looms so large that it seems an institution of a great and indefinite past.

In England they remember better. These men we call private bankers — the Rothschilds and Barings and Morgans — are not even now bankers there, but "merchants." In reality they are the lineal business descendants of the merchants of the great East India Company.

The Yankee Dry-Goods Merchant

In the United States one particular section developed the international merchant. Before the Revolution the sharp-eyed, bony men of New England had gone out scouring the coasts of Africa and the islands of the sea for merchandise. There were no better traders in the world. If they had not the immemorial training of the Jew, they had vastly greater daring. Then came the shipping troubles of the War of 1812. The men and money of New England turned to another hazardous venture — the untried business of the manufacture of cloth. And immediately the Yankee dry-goods trader went out across the United States. He had behind him both the traditions of a trading race and a familiarity with the local product, cloth. At a time when New York, the principal city of the Western Continent, held its supremacy — as it did to the beginning of the Civil War — largely because it was the distributing center of the dry-goods trade, the greatest commercial prizes of the country were before him.

In 1811 a sixteen-year-old dry-goods clerk, George Peabody, was thrown out of employment by the burning of his brother's little store in the old shipping town of Newburyport, Massachusetts. He went with an uncle to Georgetown, the suburb of Washington, D. C., and opened a dry-goods store there; moved to Baltimore; established branches in Philadelphia and New York; and finally, in 1837, a man of forty-two, founded in London the great merchant banking house of George Peabody & Co., later J. S. Morgan & Co.

George Peabody, Merchant Banker

To modern eyes his going to London appears an unusual step. In reality, George Peabody merely made an advance along exactly the same line of business he had always followed, by establishing himself in the greatest mercantile center of the world. The kind of enterprise he founded is excellently described by his biographer, Fox-Bourne:

> In London, and all parts of England, he bought British manufactures for shipment to the United States; and the ships came back freighted with every kind of American produce for sale in England. To that lucrative account, however, was added one far more lucrative. The merchants and manufacturers on both sides of the Atlantic, who transmitted their goods through him, sometimes procured from him advances on account of the goods in his possession long before they were sold. At other times they

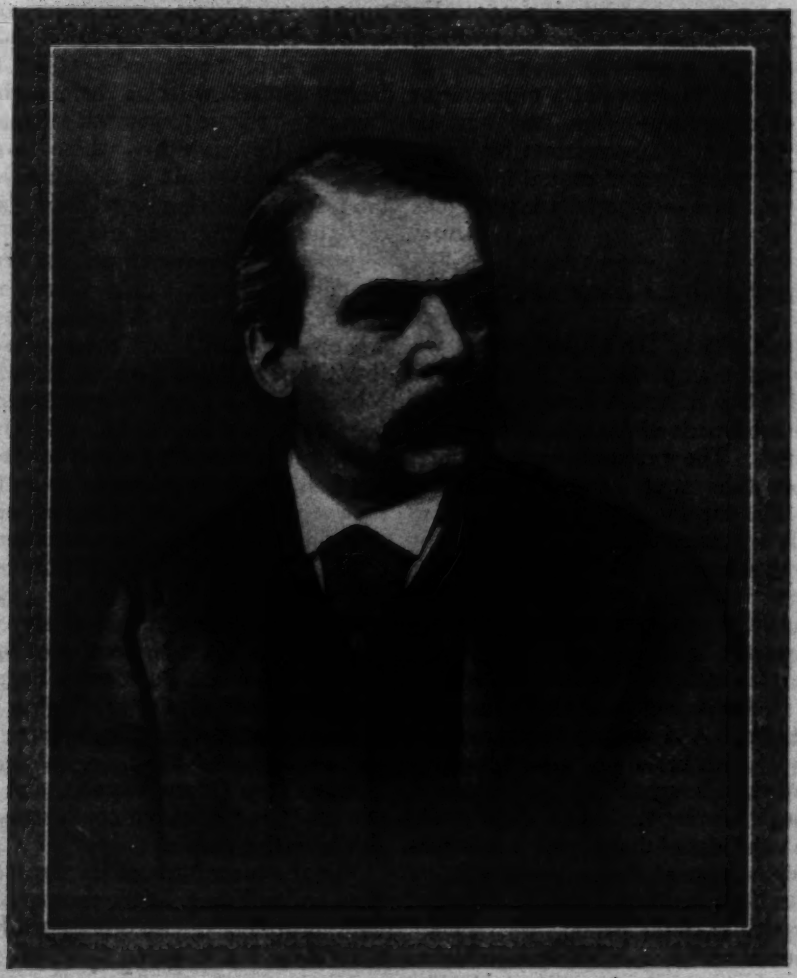
found it convenient to leave large sums in his hands long after the goods were disposed of, knowing that they could draw whenever they needed, and that in the meantime their money was being so profitably invested that they were certain of a proper interest on their loans. Thus he became a banker as well as a great merchant, and ultimately much more of a banker than a merchant.

America the Greatest Field for Capital

George Peabody reached London at the beginning of the greatest single revolution in human affairs — the change from man and animal power to steam power in the performance of the work of the world. Capital was beginning to mass itself to equip civilization with steam machinery — a new use for capital, full of difficulty. Previously, in commerce, a valuable asset stood behind the use of capital, directly or indirectly — the asset of usable merchandise. Now there was simply the operation of machinery. Unused machinery had no value in itself; in operation it produced profits. It was clear that the investment of capital for this new purpose was to be governed by new laws — laws dictated very largely by the nature of the operations of different kinds of machinery. And it was clear, even then, that this massing of capital was to be vastly greater and more important than any that had come before it.

Peabody's position in this new movement of capital was this: He represented, in the greatest financial center of the world, the greatest and most profitable field for capital, a continent, literally millions of square miles of rich farming and mineral lands, free for the taking, but absolutely unavailable until supplied with steam machinery — particularly the machinery of transportation. The men who supplied or controlled the machinery to open up this land would naturally expect a reward unequaled in the previous history of the world.

There was competition even then. Great



A PHOTOGRAPH OF J. PIERPONT MORGAN TAKEN ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

houses were establishing financial connections between London and America. The Rothschilds had sent out August Belmont as their representative in New York, in the same year that Peabody settled in London; the Barings had married into a Philadelphia family in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and for years had been interested in the United States. Peabody, nevertheless, set out to be the chief financial representative of America in England. He made a point of getting together the leading men of both countries, and his Fourth-of-July dinners, a special occasion for this, became notable.

"I have endeavored," he said of his firm, toward the end of his life, "in the constituency of its members and the character of its business to make it an American house, to give it an American atmosphere, to furnish it with American journals, to make it a center of American news and an agreeable place for my American friends visiting London."

Peabody was a shrewd and daring man. He reached out immediately — as his successors in his firm have always done — to take the lead in financing America. He was not a promoter or originator of enterprises — that was not his business, nor that of his successors: he was a financier. He placed English capital in the investments of his time — especially investments in America.

Peabody and the State Debts

The first necessity of the United States was the machinery of transportation. At that time it was as ridiculous to expect European capital to finance the railroads of America as its country stage lines. The railroads were, in fact, scarcely more than that. But, to raise the money for this purpose, it was necessary to create salable securities. This was done by the States. In 1837 more than half of our State debts were bonds issued to build canals or railways.

George Peabody was immediately engaged in large transactions in these securities. Two years before his settlement in London he had disposed of an $8,000,000 issue of the bonds of Maryland there. And during the American panic of 1837, which broke just after his establishment abroad, he bought State bonds heavily, at a great profit, during the tremendous slump in American securities of that time. From that time until his retirement Peabody was a leader in the transactions in State bonds — the chief American securities of the period.

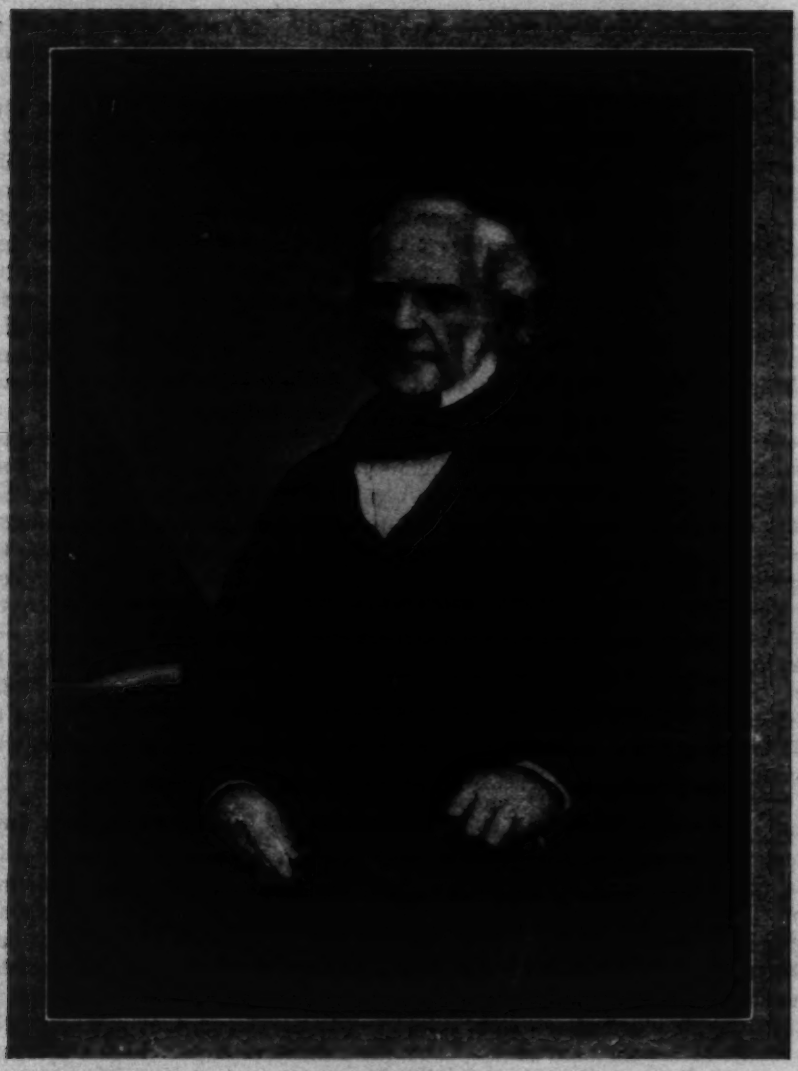
These operations were highly profitable to Peabody, but during his business life the United States received a disastrous reputation in England. It was a country where capital was not safe. The debts of our States, aggregating $200,000,000, were worth not over fifty cents on the dollar after the panic of 1837. Some $60,000,000 had been spent for canals — nearly all a dead loss upon the building of the railroads. And, in many cases, the States responsible for these and for unsuccessful State banking enterprises — which had also been financed by the issue of State bonds — either repudiated their debts or made a very lean compromise with their creditors. According to calculations in 1842, somebody had lost from $50,000,000 to $75,000,000 on the debts of our States, and a good share of it was lost in England.

Sydney Smith's "Humble Petition"

The bitter complaint of the English investor was compressed in the "humble petition of the Rev. Sydney Smith to the House of Congress in Washington," in 1843, "to institute some measures for the restoration of American credit and the repayment of debts incurred and repudiated by several of the States"— which held up the United States writhing before the scorn of Europe. "Figure to yourself a Pennsylvanian," said the Rev. Smith,— whose investments in Pennsylvania bonds had defaulted on their interest,—"receiving foreigners in his own country, walking over the public works with them, and showing them Larcenous Lake, Swindling Swamp, Crafty Canal, and Rogues' Railway, and other dishonest works. 'This swamp we gained,' says the patriotic borrower, 'by the repudiated loan of 1828. Our canal robbery was in 1830. We pocketed your good people's money for the railroad only last year.' All this may seem very smart to the Americans, but if I had the misfortune to be born among such a people, the land of my fathers would not restrain me a single moment after the act of repudiation. I would appeal from my fathers to my forefathers."

England continued for thirty years afterward to hold the same sentiment toward American investments. But George Peabody and his firm grew constantly in English favor. He amassed some $20,000,000, became the greatest philanthropist of his time, refused a title of nobility from Queen Victoria, and died in possession of the thorough confidence of the English investing public.

"In the magnitude of its transactions," said the London *Times*, at the time of his death, "it fell short of one or two other great houses of the same class; but in honor, faith, punctuality, and public confidence the firm of George Peabody & Co. stood second to none."



GEORGE PEABODY

THE NEW ENGLAND DRY-GOODS CLERK WHO BECAME A WORLD-FAMOUS PHILANTHROPIST, AND THE FOUNDER OF THE GREAT BANKING HOUSE NOW KNOWN AS J. P. MORGAN & CO.

Junius Morgan Leaves the Dry-Goods Trade

So George Peabody passed out of life, his statue was set up in the London financial district, not many blocks from the dingy little burrow at 1 Wanford Court which had been his office during his London business life, and his business — moved to the old-fashioned London dwelling-house at 22 Old Broad Street, where it remains to-day — went into the hands of another Yankee dry-goods trader, Junius S. Morgan.

Morgan was a partner in the house of James M. Beebe & Co., of Boston — a man of forty-one when Peabody took him into his business. He was not personally known to Peabody, but had been mentioned to him by a business acquaintance as "the best business man in Boston." Peabody was already fifty-nine years old, and required an active man for his business; ten years later he retired, and the firm of J. S. Morgan & Co. began. It was, at that time, the bitterest disappointment of Junius Morgan's life that Peabody refused to allow the old firm name to be continued.

Morgan was a fine, tall, thin-lipped New Englander, grim-faced and arbitrary. "The Morgans," says a man who has known both him and his son well, "always believed in absolute monarchy. While Junius Morgan lived, he ruled the family and the business — his son and his partners." For half a dozen years the new firm kept on as the old one had done — doing

international commercial banking, holding deposits of customers, and buying securities. It placed some American railroad bond issues in London, and negotiated a loan for Chile. Then, in 1870, Junius Morgan launched into the great new kind of enterprise which has ever since distinguished this house.

The "Syndicate"—a New English Word

In the last of the '60's a new word was introduced into the English language from France — the "syndicate." "This system," said the London *Economist*, in its review of 1870, "has obtained great eminence in France and Germany, and it has since been transferred here." In reality, the syndicate was nothing more than the old English merchant's scheme of underwriting, applied by a new class of merchants — the sellers of securities — to the tremendous operations of investing capital. It was the sharing of the risk of an enterprise too great for one merchant among a group of them.

"A syndicate, then," explains the *Economist*, a little later, "if in reference to a new loan, is simply an association of persons who guarantee the subscription of the issue, either wholly or in part, each guarantor usually accepting the responsibility for so much to the actual contractor of the loan." These new confederations of security-sellers are regarded with alarm; the *Economist* is continually sounding a warning against them. The whole theory of their operations is vicious, it says; the public is loaded with securities through their manipulation of the market; a syndicate is a kind of vampire, which has drained out the life blood of new companies by its great profits before they are born. "The next financial crisis," says the *Economist*, "will be precipitated by some of these syndicates."

The Great Morgan Loan to France

In the last of October, 1870, the City of London was stirred by the news that J. S. Morgan & Co. had taken a French loan of 250,000,000 francs ($50,000,000). It was a syndicate operation — one of the largest and boldest ever known. Within the two preceding months the Germans had crushed the French army at Sedan, besieged Paris, and taken the Emperor prisoner. The French were clearly doomed to defeat. The only authority for the loan was a provisional government at Tours. Taking 250,000,000 francs' worth of bonds under these circumstances involved some risk.

On the other hand, France paid the price that J. S. Morgan asked — and winced in paying it. A six-per-cent bond was offered to the public at 85, the equivalent of over seven per cent for money. Morgan's syndicate got it considerably lower — probably at 80.

"In some journals," wrote an English correspondent from Tours, "there are complaints of the onerous terms on which the loan has been raised. Difficult as the circumstances are, they say it is hard to believe that the credit of France can all at once have fallen to that of Italy, Peru, or Turkey. . . . The criticisms of the newspapers on the matter are remarkable for the reason that just now it is considered a sort of patriotic duty not to do or say anything that can in any way weaken the Government of National Defense."

One thing was very clear — the hand of a strong man was on this thing. The bonds advanced at once in price; were withdrawn after the first partial sale to the public. In three months the war was over, in a year the securities fifteen points above what they cost Morgan. And the syndicate was believed to have cleared $5,000,000 by the transaction. The former Boston dry-goods merchant took his place in the world, second only to the Rothschilds in the greatest financial operations of that time,— the financing of great government loans,— and held it throughout the '70's.

The Great Financiers and War Debts

These government loans, starting originally from the debt of the great Napoleonic wars, had furnished the first great body of securities offered for sale to the general public. As the great financial houses — the Rothschilds and Barings — had developed, they had found their greatest field for work here. Junius Morgan, after this French loan, immediately turned his attention to the refunding of the American Civil War debt.

It had been the belief of the Rev. Sydney Smith, at the time he was cheated by the Pennsylvanians, that the United States would never be able to go to war, having destroyed her foreign credit.

"The Americans," he said, "cannot gratify their avarice and ambition at once. The warlike spirit of every country depends upon its three-per-cents. If Caesar were to appear upon earth, Rothschild would open and shut the Temple of Janus. Thomas Baring or Bates would probably command the Tenth Legion, and the soldiers would march to battle with loud cries of 'Scrip and omnium, reduced consols, and Caesar.' Now the Americans have cut themselves off from all resources of credit. Having been as dishonest as they can be, they are prevented from being as foolish as they wish to be."

When the Civil War came, Sydney Smith's views were probably justified, so far as America's credit with foreign financiers was concerned.

Jay Cooke Sells the Civil War Debt

But, instead of going to the Rothschilds or Barings or to other sources of foreign capital, the United States began to place a war debt of two billion and a half among its own people. The man who placed three fifths of this in bonds was Jay Cooke, a Philadelphia banker. Cooke was the typical American promoter of his time — a tremendous optimist, a great employer of friendship in high places, a sort of financial P. T. Barnum, who exploited the Government's securities, and later his own, through a press-agent system,— organized by him and never since equaled in this country,— giving "copy" to as many as eighteen hundred newspapers at a time; and who scratched every hamlet in the country through his canvassing to sell Government bonds.

In all this he acted as the Government's agent on a commission of one quarter or one half of one per cent. In 1871 came the refunding of a billion and a half of Government bonds for the purpose of reducing their interest charges from six and seven per cent to five, and four and one half, and four. By this time the Government was ready to dispose of its bonds to financiers instead of through an agent. And, after a period of doubt, it was clear that it was to be the prize of the decade in the financial world. Great financiers began to fight for it, the house of J. S. Morgan & Co. among them. Naturally, in this transaction Junius Morgan operated through his son in New York.

J. Pierpont Morgan Prefers Business to Teaching

In 1857 — fifty-three years ago now — a tall, taciturn boy of twenty, John Pierpont Morgan, began his business career in the office of the banking firm of Duncan, Sherman & Co., the New York correspondents of George Peabody & Co. of London. He had been born in Hartford, Connecticut, when his father was in the dry-goods business there; educated in the Boston Latin School, when the family moved to Boston, and later, when his father went abroad, in the University of Göttingen, Germany. He was an extraordinary mathematician — so good that the elderly professor of mathematics at Göttingen urged him to remain as his assistant, and later to succeed him as professor of mathematics in the University.

Instead, young Morgan continued his mathematical studies on the accounts of Duncan, Sherman & Co. He became there, what he is to-day, an excellent practical accountant. In something over two years he went through their banking establishment, from office boy to cashier. Then, in 1860, he became himself American agent for George Peabody & Co., with an office in one of the dingy buildings opposite the entrance of the old Stock Exchange in Exchange Place. Later, in 1864, Charles H. Dabney, another old New Englander, gave up his partnership in Duncan, Sherman & Co., and joined him in the firm of Dabney, Morgan & Co.

The new firm took no striking part in the affairs of the '60's. It was not one of the group of houses that conducted the great distribution of Government bonds; it was not among the "five prime names" in the foreign exchange business. As might have been expected from its English connections, however, it did a good business in foreign exchange, and built up an excellent trade in miscellaneous securities. In 1871, when Dabney retired,— a man along in years,— he was currently reported to have taken out $400,000 or $500,000 as his share of the business.

The Drexel-Morgan Combination

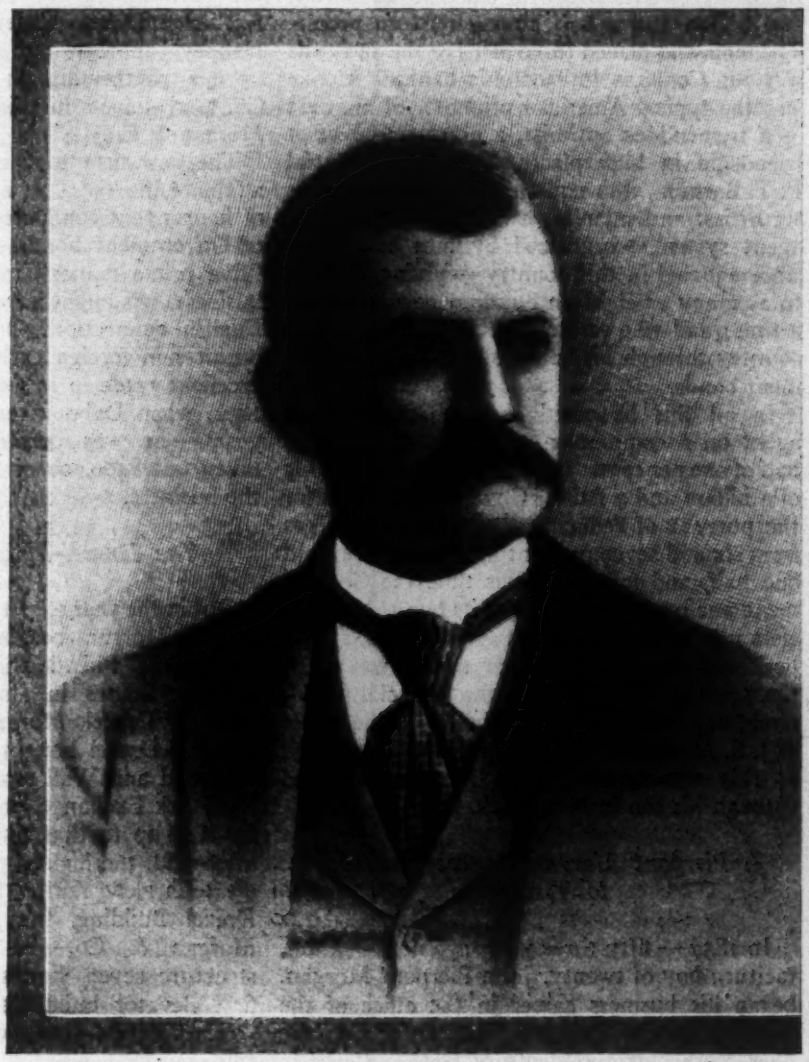
But in the year 1871 there was a great change. Young Morgan became the partner of the Drexels of Philadelphia, one of the richest banking houses in America, under the firm name of Drexel, Morgan & Co. In 1872 Anthony J. Drexel bought the southeastern corner of Broad and Wall streets, nearly across from the Stock Exchange, paying $349 a square foot for it — up to that time, and for thirty years afterward, the highest price ever given for real estate in New York. Upon this he built the Drexel Building, the present office of J. P. Morgan & Co.— an ornate white marble structure seven stories high and one of the first elevator buildings erected in New York.

The Drexels were the sons of a German portrait-painter, who wandered about South America and later the United States, carrying on his profession. In the course of his travels in the United States he found that there was a profitable business to be done in buying and selling the State bank-notes, which formed the chief currency of the time. For, in that period of "wild-cat" banking, practically all of these bank-notes sold at a discount, except in the immediate locality of their issue.

In 1837, the same year in which George Pea-

body started out in London, the elder Drexel established himself in Third Street, the financial center of Philadelphia, known locally by the significant name of the "Coast of Algiers," and laid the foundations of a great business in buying bank currency, "shaving" commercial paper, and financing corporations.

J. Pierpont Morgan was thirty-four years old in 1871; "Tony" Drexel, his principal partner, forty-five — a conservative, intelligent, and popular man. There were four other members of the firm — all from the Drexel house. The new firm had obvious advantages: on one side, one of the richest financial houses in America; on the other, the great English house of J. S. Morgan & Co., fresh from the international triumph of the Morgan loan to France, in touch with English capital — the greatest body of capital in the world. Its advantages were clear, but it also had its disadvantages. In the chief business of the day — the funding of the Government debt — it came late into a field already well occupied. A new class of security merchants had opened another great source of European capital to American securities.



CHARLES H. COSTER
THE GREAT PLANNER OF RAILROAD REORGANIZATION

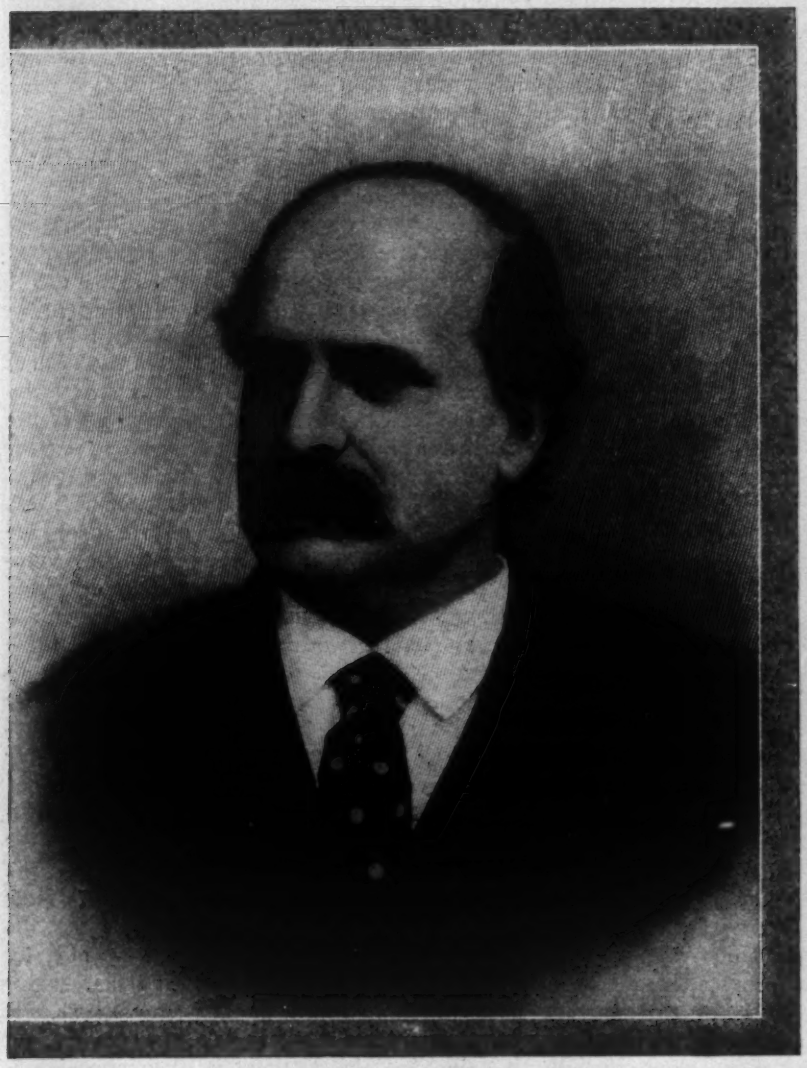
houses, with Jay Cooke & Co. at its head, till they overshadowed all the rest. It had also created a very strong and intelligent new class of international security-sellers.

Our great mass of Civil War bonds were at first placed entirely in this country. There was little foreign demand. France was hostile to the North throughout the war, and, indeed, has never until very lately bought American securities. England, tied to the South by the long-established bonds of her cotton trade, was more inclined to buy Confederate than Union securities. With the exception of the smaller market of the Dutch,—a people that has always invested in the United States,— the Germans alone remained to buy the securities of the Union during our great war.

The Germans Find the Land of Ten Per Cent

The sale of the Civil War debt was not only the one great piece of business in securities in the '60's — it was the first in America. It really created the trade of wholesale merchandising of securities in this country. It had built up, in half a dozen years, a small coterie of American

The Germans were sympathetic with the North throughout the war, because the great body of German immigrants who had come here following the German uprising of 1848 were Northerners and enthusiastic supporters of the Union. Germany naturally believed in the final success of the North. And when the six-per-cent bonds of the United States began to sell at 60 in gold, the Germans, especially the rich South Germans, began to sell their other securities and invest them in Americans. They had been getting four and four and one half per cent from their good European investments. America was considered by them — and continued so for years thereafter — as the land of the ten-per-cent investment. This great investment movement was principally directed by the German Jew.



ANTHONY J. DREXEL
HEAD OF THE HOUSE IN WHICH MORGAN BECAME A PARTNER IN 1871

The Second Great Class of Traders

The German Jew trader discovered America in the early '50's. Deprived of the right to own real estate, the Jew had been for centuries the chief trader of Europe. After 1848 in Germany, the more enterprising of the younger Hebrews followed the general drift of the German emigration to the United States. They proceeded in a straight line to that trader's paradise, the rich and money-careless South. They were peddlers, first, through a sparsely settled country; then general merchants; and many, attracted by the large margin of profits, went into the wholesale clothing business. The more prosperous men in this business had many dealings in the notes of smaller firms or customers, and they drifted, with their unerring trader's instinct, first into the selling of commercial paper, and later into the greatest business on the continent at that time — the sale of the Government debt.

In 1869 Jay Cooke estimated for the Government's Special Revenue Commission that a billion dollars' worth of United States bonds were held abroad. A great share of this was held in South Germany, and the placing of it there had established a new and powerful business interest in America — the Jewish bond merchants, with foreign connections in the great European money market of Frankfort.

The Yankee Against the Jew

The start of the Government's billion and a half refunding operation in 1871 marked one of the most interesting and important periods in the financial history of the country. For the first time in America, that great instrument of modern finance, the underwriting syndicate of security merchants (or private bankers), was to come into use; and for the first time was to come that cleavage in American financial interests which has existed essentially ever since. On either side of the transaction were ranged the greatest traders of the Western world, the Yankee and the Jew.

The alignment was perfectly natural. The two parties represented, as they do to-day, the two great bodies of foreign capital invested here: the New Englanders the English; the Jews the German. Jay Cooke, the leading candidate for the refunding work, most naturally allied himself with the German Jews, who had come into business relations with him in their sale of Government bonds abroad. Drexel — early a friend of Cooke's, but since Cooke's overshadowing success a jealous rival — was his chief competitor. Side by side with Drexel fought the New Englanders — the old-time dry-goods dealers, the Morgans and the Mortons.

The Morgans and the Mortons

The Morgan and the Morton houses were allied in many ways. Levi P. Morton — later Vice-President of the United States, and still living at the age of eighty-six — had been Junius Morgan's fellow partner in the dry-goods house of James M. Beebe & Co. in Boston. After many years in the dry-goods trade, he had come into the banking business seven or eight years after Morgan, at the opening of the Civil War. Walter Burns, his former partner, — the son of a prosperous New York dry-goods man, — had married Pierpont Morgan's sister in 1867. Young Morgan joined with his father's old business associate, Morton, to secure the contract for refunding the big loan.

In 1871 Cooke and his party won, carrying a contract to refund $130,000,000 of the new bonds. The transaction was extraordinarily successful, so much so that the Rothschilds offered themselves as Cooke's associates in further enterprises. But the Drexel-Morgan-Morton combination kept after the business. Drexel was a close friend of President Grant; George W. Childs, the editor of Drexel's newspaper, the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, was still closer. They campaigned assiduously with him. But "young Morgan and Morton," says Cooke in one of his letters, were his most active rivals. At the opening of 1873 the fight was drawn and a contract to sell $300,000,000 worth of bonds was divided between Cooke, representing his own firms and Rothschild, and Morton, Bliss & Co. and Drexel, Morgan & Co. — for themselves, their English houses, and Baring Brothers. Then, in the fall of the year, Jay Cooke & Co., the leading financial house of America, failed, together with its leading American associates, and left the financial field in the United States, and the great business of the '70's, the refunding of the Government debt, to their rivals — the Drexel-Morgan-Morton coterie.

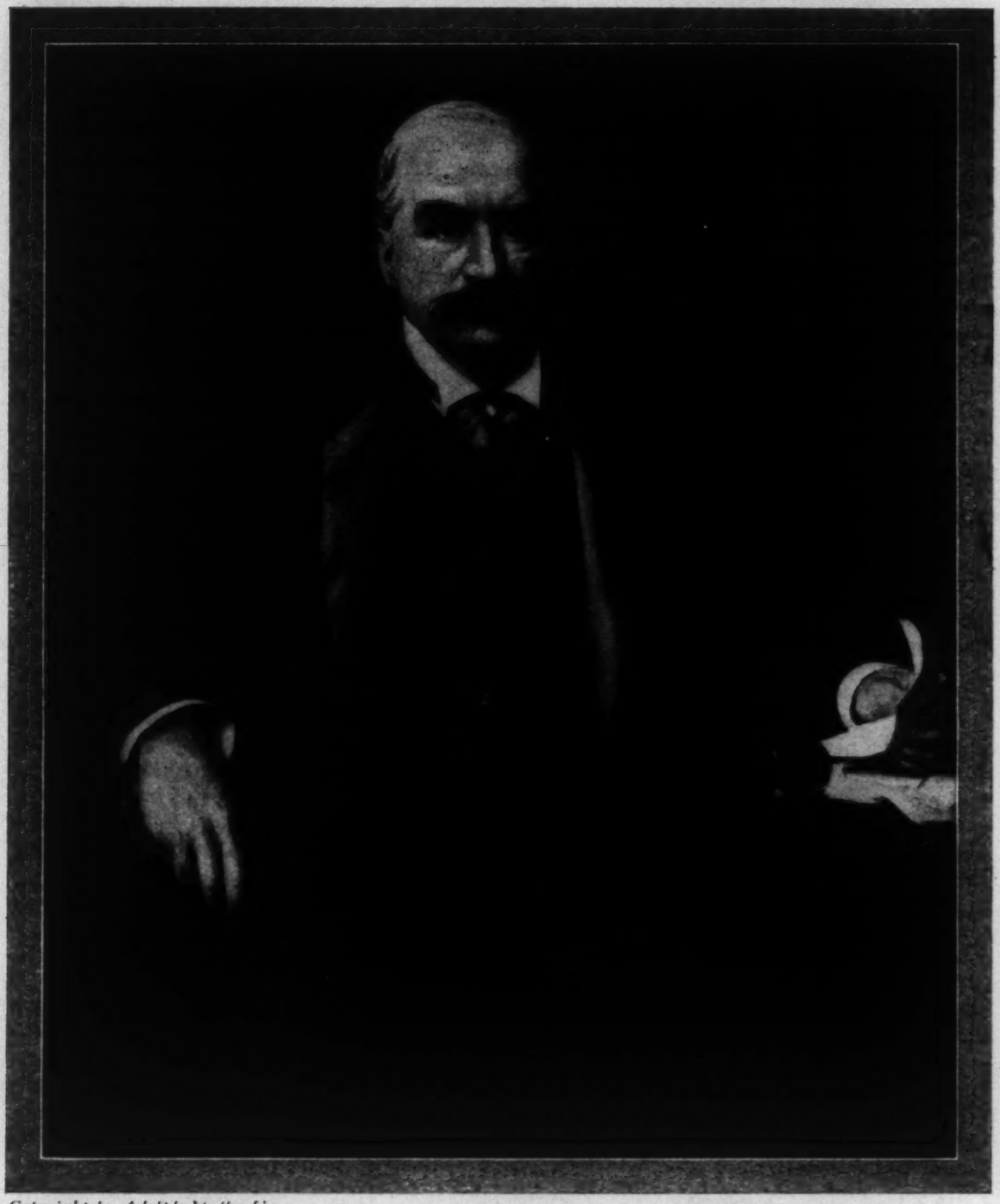
The Word "Syndicate" Reaches America

These huge refunding operations of the Government, and the methods of conducting them, made the financial sensation of the '70's in the United States, and one of the sensations in politics. Before this the Government had sold its debt itself, through agents paid by a small commission. Now the public was stirred by the sight of the sale and the large aggregate profit of a small group of men becoming responsible for hundreds of millions of dollars of securities, and selling them to the public. There was continual investigation and debate over the subject in Congress; and the press of the country and the political orators turned and juggled and examined curiously and with apprehension the mysterious word "syndicate" which these operations brought into America.

It was nothing but a new name, said the Democrats, for a "ring" to defraud the Government. "Sunset" Cox, the Democratic orator from New York, let loose a caustic imagination on the subject in Congress. Constituents had written him, he said, to ask if it were related to the Ku-Klux. He had searched the languages of the earth for its origin. "While on the island of Corsica," he said, "I saw the devilfish of Victor Hugo — a horrible monster with the most remarkable tentacula, which clasp the human form in their slimy claws. It has depopulated whole villages by the sea. It is called by the victims, in their mixed language, *sundy-cato*. Revenue reformers write me that it is an animal peculiar to Pennsylvania, with a head of iron, eyes of nickel, legs of copper, and a heart of stone. It consumes every green thing outside of its own state."

A New Instrument of Concentration

Whatever the etymology of the word, the Democrats agreed that the syndicate was a dangerous thing. Many others, who were in a po-



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FROM A PAINTING OF J. PIERPONT MORGAN BY ADOLPH MULLER-URY WHICH WAS EXHIBITED AT THE ART INSTITUTE IN CHICAGO IN 1905

sition to observe the huge operations and the profits of these great new combinations, felt that they were a menace. But the underwriting syndicate had arrived in America to stay. The time had come when the aggregation of great sums of money was absolutely essential for the conduct of human affairs. The syndicate was the tool which society had developed to accomplish this, and the head of the syndicate — the man with the resources and temperament capable of conducting them — was about to concentrate the greatest financial power in the history of the world.

The underwriting syndicate of Government bonds in the '70's handled some $750,000,000 of securities. Selling a security with a constantly rising market, their profits were many millions. At their start the credit of the

United States was on a six and one half per cent basis; when they closed it was at four per cent and better. They had established a new financial oligarchy in the United States. August Belmont, as the representative of the Rothschilds, was much the largest taker of bonds. But no element was so active and aggressive as the Drexel-Morgans.

Through this operation the Morgans reopened America to the huge investing resources of England. For forty years it had been a burial-ground for English capital. State debts, Confederate debts, railroad investments, had been successively disastrous. One single monumental success had been achieved in American securities — the refunding of the United States debt, in which the Morgans had been so active. In 1877 the financial magnates of America gathered in New York at a dinner to give thanks to Junius S. Morgan for "upholding unsullied the honor of America in the tabernacle of the old world," as Samuel J. Tilden, the toastmaster, expressed it. It was unquestionably the greatest demonstration in honor of any financier that had ever taken place in America.

The $200,000,000 Corporation Arrives

But now a new era in the financial world had come. War had ceased among the great civilized nations, and the financing of war debts had dwindled. In 1879 the great refunding of the American war debt was closed; and at once the great operations of capital turned into a new and more important field, the financing of huge corporations. The day of the $200,000,000 corporation, with the $50,000,000 and $100,000,000 debt, had arrived, and the United States, the country of vast distances and inestimable resources, was to furnish naturally the greatest and most luxuriant of these huge growths.

August Belmont, who had represented the Rothschilds in the bond syndicate, was sixty-three years old; Levi P. Morton was fifty-five years old; Junius Morgan, now sixty-five, the ponderous figure of the East India merchant prince in an old English play, was retiring from active life. In 1879 there came forward, as if chosen by circumstance and inheritance as the heir of North America, J. Pierpont Morgan.

He was forty-two then, just about the age of George Peabody and Junius Morgan when they came to the beginning of their great careers in London. Up to that time he had been the son of his grim-mouthed father. But he had learned the tools of his trade; he had watched and helped to operate great syndicates; and was perfectly well equipped to take the first place in the security market of America. In one step he took his place as the greatest financial figure of his time or any other — greatest because the leader in the greatest and most momentous movement of capital in the history of the world.

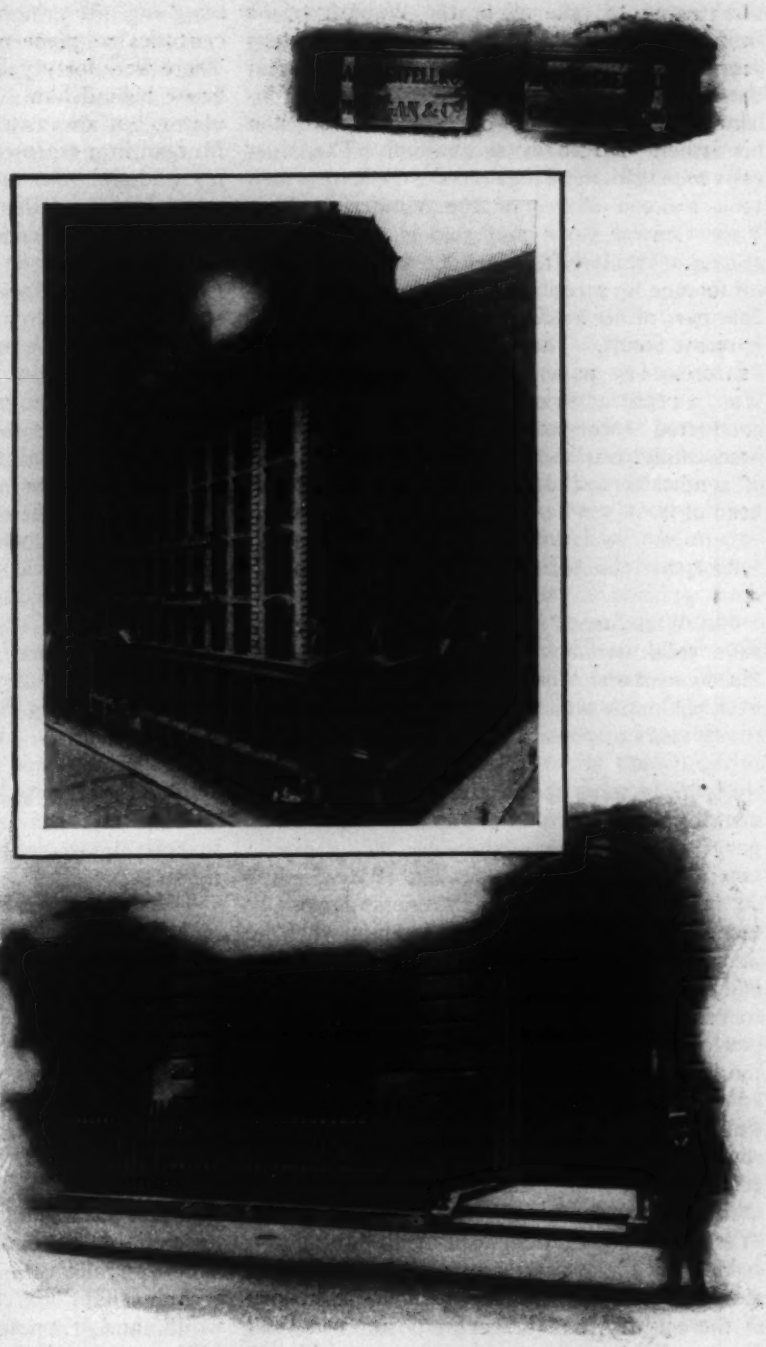
Amalgamation — the Law of the Railroads

The old finance and the new were two entirely different matters. A Government loan is a loan to a people; a corporation loan might rightly be called a loan to machinery. Behind it lies nothing beyond a successful mechanical operation. The financing which young Morgan undertook was that of the greatest single class of mechanical operations in the world — the American railroads. In 1857, when he began his business career, the laws of the operation of the railroad were far from clear. By 1879 they were becoming very clear indeed.

The railroad is a type of mechanical operation which must inevitably aggregate into great units, representing huge bodies of invested capital. It is nothing more than a device for rolling men and merchandise from place to place by steam power. As this process is many times cheaper than any other, any interruption of it is so noticeably costly that it cannot be permitted. The great majority of railroads in the United States were built in sections of from twenty to fifty miles; between Albany and Buffalo, for instance, there were ten separate lines. They were owned by local capital, who made every effort to prevent their amalgamation, because of the work that the transferring of goods from one car to another at their terminals gave to local labor. There were four different gauges, or widths of track, in the country — built purposely, in some places, to compel the transfer of goods. But, steadily, irresistibly, the railroads of the country progressed along the line of consolidation which they are still continuing.

Pierpont Morgan, in twenty-two years of business life, had seen practically all of this movement of consolidation of railroad capital in America. He had watched the most spectacular phenomenon of the period — the accumulation by Gould and Vanderbilt of the first $50,000,000 and $100,000,000 fortunes in America — created by nothing more or less than by the understanding and capitalization and manipulation of this consolidation movement. He had, in fact, taken some part in it himself. In 1869 his firm of Dabney, Morgan & Co., in a secondary capacity, had fought Gould and his political and legal accomplices, and succeeded in wresting the Albany & Susquehanna Railroad from them and merging it into the Delaware & Hudson

— an act that had earned him a directorate in the Delaware & Hudson. In 1878 a rich comb manufacturer, Adolph Poppenhusen, had started a wild exploit of gridironing the northern part of Long Island with rails, and had been overwhelmed by the enterprise. The Drexel-Morgan firm had picked up his holdings for a song, and taken a hand in managing the road, to turn it over later to the combination, by Austin Corbin, of the roads that now form the Long Island Railroad. The Morgan firm in London was fiscal agent for a number of roads, and had placed various issues of bonds —large enough in their day, but small judged by modern standards. By 1879, when the days of railroad financing in the tens of millions had arrived, Morgan was well equipped for the first sensational operation of the underwriting syndicate in American railroads.



THE MORGAN BANKING OFFICES IN NEW YORK AND LONDON

THE NEW YORK HOUSE, SHOWN IN THE UPPER PICTURE, IS ON WALL AND BROAD STREETS. THE LONDON HOUSE IS AT 22 OLD BROAD STREET. THE PLATES IN THE UPPER RIGHT-HAND CORNER, GIVING THE NAMES OF THE PRESENT AND TWO PRECEDING FIRMS, ARE STILL AT THE DOOR OF THE LONDON HEADQUARTERS

The Great Vanderbilt Stock Syndicate

It came about in the natural course of events. In 1879, when the last of the United States bond business was done, William H. Vanderbilt was being harassed beyond endurance. The New York Legislature, backed by the force of a fresh popular anger and surprise at the accumulation of a $100,000,000 private fortune in ten years, was investigating — among other matters — the management of the New York Central, and was proposing new methods of control of railroads; the rate wars between the sea-coast and Chicago were under way; and Jay Gould was

threatening to take all of the Wabash traffic from the Central and turn it to other Eastern connections, unless he was given an interest in the management of the Vanderbilt road. William H. Vanderbilt was of softer material than his father. He finally succumbed. The Morgans managed the $30,000,000 syndicate which took 250,000 shares of the Vanderbilt New York Central stock and sold it, very largely abroad. Vanderbilt, in selling, took refuge for his fortune by accepting payment for a considerable part of his holdings in United States Government bonds. The big sale was a profitable venture. The papers announced five months later a profit of $3,000,000. The Morgans had conducted another great syndicate operation successfully, but this time it was a new kind of syndicate, and a new Morgan was at the head of it.

Morgan, the Man of "Yes" and "No"

Old Wall Street men, who remember those days, recall with vividness the new personality that loomed up. The face of the man, compared with the mask which the lines and furrows of thirty years of power have made to-day, seems curiously soft and gentle. But the wonderful steely eyes were there, and the brusque and dictatorial manner.

"I remember him in the early '80's," says a veteran foreign exchange broker. "He used to do most of his exchange business personally then. I know I had to wait for him when he was out. He sat there in the front of his private office, his head down at his desk, and a big cigar cocked up in the corner of his mouth. When you offered him exchange, if he thought it was too high he'd say, 'No'; nothing more. Never an offer of what he'd give. You'd never know what he thought. Then you'd go out. If you could you'd come back and offer it again, lower. If he thought the price was right, he'd say, 'I'll take it'; nothing more. It was always 'Yes' or 'No'; no other talk at all."

Morgan, for a quarter of a century now the man of "yes" and "no" in the financial history of the country, had taken his position in Wall Street. His method was founded very largely upon the strength of his position. He did not go out bargaining; men and enterprises came to him, because they had to have him. He answered "Yes" or "No."

A "Bull" on America

He is no theorist, and never was. He was a merchant, with the traditions, not of promoting or juggling with securities, but of the aggressive sea-going international merchant that for three centuries had pioneered and developed the world. There were forty years of an honorable fighting house behind him. The merchant was a speculator, but always a speculator for a rise. The Morgan firm represented and believed in America; and one inherited article of faith appears in every action of Pierpont Morgan. He recalls to-day, as his business motto, the advice his father gave him on a sea voyage made from England — not long, perhaps, after he had started business in 1857. It was a small country then; scarcely more than a fringe of farms about a wilderness; a third as many people as now; not a third so many miles of railroad as he himself influences to-day.

"Remember one thing always," said Junius Morgan. "Any man who is a bear on the future of the United States will go broke. There will be many times, when things look dark and cloudy in America, when every one will think there has been over-development. But remember, yourself, that the growth of that vast country will take care of it all. Always be a 'bull' on America."

And this his son has always been.

When Pierpont Morgan entered the railroad world, he appeared in one capacity, and one only — the representative of capital. He knows nothing, and has said upon the witness-stand that he knows nothing, of the operation of railroads.

"When you speak of questions of traffic," he said, in the case of Peter Power against the Northern Securities Company, "you speak of something I know nothing about." His business was not railroading. For forty years his house placed the capital of the world safely, and proposed to do so for fifty and one hundred years more. It had sold State and Government and railroad securities; it was to sell types yet to be invented. Its interests and the interests of the capital it united were identical. It was just embarking on a new great enterprise — the handling of the capital of the American railway — a mass of securities already greater than any Government debt in the world, and it brought into the transaction a spirit and attitude that had never existed there before.

The Waste of the Promoter

Up to this time the financing of American railroads had been almost entirely in the hands of promoters. Their interest as a class was to place the greatest possible amount of railroad in the United States, regardless of whether there was need for it or not, and sell it for the highest

possible price. By the exploiting of every possible source of capital — the nation, the States, towns, counties, and individuals in America and Europe — they had built twice as much railroad as the country could employ, and issued four times the securities it could pay interest on.

In 1884 Poor's Manual, the railroad authority of the country, stated with great positiveness that all of the capital stock in the railroads of the United States in 1883 — practically $4,000,000,000 — represented water. In the three years ending December 31,.1883, it estimated, $2,000,000,000 of capital and debt had been created, and "the whole increase of share capital, $999,387,208, and a portion of the bonded debt was in excess of construction."

It was high time that the interests of capital at home and abroad had a strong representative to fight for them. The minute that the Morgans placed their great block of New York Central stock abroad, a champion was assured. In 1879 this stock was the highest-class investment in America; for ten years, without a break, it had paid eight per cent regularly. It was placed abroad by the Morgans on the distinct understanding that it should pay it for five years more.

Two Railroads Where There Should be One

Before those five years had passed the storm broke. There were now five independent through lines for the chief business of the continent between Chicago and the sea-coast, and two more were building. Three roads would have been ample for the business. To keep the railroads running, rates were torn to pieces; passengers went from New York to Chicago for a dollar a head, grain was handled from Chicago to New York for half the cost of doing it. Three roads were tottering on the edge of bankruptcy, one had gone bankrupt, and the New York Central was on the verge of cutting its dividend more than half. It was time for the house of Morgan to come out, according to its established custom, and fight for its capital.

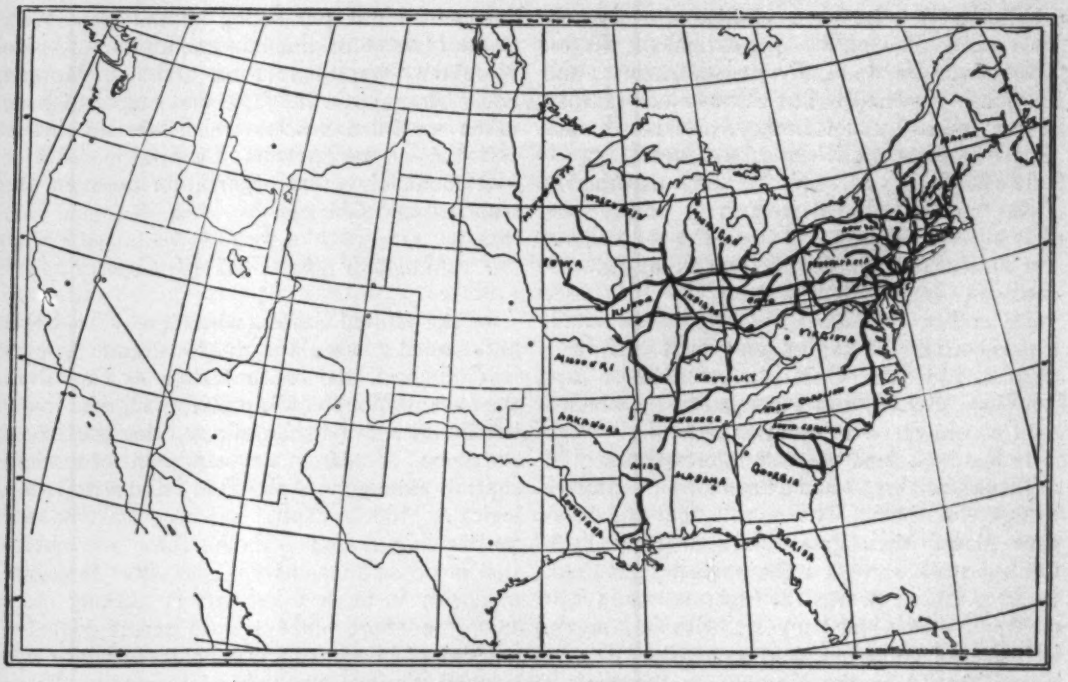
In the summer of 1885 William H. Vanderbilt — already within six months of his death — was impotently cursing the West Shore road for paralleling his lines — "a common miserable thief which had been caught with its hands in his pocket." The Pennsylvania management were supposed to sympathize with the new competitor, while Vanderbilt was behind a new road paralleling the Pennsylvania. The West Shore, overcapitalized to the point of a public scandal, was giving its expiring gasp. In July, 1885, Pierpont Morgan arranged a compromise. The Pennsylvania secured the South Pennsylvania line, which was paralleling it; the New York Central leased for nine hundred and ninety-nine years the West Shore road, and the Morgan house reorganized it. The first step had been taken toward a process which was absolutely essential for the interests of capital in America — a monopoly of transportation between the seaboard and Chicago.

Monopoly the Goal of Capital

In the United States, where every tradition has tended toward the most extreme type of individualism, the concentration of capital in the form of monopoly is probably more actively hated and resisted than in any other portion of the globe. Yet, from the standpoint of modern capital, monopoly is absolutely and irresistibly logical. Modern capital has been accumulated for one chief reason — the purchase and operation of power machinery. The effort to secure monopoly in modern industry is nothing more than the effort of capital to secure just the amount of investment in machinery which will produce the greatest possible returns. What could be more vicious than the waste of the savings of the race in the duplication of machinery which it does not need to do its work? What a wild, crazy, wasteful thing, to build two railroads where one ought to run! In American railroads the capital of the world was being wasted by the tens of millions, and there was no sign of relief.

So Morgan, as the maker of good securities and a defender of these securities when made, was drawn irresistibly into the railroad fight of the '80's. In 1884 the Reading Railway — where vast sums of England's money had been spent — went into a receiver's hands. A Morgan syndicate furnished the millions needed to reorganize it. In 1887 the solid Baltimore & Ohio, a road of continuous eight and ten-per-cent dividends, was suddenly found to be on the verge of collapse — because of crazy competition in building and rate-cutting. A Morgan syndicate furnished the millions needed to set it going again. In 1888 another Morgan syndicate reorganized the Chesapeake & Ohio.

By this time the house of Morgan was getting thoroughly committed to the financial success of the great trunk lines to Chicago and the coal roads of the Middle Atlantic States, whose interests were inevitably intercrossed in a common field. It had placed with its clients in England within ten years great quantities of New York Central, Reading, Baltimore & Ohio, and Chesapeake & Ohio; for twenty years it had been interested in Erie. Its interests



THE RAILROADS OF THE UNITED STATES IN 1858
THERE WERE 29,968 MILES OF THESE, WITH A CAPITAL AND DEBT OF $1,000,000,000. THE GREAT NUMBER OF LITTLE LOCAL LINES, WHICH MADE THE CHIEF MILEAGE OF THE COUNTRY, ARE NECESSARILY OMITTED IN A MAP OF THIS SIZE

covered very closely the exact area of the largest interests of English capital in America.

Competition by Force of Law

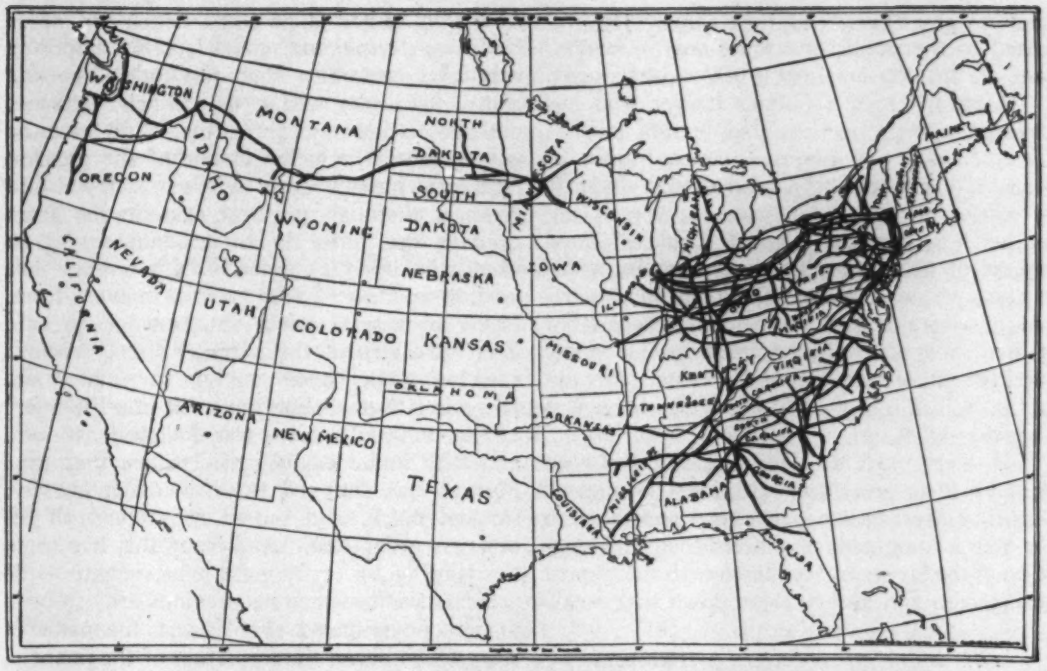
Now, from the middle of the '70's the effort of these Eastern railroads had been to combine in one non-competitive organization by the device of pooling — a combination which fixed rates and divided the business or the money from it on an agreed percentage between previously competing roads. These pool agreements were constantly being broken in the hunger of the different railway managements to get business to keep their roads alive.

But nothing could make the people of the United States more ugly than the operation. Railroad rates between man and man and town and town had been absolutely unequal and unjust. The railroad promoter had swindled the small investor of the Middle West even more flagrantly than the investor in Europe. The great mass of agricultural population saw nothing in this combination but an attempt to extort illegitimate dividends on billions of dollars of fraudulent capitalization. The doctrine of *laissez-faire* and free competition being the great American cure-all for economic ills since the birth of the Republic, it was decided, after a long fight, to make the railroads competitive by law. In 1887 the Interstate Commerce Act was passed, prohibiting pooling. The railroads, being driven to combination by the nature of the operations, proceeded toward monopoly by another way.

Morgan and a Railroad Trust

There was no way to turn but to J. P. Morgan. From the time of the West Shore deal in 1885, he led the movement toward monopoly which was essential to preserve the securities of the clients of his house. His old-fashioned brownstone house on Madison Avenue became the resort of railroad presidents, making "gentlemen's agreements" on rates over the dinner-table. In 1886 the presidents of the anthracite coal roads met there and agreed on higher coal rates; in 1888 the Western railroad presidents gathered at the same place for rate agreements. In January, 1889, the "gentlemen's agreement" movement culminated in the formation of the "Interstate Railway Association," at a meeting of eighteen railway heads and the then principal bankers of America.

By this time Morgan loomed very large in America. In Wall Street, at this period, his commonest nickname was "Jupiter" Morgan. And before this meeting of 1889 it was seriously announced in the press that Morgan was to be



THE "MORGAN" ROADS IN 1898
THERE WERE 32,899 MILES OF THESE—ONE SIXTH OF THE MILEAGE OF THE COUNTRY — WITH A CAPITAL AND DEBT OF $2,750,000,000, AND YEARLY EARNINGS OF OVER $300,000,000

made the head of a great central company to regulate the whole railway system of America.

Control the Capital of the World

What really happened at the meeting in January, 1889, was less ambitious, but still an epoch-making thing. The usual "gentlemen's agreements" on rates were made by the railroad presidents — were made, and broken very soon afterward. The really significant action was that of the railroad capitalists. The three chief railroad houses of the day — the Morgans, Kidder, Peabody & Co., and Brown Brothers — were represented at the meeting. In answer to the question of President Roberts of the Pennsylvania road, Mr. Morgan said that he was authorized to state for these great houses that thereafter they would refuse to finance new competing systems. The *Financial Chronicle*, America's leading financial organ, estimated the meeting editorially in these words:

> The consulting parties were practically all the heads of the competing lines on the one hand and the representatives of the world's capital on the other. When the party furnishing all the new money needed and the party that owns the old money invested and the party managing the corporation unite, the result means revolution. . . . The influence and authority of the board, when formed, can hardly be overestimated. The standing of the members of the association would itself be a power not lightly to be resisted. But, in addition to that, every stockholder in Europe and America will be likely to gather around the board, giving it proxies when asked for, or delegating to it any special authority which, in the board's opinion, it might need. Besides, it would substantially control the capital of the world. Against its advice or opinion we do not believe a dollar of money could be raised for any enterprise.

The capital of the world — so far as American railroads were concerned — was concentrated in these few strong hands. It had centered there, not by any man's will, but by its own irresistible law. In the first place, a railroad was now a machine which required a huge body of capital for its building, and only a few had the power to get this capital together. In the second place, only in a great central mass, directed by a few hands, could capital be protected against destruction — by the gigantic waste and fraud and duplication which the American railroad had brought to it.

Five Minutes' Concentration of Thought

The pressure in the center of this movement of concentration was becoming enormous — especially upon the firm that was coming to bear it all. The man Morgan, more daring and forceful than his autocratic father, sat directing it, keeping his own counsel, saying "yes" or

"no" to great events as they came. He presented to the public one thing only — results; bare, abrupt decisions, not processes of thought.

"Morgan," says a famous lawyer who has known him well, "has one chief mental asset — a tremendous five minutes' concentration of thought." He acts by a kind of clairvoyance, an instinctive judgment such as women are supposed to exercise. There is a quick, intense process of decision; then he turns the whole matter over, with general directions to his partners to work out the details. The actual labor of the firm is concentrated again on one or two men, the junior members of the house. Already in the '80's the firm of Morgan was known as a partner-killer.

For thirty years the Morgan house has been built up by a process of selection. During all that time Morgan has marked out and taken in the men who suited him; offered them the kingdoms of the earth; treated them with the utmost generosity; and broken them down with work.

The Story of Morgan's Partners

The first man to receive the load was Egisto P. Fabbri. Morgan was alone in the firm until 1876; all the other members were from the Drexel side. Then he chose his first man: Fabbri, a native of Italy — taken from the old trade of the international merchants, with which the traditions of the Morgan house had been so long associated. Fabbri was a clear-headed, successful business man. He, assisted by J. Hood Wright, from the old Drexel firm, was put in charge of the detail work. Fabbri gave out in 1884. Charles H. Godfrey, who came in during 1878, retired the same year — both rich men broken down in health before their time. Fabbri had to be replaced at once.

In 1884 George S. Bowdoin, from the firm of Morton, Bliss & Co., and Charles H. Coster, an accountant from Fabbri's old shipping firm of Fabbri & Chauncey, were taken in as partners. Coster proved a mind in a generation for detail. He was immediately Morgan's man. J. H. Wright was active for a few years longer. Then, in the fall of 1894, Wright, a man of fifty-eight, fell dead in an elevated railroad station, at the end of his business day. The whole burden of the detailed working out of Morgan's plan now came upon Coster — at just the most critical and important period in the history of the firm.

Why Morgan Does Not Exercise

It was about this time that Morgan, now a man over fifty, began himself to feel the strain. All his life he had taken no particular care of his health — relying and, indeed, often imposing upon his naturally fine physique. Feeling badly, he began taking up artificial exercise, with dumb-bells and apparatus. And when he got no better he called in one of the greatest physicians in New York. He was stripped and given a thorough physical examination from head to foot. The doctor left him, saying he would give him his opinion in the morning. His opinion was this: "Stop exercise in every form. Never even walk when you can take a cab. You have formed the habit of living without exercise, giving your energy to your brain. It is too late to change the habit of a lifetime."

This unusual advice was followed at once, and with immediate success. Since that time Morgan has shunned exercise, eaten heavily, smoked much, and buried or shelved all his business generation. And since this has come the time of his really great achievement — the achievement to which his previous life had been a mere preliminary. For it was the panic of 1893 which began the formation of the financial world in America which we see to-day, and the creation of the power which we know as Morgan.

Capital Demands More Concentration

The confederacy of railroad presidents and bankers, as described by the *Financial Chronicle*, to "substantially control the capital of the world" in its relation to American railways, did not fulfil its expectations. There was too much capital demanding impossible returns — controlled by too large and loosely bound a body of men. Still greater concentration must come. No practical system of killing competition could be maintained under the circumstances. Railroads kept losing money and piling up floating debt by millions. Suddenly, in 1893, the inevitable collapse came; in the next few years a third of the railroads of the United States went bankrupt.

At this time the great German Jewish security merchants had no hold upon American railways. The Rothschilds were content to remain, as they are now, a close ally of Morgan rather than a competitor, taking their American securities from him; Kuhn, Loeb & Co. had yet to rise as a railway power; the Speyers were strong, but not masterful; the Seligmans, who had been leaders in the Government refunding operations, had not become a leading house of issue for railway securities. Of the firms handling English capital, which was so heavily invested in the '80's, the old house of Brown Brothers did not care to branch out aggressively into the field, and Kidder, Peabody & Co.'s power for placing se-

curities abroad had been lessened by the failure of their strong foreign connection, the Baring firm, which went down with the English panic of 1890 that was given its name. The English house of Morgan — interested in the same Argentine Republic securities that so crippled the Barings — had fought that government aggressively and savagely for their bondholders' rights, and came out victor, stronger than ever for the experience. Junius Morgan had died in the spring of that year. Walter Burns, for ten years past the active head of the English house, led England in this financial battle. Three years later, in the terrible American panic of 1893, capital looked to one house and one man to defend its billions of investment in American railroads — the house of Morgan and its American head.

The Last Place Open

It was the event, again, which came to Morgan, and not Morgan who had foreseen or shaped the event. First came the Southern Railroad reorganization. The tangle of railroads in the South, which had been snarled into an inextricable mass in the Richmond & West Point Terminal by a group of New York and Richmond speculators, went into a chaotic failure — like nothing ever seen before. Morgan had not been interested in forming this railroad combination; he did not believe in it at that time, nor in the section that it served. Others tried to reorganize it in vain. Then they turned in despair to Morgan. The firm of Morgan — as Coster used to say about this Southern Railroad reorganization — was in the position of the man who came home late at night and was asked sarcastically by his wife how he happened to come there. "I didn't come here till every other place in town was shut up," said the man.

But there was a real and vital reason that made the firm of Morgan take up the Southern Railway reorganization, and with it the general reorganization of the broken American railroads. It was necessary in self-defense. A firm whose greatest specialty was American railroad securities could not allow them to be utterly stultified before the whole world.

Having power, once and for all Morgan got his firm grip on that slippery thing, the American railroad corporation. For forty years the American railway promoters, reckless optimists, gigantic thieves, huge confidence men,— magnified a hundred times by the greatness of their transactions,— had juggled and manipulated and exploited these great machines for their own profit, and the general loss of every one beside — public and investor alike. For ten years Morgan had been trying to get his hold. Now he took it, not for himself primarily, for his clients — for capital.

The City and the Corporation

It is the very natural popular belief that the modern business corporation, in history and practice, was created to represent, and does represent, the capital which makes it. This is far from true. The two chief types of corporation, municipal and business, arose in exactly the same way. They were associations of men, not capital, organized because groups of men had identical interests — in the city because they lived together, in the trade guild and the old foreign trading company because their business interests were the same. But one man in a business corporation had one vote and no more, exactly as in a city election, no matter how much capital he had invested in the company. And by common law the situation would be the same to-day. He was compelled, also, to deliver that vote in person, exactly as at a city election, or it was not counted. By common law he would have to do so to-day. In fact, by common law, the corporation is as much a democracy as is a city.

"An Unfair and Mischievous Practice"

But a business corporation is primarily an association of capital, not of men. It immediately started a system of representation of capital and not men — greatly to the distress of the public opinion of the time. "Of late years," says the English act of 1766, passed to prevent this change, "a most unfair and mischievous practice has been introduced of splitting large quantities of stock, and making separate and temporary conveyances of the parts thereof, for the purpose of multiplying or making occasional votes immediately before the time of declaring a dividend or choosing directors, or of deciding any other important question; which practice is subversive of every principle upon which the establishment of such general courts is founded, and, if suffered to become general, would leave the welfare of all such companies liable at all times to be sacrificed for the partial and interested views of a few." In other words, this dangerous innovation of having a corporation managed in the interests of the capital which created it must be stopped.

It was not stopped, of course. By the first part of last century, charters given to corporations quite commonly gave the right of vote to the shareholders, according to their holdings. Another change of great importance came in at

the same time — the right to vote by proxy. This device carries out to its logical end the theory that capital, not men, creates the corporation. The impersonal thing, capital, required naturally the abrogation of the requirement of personal voting. Capital was theoretically in control of the corporation.

Morgan Fighting for the Real Investor

But theory is not practice. In the American railroads, neither the capital which created them nor the men who furnished it had control of the corporations. Theoretically the stockholders are supposed to furnish the capital of a corporation, and manage it as their own property; practically, the American railroads were built by the bondholders, who had no word to say concerning the management of their properties. The capital stock — quite generally pure inflation — had the only voting power, and the American railroad promoter manipulating it played ducks and drakes with the greatest properties in the world, and with the only real capital that had created them.

Morgan — the representative of the debt-holding class — watched for twenty years the disastrous progress of this manipulation of their property; for ten years he had tried continuously to lay his hand upon it. The slippery and elusive figures of the railroad promoters always slipped through his fingers, defeating him through the voting power of the stock. Then came the panic of 1893; the promoters had overplayed their game. The great properties went into the hands of the bondholders; the stock lost its rights of management; and Morgan — before furnishing the new capital that could bring the corporations to life again — assumed the voting rights himself. The instrument he used was the "voting trust" — an aggregation of the power of proxy-voting.

The Erie and the "Voting Trust"

Twenty years before, when the Erie Railroad was the leader in the system of grotesquely ingenuous trickery and fraud that made American railroads infamous throughout the civilized world, J. S. Morgan & Co. were its fiscal agents in England. Out of $41,000,000 worth of bonds, over $39,000,000 were held in England. For ten years the actual investor, represented by such houses as Morgan, fought to obtain control. The manipulators of the stock held much of it upon margins; much of it they did not have to own at all. They bought the proxy votes of stockholders at current rates of from fifteen cents to a dollar a share. They got them in great blocks from New York and London stock brokers holding customers' shares in their own names; they went through English cities like Glasgow, Manchester, and Liverpool, buying proxies for a shilling or even ninepence apiece. Some tens of thousands of dollars insured the management of a corporation spending twenty million dollars or more a year; and, when once they had control, they merely charged the expenses of buying their election to the corporation.

The real investors in Erie proposed on one occasion in 1871, when they had forced Gould into a corner, that a majority of the stock should give irrevocable proxies to English trustees, of which J. S. Morgan & Co. should be one. This scheme was never carried out. But in 1876 the Erie road went bankrupt, and the bondholders took charge. In the reorganization an unusual arrangement was made. Bonds were given voting power; and, in addition, half the stock was placed in the hands of "voting trustees." These trustees returned trust certificates to the owners of the stock, who were entitled to every benefit from it except its power to vote. This remained in the control of the "voting trustees" until the preferred stock of the Erie should pay its full dividend for three consecutive years. The bondholders of a great American railroad had, for the first time, taken control of the property they had paid for, by the "voting trust."

"Those Roads Belong to My Clients"

Pierpont Morgan, from his first entrance into big operations in American railroads, insisted that the capital he represented have its share in the management. When disposing of the Vanderbilt stock in 1882, he demanded a directorship in the New York Central; after financing the $40,000,000 Northern Pacific loan, he immediately went on the directorate and finance committee of that railroad; in 1887 he placed his representative, Samuel Spencer, at the head of the Baltimore & Ohio upon furnishing its needs for money; in 1888 and 1889 he took control of the Reading and the Chesapeake & Ohio roads after their reorganization by means of "voting trusts."

It was a perfectly well-defined policy. Morgan proposed that railroads should be managed by the capital that built them.

"Your roads?" he said, at one of his meetings of railroad presidents. "Those roads belong to my clients."

But through the '80's he could not retain control; the active railroad promoter and expansionist continually defeated him. Villard, a man

of extraordinary ingenuity and vision of the future, failed and came back again over the Northern Pacific; the venturesome Gowan was succeeded by the more venturesome McLeod over Reading. The inefficient Garretts got back the Baltimore & Ohio. Then, all at once, the panic of 1893 brought the properties around again to Morgan and his clients. He reorganized the roads and fixed them to his own control by the "voting trust."

One Man with Millions of Proxies

It was a far cry from the first old common-law principle of the corporation — one man for one vote delivered personally — to this great centralized power of the Morgan "voting trust." Essentially it was nothing but the voting power of hundreds of thousands of men transferred by proxy power to Morgan. One man controlled the power of millions of shares of stock. The necessities of wasted and exploited capital had forced this concentration: the transfer, practically to one man, of the greatest single centered power in the world. From his own standpoint, Morgan had come to the position by the most ordinary of commercial motives — the desire of a reputable house to "stand by its goods."

One after another, the hundred-million-dollar corporations came to Morgan and his clients for reorganization and control. The Erie, the Reading, and the Southern, each with its $300,000,000 of bonds and stock, the Northern Pacific with its $200,000,000. By 1898 over a billion and a half dollars were in the stocks and bonds of the corporations that he himself had reorganized.

No single financial problem in the previous history of the world had equaled in difficulty and magnitude this reorganization of the railroads of the United States. These crazy financial structures had been patched together by any possible method of cohesion. They were leased, interleased, subleased; bought in whole or in part; and securities of every degree of inflation represented questionable claims upon them.

In the Southern system, for instance, there were four holding companies already existing; thirty-two roads were controlled wholly or partially by leases, more by partial control of stock, while several were merely hung to the system by loose and shaky agreements. The leased roads themselves held many others by second leases, and in numerous cases even the junior leases had other alliances hung to them. Important links were not controlled at all, while some main lines were held only by a minor stock interest. There were one hundred and ten different stock and bond issues involved in all. All this must be unsnarled, the various claims of security-holders satisfied, and millions of new capital obtained.

The So-called "Morgan" Properties in 1898

Name	*Miles*	*Stock and Debt*	*Gross Earnings*	*Method of Control*
Central of Georgia	1,582	$ 50,801,000	$ 5,507,070	Stock owned
Chesapeake & Ohio	1,360	125,538,979	11,788,557	Voting trust
Chicago, Indianapolis & Louisville	535	28,518,000	3,323,671	Stock control
Elgin, Joliet & Eastern	210	13,417,000	1,390,695	Stock owned
Erie	2,509	318,098,010	36,353,176	Voting trust
Hocking Valley	345	30,355,000	2,809,895	Stock control
Lehigh Valley	1,402	151,190,100	19,742,538	Stock control
Northern Pacific	4,254	314,743,400	23,679,718	Voting trust
Reading	1,444	297,851,630	21,475,242	Voting trust
Southern	5,893	319,515,409	25,042,705	Voting trust
Baltimore & Ohio	3,676	266,746,093	40,252,804	Voting trust
Vanderbilt lines	9,655	750,910,254	112,487,402	Directorship
Totals	32,865	$2,667,684,875	$303,853,473	

The Railroads of the Country

Totals for country	184,894	$11,216,886,452	$1,249,558,724
All roads east of the Mississippi	104,602	7,014,342,094	858,945,884
Total railroads 1858	29,968	1,081,306,865	161,483,500

Morgan and His Dead Partners

This work was the inheritance of Charles H. Coster. Men saw him by day — a white-faced, nervous figure, hurrying from directors' meeting to directors' meeting; at evening carrying home his portfolios of corporation problems for the night. He went traveling across thousands of miles of country, watching railroad road-beds from the back platforms of trains. The accountant of the old-time South Street shipping firm with a genius for figures had reached a center of business pressure where no man's strength could last. In the first part of March, 1900, Coster took a slight cold; within a week he was dead. The papers, as the chief feature of his obituary, recalled that he was in the Directory of Directors as director in fifty-nine great corporations.

Fabbri was dead; Coster was dead; J. Hood Wright was dead; Walter Burns was dead in London — all dead of the same complaint: the business of the house of Morgan, and the strain of the care of the capital of the world. Both of the Drexels were also gone. J. Pierpont Morgan was alone; come through that soul-crushing mill of business — out of his own generation. Their work, the work of George Peabody and his own father, remained to him as sole inheritor.

The "Morgan" Roads of 1898

He was a man of over sixty now. It was forty years since he started his apprenticeship in the financing of America, since he had begun to see the irresistible drift of capital that had centered upon him. The difference between the conditions of the financial world of 1858 and that of 1898 — particularly in that one greatest field, the railways, to which he had then given his mind — was inconceivable.

In 1858 there were 30,000 miles in the United States, capitalized and bonded at $1,000,000,000. Their gross earnings were only about $160,000,000.

In 1898 the so-called "Morgan" roads had 33,000 miles — a sixth of the mileage of the country; their capitalization and debt was $2,700,000,000, a quarter of that of the country; their yearly earnings were over $300,000,000 — also a quarter of the total for the United States. The entire receipts of the United States Government were only twice as large as those of the Morgan roads.

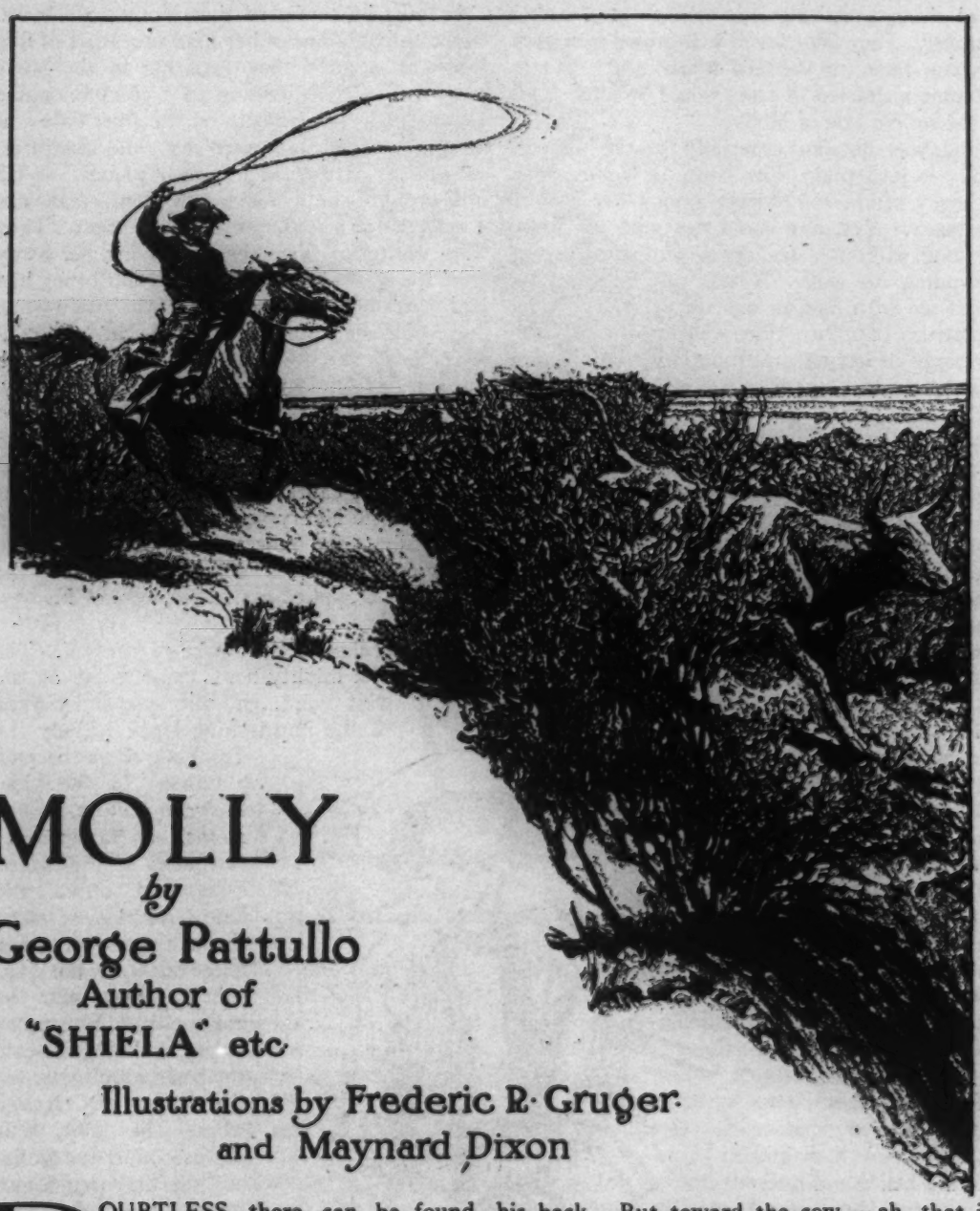
They were not his personal property, of course, but the property of his clients, of the capital of England and the world at large. Other financial houses and interests were involved. In two of the great roads — the Baltimore & Ohio and the Vanderbilt lines — other strong interests were concerned. But even in these two Morgan dominated. The lead in the reorganizations of the Baltimore & Ohio had been taken by other firms, but not one was then strong enough to oppose Morgan, whose representative was in the "voting trust." The Vanderbilt lines held the family name, but the family itself had dwindled. The real, vital force that remained was Morgan.

The United States Government had forbidden the advance toward monopoly by the device of "pooling." The capital of the world had advanced nevertheless, using two other methods — the consolidation of railroads into immense corporations and the control of these corporations by a single interest. In 1858 the greatest corporation in America had about thirty-five million dollars capital and debt. In 1898 the New York Central system had a capitalization and debt over twenty times as large — about seven hundred and fifty millions; the Pennsylvania system had nearly a billion.

Under the influence of one man, Morgan, had come capitalization and debt of two billion and three quarters, including eight railroads of over a hundred and twenty-five million capital. This one man held a position of such power that his railroads and one other — the great Pennsylvania system — were in practical control of the business of the greatest railroad territory in the country, the territory lying between the seaboard of the Middle States and the Mississippi River.

Meanwhile new powers were rising west of the Mississippi which were to revolutionize the management of the railroads of that section, and later, coming East, were to force a concentration of railroad control vastly greater than that of 1898.

This story, with the figures of Harriman and Hill, and the many operations of the Kuhn-Loeb and Rockefeller sources of capital, will be given in the next two numbers of McClure's.



MOLLY

by

George Pattullo

Author of

"SHIELA" etc

Illustrations by Frederic R. Gruger and Maynard Dixon

DOUBTLESS there can be found persons who will scoff at the assertion that there is more of sentiment in a cow than in any creature that walks the earth on four legs. The assertion stands, however. Cavilers, these, who look at the gentle bovine through the eye of commercialism, not gifted to see beyond her barn-yard activities toward the nourishment of mankind. One may approach a horse in comradely security, reasonably assured of fair play. One walks up to a mule in a spirit of veneration and religious preparedness, with a sickly aspect of confidence and fair words, and a club behind his back. But toward the cow — ah, that is different. Here is a mainstay of life. Here is — well, a cow is a cow. And she has more human promptings by a thousand miles than the lout who milks her and howls at her with raucous voice to "get over"; in self-effacing devotion she makes the ladies of the horse tribe show cold and hard and calculating.

Why, there was a time when three hundred furiously anxious, bawling mothers smashed out of a stout wooden corral on the Tumbling K range, and laid a straight course across fourteen leagues of territory in quest of their helpless progeny, mercilessly cooped in cars at a rail-

road siding, awaiting shipment to an Arizona butcher. They kept seven well-grown men atop a water-tank for thirteen hours, and — but to attempt a citation of cases would be idle. This is the simple tale of Molly.

She was not an especially pretty animal, Molly — just plain cow, dun in color, with a Jersey strain somewhere among her remote forebears. Yet, one could not gaze on Molly for long without a feeling of profound respect pervading his soul. It was not because one could see with half an eye that she gave large quantities of milk; that was merely the performance of her natural functions. Nor was it that her wistful regard suggested all the sorrows of her sex. Molly in some way made a subtle appeal to sympathy that cannot be voiced.

As a matter of fact, she ought to have been the pampered occupant of a clover field by day and of a stall by night. Instead, she was roaming the zacaton flats of the Tumbling K and losing herself among the black-brush ridges of the Mules, in vague wonder that the world was grown so large. Designed to be a respectable milch-cow on a dairy farm, here she was in the heart of a wilderness; and all because of a boy.

He came among us, pink and white and horribly clean; and he was the owner's son. There were eleven thousand cows in our dominions, but milk had been a thing of rumor to the outfit, perhaps because it is inconvenient to milk on horseback. Now, however, Vance shoved his legs under the boards at the bunk-house, and objected to clear, biting coffee. So, when he departed blacker than a Mexican, with a two months' beard and overalls sustained by a strand of rope,— babbling wild things of a bath he would take, a bath that would endure for a day and a night,— we still had Molly.

"That cow's got a mind, I tell you," Uncle Henry assured the outfit at supper. "She's got a mind jist like you or me, Dave, only better than yourn. Pass them frijoles."

UNCLE HENRY

It must be confessed that Molly was lonely. To be the only one of her kind in a tract of five thousand acres — they kept her in the horse pasture — was depressing to a companionable disposition. The broncos on the river flats and mesquit-clothed hills were shy, wild creatures, subject to alarms and foolish panics. With mild wonder she would watch them break into a mad run at a sound or a strange scent. They were masterful, too, always driving her away from the water-holes and the salt until they had had their fill. Instinctively she was afraid when one of them approached with careless confidence that she would give place. But, though unhappy, Molly never overlooked her duty, and each morning and each evening she stood quiet while Uncle Henry milked her, occasionally rumbling a note of satisfaction or sweeping at a fly with cautious backward swings of her head. Uncle Henry was becoming too stiff for hard riding, and now spent most of his time trying to persuade himself and others that the odd jobs he applied himself to were of his own choosing.

One morning Molly awoke to turmoil. The bellowings of mighty herds came to her on the west wind, and she rose and walked to the imprisoning fence. Truly the Tumbling K was become a Babel. In the wide, browned valleys, on the mesas, and far into the fastnesses of the Mules, bulls and cows and clumsy calves burst through grassy tangles, with riders in hot pursuit. Even where the waters of Eternity Spring bubbled ice-cold the year round, beyond the edge of things where the sky came down to meet the world, outlaws and free rovers reared their heads and dashed for liberty as the cordon swept toward and about them. Molly could hear the churning of the hosts on the round-up ground, and to her nostrils was wafted the taint of the dust belching heavenward in thick, choking clouds. For the Tumbling K range was to be divided, and eight thousand head

"FROM WHICH VANTAGE-POINT HE BESOUGHT SOMEBODY TO SHOOT THE ANIMAL"

must be gathered and turned over to the retiring partner.

Where did all the cattle come from? Molly had never dreamed there were such hordes of cows in the world. Great armies of them filed by in long lines, the cowboys on flank and in rear shouting, whistling, spurring into the press in their efforts to urge the herds forward. Molly stood at the barb-wire fence most of the day now, staring at this rally of her species; sometimes she bawled a troubled greeting.

And the little calves! Many a toddling newborn, strayed from its mother and solicitous of protection, staggered from the line to sniff at the kindly disposed creature that nosed it so tenderly from the other side of a six-strand barrier. All night the restless trampling of sleepless thousands and the bawling of steers and worried cows came to disturb Molly's slumbers. The bed-ground for the herds was not four hundred yards distant from the pasture fence. She could see tiny intermittent lights move slowly about them in a wide circle, where the men on guard smoked as they rode their rounds through the dragging hours.

In the day-time her heart was filled with forebodings and uneasiness. Hundreds of cattle were driven into an extensive corral within the confines of her pasture, and thence, in small groups, they went into a chute, propelled by the whoops and outcries of sundry reckless horsemen who crowded their rear. Molly watched and wondered. She saw these cattle forced singly into a narrow runway; she saw them caught fast in a squeezer, heard their bellows of consternation and fright; and then there reached her the stinging odor of burned hair, when the branding-irons bit to the flesh. Upon which Molly would flip her tail in the air and lope away; but she always returned. Much as she feared it, this troubled gathering of her kind had an irresistible fascination for her.

It was Uncle Henry who discovered that the arrival of the herds was demoralizing our faithful benefactor. She no longer browsed sedately; even the succulent grama-grass of the creek-bottom failed to hold her, and she walked the barb-wire ceaselessly day and night. Her weight fell off in alarming fashion; and when, on the third evening, Uncle Henry approached

with outstretched hand and honeyed speech, and the milk-pail cunningly concealed, she shook her big, patient head and moved off. He followed, and she quickened her pace.

"Consarn your fat head!" roared Uncle Henry, never a patient man. "Hold still or I'll take the hide off'n you."

He tore after Molly, threatening dire visitations. Now, it takes an extremely clever person to circumvent a determined cow, when he is on foot and she has five thousand acres in which to manoeuver, and Uncle Henry returned to headquarters, howling for somebody to lend him a horse and he would drag that dun fool clear to Texas. We went without milk that night, and grumbled and swore precisely as if we had had nothing else all our lives.

"Hi-yi! Bear down on him, cowboys. More frijoles here!"

With a yell, Big John sprang to the lever of the squeezer and threw all his strength on it, gripping the plunging steer about the middle as he strove to win through the chute.

"Hot iron! Hot iron!" shrieked the wagon boss. "Somebody build that fire up. All right. That's got him, Cas."

Molly hung about near the corral, gazing on these frenzied activities in consternation. It was early morning, and low-hanging mists were shredding before the sun.

Some calves passed through the chute by inadvertence. Being too small for the squeezer to hold, they were noosed as they came out, flanked, and branded on the ground. One was so small that the men at work beside the runway, idly rolling cigarettes during a halt in the operations, failed altogether to perceive him above the heavy lower boarding, and gave no warning. As a result, he sauntered into the open, and there was no noose ready to snare. His ears were twitching with curiosity, and he moved his legs as if they were stiff and his feet hurt, as indeed they did, because he had come many weary miles and he was not three days old.

"Hi-yi! There goes a calf!" yelled the punchers. "Go to him, John. He's just your size."

Big John grinned, spat on his hands, and made a dive for the fugitive. "The li'l' rascal," he chuckled, grabbing for its tail. Instead of taking to the open and falling a prey to a roper, the calf lunged sideways and went under the horse-pasture fence. He was so short that he easily bowed his back and slid beneath the wire. The outfit sent up a shout of laughter, and exhorted John to stay with him; but the giant remained where he was, staring fixedly at the fugitive. Molly was on the other side of the fence.

To her side the white-faced youngster bolted, confident of sanctuary. For a cow, Molly was terribly agitated. She turned about and about, trying to obtain a really good look at this forward baby who greeted her as his mother. The calf, on his part, kept close in an endeavor to secure his supper, being very hungry and properly careless of the source of supply. Molly smelled and sniffed at him, and edged off in intense nervousness. Evidently quite positive in his own mind that he had found what he had been seeking, the red white-face gave over all useless fuss and set himself resolutely to obtain a meal.

"Let him go, John," called the boss. "We lost his mother over on the Barbacomba. Molly'll look after him. Look out! Bear down on him, cowboys! It's that big ol' bull."

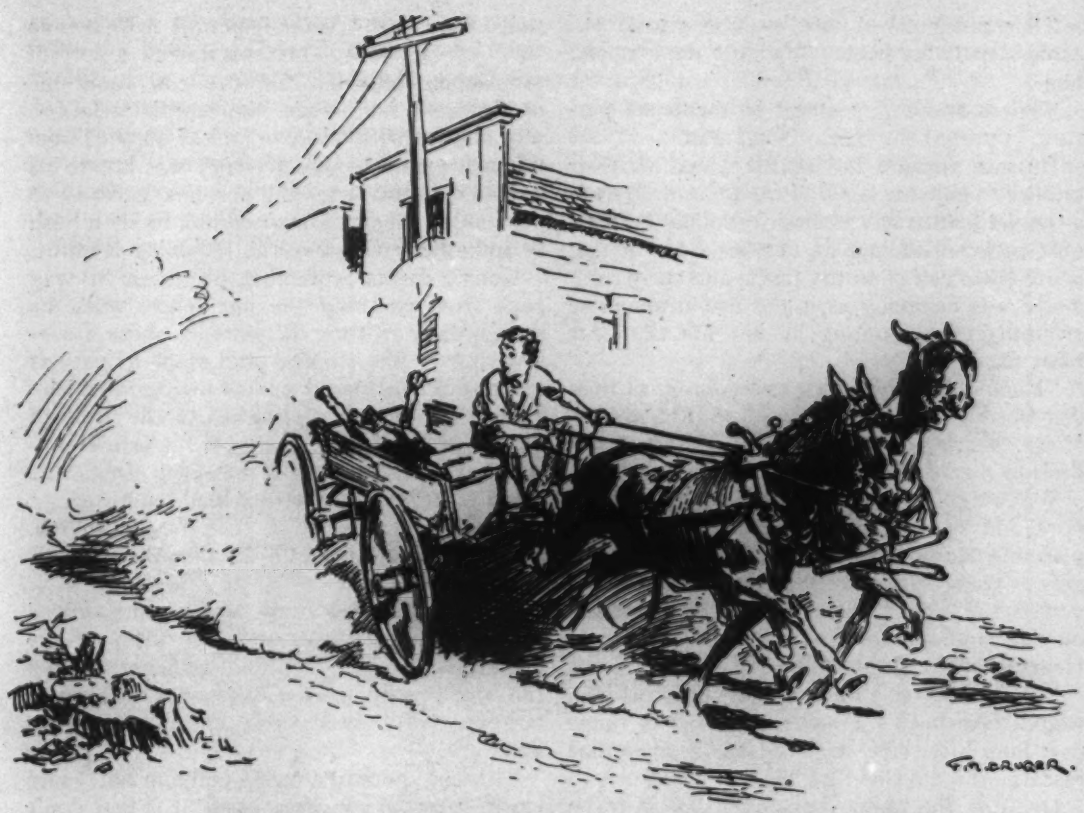
Molly was thrilling to long-pent yearnings, and the vapors of self-delusion welled up to befog her instincts. After five minutes of nosing and a minute inspection, the Jersey came to the conclusion that this must be her son, and yielded to his hungry importunities. With a low, deep murmur of content, she walked away, followed by her adopted baby. And behind a sage-brush, safe from interference, she fed him. The outfit watched them go in amazement, prophesying many things.

One of the few things they did not foretell came to pass next morning. Molly had hidden the calf behind some soapweed while she went to graze a few rods off, and, the dawn being still gray and the air stinging cold, we picked that particular bunch of weed for a bonfire to provide warmth while the wrangler was bringing up the horses. When the match flared, the calf on the other side of the shooting sparks staggered to his feet.

Ba-a-a-a-aw!

"It's the little 'un," whooped John.

He said no more, because at that moment came the dull pounding of hoofs on grass, and there was Molly, her head held high, turning her gaze jerkily from one to another, after the manner of cows when preparing to charge. We forgot about the fire for the moment, and headed for the corral fence, streaming across the country twenty strong, with Molly in hot pursuit, snorting wrath. Big John eluded her by dodging behind a bush, leaving a portion of his overalls with the cow, and she abandoned the chase at once, returning to her charge. Him she licked and caressed with many mumbled endearments, making sure that he was unhurt. The calf took all this stoically and as a matter of course, considering it his due, and fell to breakfast. Molly gazed across at her late friends sitting spectrally astride the fence,



"'I CAN'T BEAT HER TO THE GATE!' HE GASPED, WITH A GLANCE BACKWARD"

and all the anger was gone from her eyes; they were large and melting with happiness.

A crippled horse was shot that day,— the bronco-buster threw him too hard, breaking a leg,— and to the carcass the coyotes skulked when night shut down. About eleven o'clock Molly got to her knees, in which position she remained a few seconds, meditating; then rose to walk about, nibbling at the grass. All cattle get up in this manner between eleven o'clock and midnight, even vast herds of them, to graze for a few minutes and then lie down on the other side. This may be the basis of an old superstition that "good cows say their prayers."

Molly, with the warmth of the snuggling calf still on her side, wandered farther than she intended, leaving him on the ground. Abruptly she thrust her nose into the wind and sniffed. It was a stale, penetrating stench, and inherited knowledge warned her that there was danger. Back ran Molly in a tremor of anxiety, her head wagging from side to side in her efforts to glimpse the marauder. Behind a clump of bear-grass, belly to earth, crouched a coyote, his foxlike nose pointed toward the spot where snoozed her unprotected son. Inch by inch he slunk forward, soundless as a noonday shadow. Now his muscles stiffened for the death-leap.

Whoo-oo-oo-buh! snorted Molly, smashing down upon him.

The wolf straightened and wheeled with a flash of gray, and sprang, all in one movement. So marvelously quick was he that escape would have been certain ninety-nine times in a hundred. A bull would have borne down on the victim with lowered head and eyes shut, like a runaway freight train; a cow charges with eyes open, and Molly, consumed with mother-wrath, ripped sideways with her sharp horns as the cowardly hunter swerved. A shapeless bundle of brown-gray fur was tossed into the air, and when it struck the ground with a snarl of pain and rebounded, Molly went at it again. This time she caught him full with her horns, and, quite by chance, followed stumblingly on his ribs with her fore feet. The coyote squirmed away from this terrible avenger, snapping futilely at her muzzle, and a cry from the calf distracted the Jersey from a burning desire to complete the good work. As she whirled about and ran to her adopted son, the wolf made as if to flee; but he was hurt unto death, and sank down miserably under a mesquit, his glinting eyes searching the brush for foes. And through the long night he panted out his life, until at the dawn the last spark flickered.

"It's a big ol' ki-yote"— John stirred the carcass with his boot. "A steer done ripped him."

"There aren't any steers in the horse pasture," retorted the boss. "Only Molly."

By one impulse the outfit turned in their saddles to look for her. There stood the Jersey a hundred paces off, feeding tranquilly on mesquit pods. Toddling at her heels was a red, white-faced calf of sturdy frame and curly coat. Molly was behaving as if she had never done anything more exciting in her life than eat bran mash.

"Good old Molly," they called back, as they dog-trotted to the bunk-house for dinner. Molly, hearing the familiar name, lifted her head to regard the cavalcade soberly.

We went without milk cheerfully enough now, and speculated at every meal as to the probable course Molly would pursue as the calf grew. There was little else to talk about. Some vowed she would get over her hallucination quickly and abandon the youngster. Uncle Henry thought differently.

"She's a better mother to him than his own would have been. I never done saw a range cow look after her calf like Molly does that rascal. And ain't he fat!" he exclaimed.

One day the wagon boss conceived it to be in the line of his duty to brand the white-faced calf. A man was despatched to rope him. He returned presently to say that Molly would not permit him to get near. "She went on the peck and gored my horse." He exhibited a red weal along his mount's flank.

"You can't rope a calf away from its mother?" rasped the boss in amaze. "Pshaw! You'd better go back to cotton-pickin', Cas."

He spurred away to bring in the culprit himself. What were cowboys coming to nowadays? He would show them! We mounted the corral fence the better to view proceedings, and waxed merry of spirit when Molly chased the boss six different times. Molly would not be frightened or enticed away from her son, but turned to confront this unexpected enemy when he galloped at her. As for the calf, he glued himself to Molly's side and would not budge therefrom.

"Will we stretch her out, Pink?" we shouted.

"No," snarled the boss.

He made another try, and almost got his rope over the calf; but the Jersey bore down on him just then and gave him something else to do. So the boss ambled back, grinning sheepishly behind his sandy mustache.

"I reckon"— he cleared his throat — "I reckon that's one on me, boys. Let him go just now. We'll get him in the spring."

Uncle Henry was the only human being that the Jersey would permit within five yards of her baby. He entertained a sort of proprietary affection for the cow, and she reciprocated save when such cordial relationship clashed with her love for the adopted one. At such moments Uncle Henry was not to be considered, of course, and she was as ready to put him on the fence or speed him round a bush as any other member of the Tumbling K outfit.

Upon a day in September, he was on his way back from patching the line fence, when he espied Molly trotting distractedly about a narrow draw. She stopped and stood at gaze as he approached, then resumed her agitated run. From time to time she dashed to the brink of an arroyo to gaze down into it. Uncle Henry watched her curiously, surmising from the stores of his experience what had happened.

"She'll jist about go on the prod and rip me, if I try to get him out," he announced to his horse.

Molly took a few steps toward him, lowed pitifully, and returned to stare down at the unfortunate calf. The old puncher neared the arroyo with caution, anticipating a rush; but Molly only lowed again, and made way for him.

"I swan, she wants me to pull him out," said Uncle Henry in a reverent tone. "If that don't beat every ——"

He alighted and walked to the arroyo's rim. Ten feet below, lying on the sandy bottom of a hole whose precipitous sides prevented him from climbing out, lay the white-face. Uncle Henry took down his rope, deftly dropped the noose over its head, and, remounting, dragged the kicking youngster to safety. When he once more got down to remove the rope, Molly suffered him to handle her son, though she glared in swift suspicion when Uncle Henry threw him to the ground and knelt on his body to free the noose from his neck.

"Boys," said the boss at supper one night, "Molly has got to go."

"Oh-ho! Ho, indeed!" retorted Uncle Henry, with fine sarcasm. "Oh, yes," he added, unable to think of anything better to say.

The boss shook his head sadly over the clamor that ensued. He spoke of the matter as a man of feeling would acquaint a wife of her husband's sudden taking-off; but it had to be. An order had come to deliver Molly to Bockus, the butcher at Blackwater.

What! Lose Molly? The boss was locoed, or worse. Had he by any chance secured a bottle, of whose whereabouts we were in ignorance? We would buy the cow ourselves first.

It was an off day. The branding was done, and the Tumbling K outfit was awaiting the

arrival of a purchase of four thousand steers from the South. Thus it came about that twelve of us rode into Blackwater, and Big John was spokesman. John was not much of a speaker, being given to profanity when a congestion of language threatened; but he had a grand theme, and talked about Molly in a way that made us cough.

"Bless my heart," cried the owner of the Tumbling K, when the mystery slowly unfolded itself. "Bless my heart!"

He gaped, then squeezed the mighty muscles of Big John's shoulder and laughed. All this fuss about a cow — one forlorn dun cow. The puncher grinned in his turn, shuffling his feet; for they knew and understood each other, these two, having been associated for eighteen years. That is why Bockus received the strange explanation he did when he called to protest against the delay in delivering Molly.

"It's just this way," observed the cattleman, slipping an elastic band about his tally-book. "If I let you have that cow for thirty, I lose precisely one thousand nine hundred and thirty-seven dollars. No; Molly stays."

"One thousand nine — Why, man, you're crazy! How's that?"

"Ask those strikers of mine," came the answer, accompanied by a chuckle. "Great weather, isn't it? How is veal selling to-day?"

"But look a-here, Vance, let me have the calf, anyway. You owe me that much," protested the fat Bockus.

"All right. Send out for him, though," said the cattleman carelessly.

It happened that Bockus despatched a youth with a pair of mules hitched to a wagon for the calf. He was a wily urchin, and a glance satisfied him that Molly's son could be taken from her only by craft. Accordingly he loafed all of one day in the horse pasture, with his wagon close at hand; and when the unsuspecting Jersey strayed off some hundreds of yards to secure better grazing, he made a sudden descent upon

"'SEND FOR ONE OF THEM FOOL COWBOYS!' SCREAMED BOCKUS"

the white-face, locked his fingers about its muzzle so that the calf could not utter a sound, threw and tied him, then heaved the outraged, trussed victim into the wagon and made off. Molly returned shortly, and, missing the apple of her eye, set out on a frantic search of the immediate vicinity. In the distance a wagon raised the dust of the Blackwater trail, going rapidly; the boy did not feel any too secure even with a fence between them, and lashed his hybrids, shrilling oaths at the gawky beasts.

The cow brought up at the fence, every sense on the alert to detect the presence of the calf in the fast-disappearing vehicle. Some subtle instinct told Molly he was there, and she retreated a few steps. Then, with a crash, she went through the six strands of wire, and, with a long gash in her left shoulder dripping blood, started after them at a swinging trot.

Brother Ducey was conducting an open-air revival service among the mining population of Blackwater. He was a powerful exhorter, was the brother, and, as most of his congregation were women, with a sprinkling of men who would presently go on the night shift six hundred feet into the bowels of the earth, his picture of a lurid, living perdition had them swaying and rocking on the benches; their groans and lamentations rolled up the street.

"You're all a-goin' to hell!" he shouted. "Your feet are on the hot bricks now. Hell is . . ." And, again: "Hell ——"

Brother Ducey broke off and glared wrathfully at an imp of a boy who drove a clanking wagon at top speed completely around the meeting-place, making for the slaughter-house beyond.

Then Molly arrived, and took no such devious route. She went straight through the congregation, overturning the mourners' bench, and, unable to differentiate between friends and foes, headed for the rostrum. Brother Ducey waved his arms wildly and squalled "Shoo!" But, as Molly would not "shoo," he scaled a tree with the speed of a lizard, from which vantage-point he besought somebody to shoot the animal.

The Jersey did not pause to trifle with these hysterical worshipers. Her business was to find her baby, and she was almost up with him. In truth, the cow was an awesome sight as she charged anew after the wagon, the blood trailing from her shoulder, froth flaking her nostrils. Evidently the butcher's assistant found her so.

"I can't beat her to the gate!" he gasped, with a glance backward.

Whereupon he wheeled again and galloped his team in front of Bockus' store. There he abandoned them, springing through the door just as Molly swept down the road. The calf bawled a greeting, and the Jersey began to circle the wagon, occasionally prodding at the mules just to be on the safe side in the event of their having had anything to do with this theft. They kicked at her in return, but did not offer to run away.

"Somebody rope her! Somebody rope her!" cried Bockus, dancing up and down in his shop. "No, don't shoot. Them locoed Tumbling K's will wipe out the town if you do."

Alas! there was nobody in Blackwater competent to do it. They were peaceful, industrious mining folk, and a cow was a thing of terror to them. And an enraged animal like Molly! Blackwater suspended business, shut up shop, and hid indoors or took refuge on the roof.

From time to time Molly abandoned the wagon temporarily to seek revenge where it might be given to her. In this way she made forays over half the town, and put Bill Terry, the postmaster, through a new plate-glass window that Tom Zeigler had imported at enormous expense. Tom swore that Vance would have to pay for it.

"Send for one of them fool cowboys!" screamed Bockus, after two hours of this.

His boy stole forth on an emaciated pony, and, eluding the cow by a burst of speed, brought Blackwater's prayerful appeal to the Tumbling K headquarters.

We rode in and roped Molly. Then certain of us did some trafficking with Bockus, Big John laying down the terms, with the result that the cord around the calf's legs was loosed and he was restored to his mother.

All the blind savagery was departed from Molly now. She sauntered over to a patch of grass and began to eat, with the calf at her heels, and the stare she turned on the citizens of Blackwater was non-committal, even kindly.

Her departure took on something of the character of a pageant. Brother Ducey was induced to make an exhortation — or he could not be restrained — at any rate, Brother Ducey delivered a speech setting forth the extraordinary qualities of the cow. It was really a remarkable tribute, but all the notice Molly took was to flick one ear as she masticated a bunch of grass.

"An', brethren an' sistern, what does this brave creature teach us? Hey?" he demanded, in conclusion.

"I dunno," mumbled a gentleman at whom he was staring, in a hopeless tone.

"I ask you-all ag'in, what she done taught us when she come a-seekin' of her young in the

very heart of our meetin'? Why, it is plain as the mole on Lon Rainey's face," cried Brother Ducey. "I forgive her a-chasing of me up that cottonwood,— it's a right good thing it was so handy,— an' Miz Ducey kin sew the pants. But what did this noble animal show? Jist what I was prayin' of you-all to reveal, brethren an' sistern. She showed love an' devotion, an' a generous sacrifice for somebody else besides her own self. That's what she done showed. You-all do likewise. Brother Perry will now pass the hat."

We took Molly back to the Tumbling K and turned her into the horse pasture. She came peaceably enough, six of us acting as escort of honor. She is there now, browsing among the breast-high zacaton, followed everywhere she goes by a husky red calf with a white face. Molly is firmly persuaded that he is her son and the pride of the range.

ORANGE RIVER

BY

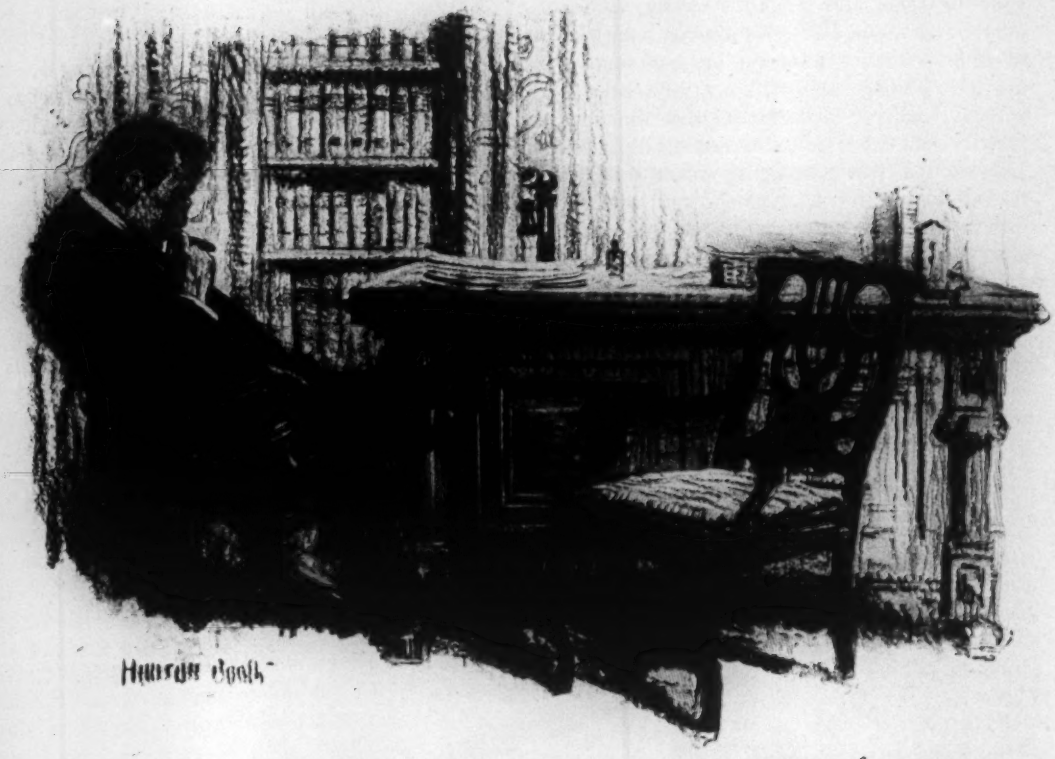
WILLIAM PATTERSON WHITE

I SAW the Naval Four Point Seven
Swing her muzzle up to heaven —
Five miles off a trench was riven,
That day at Orange River.

I heard the bagpipes' lilting tune,
"Ye Banks an' Braes o' Bonnie Doon,"
Moeking the aching sun at noon,
That day at Orange River.

I smelt the raw clay gashed by shell,
The dead mules at the poisoned well,
The *donga* where the gunners fell,
That day at Orange River.

I felt the cold moon's jeering mirth,
And sensed at last the proper worth
Of little deeds of little earth,
That night at Orange River.



The Governor's Lady

By Avery Abbott

Illustrations by Hanson Booth

SUBMERGED in the book-lined quiet of his inner office, the State's Chief Executive stretched out his big frame until the back of his swivel-chair creaked a warning. He nipped meditatively at the end of an unlighted cigar, and doubtless pondered some matter of grave official importance, for he scowled in stupendous astonishment when the door was fairly struck open to admit the rush of a strongly built, red-faced young woman. She had pushed by the private secretary, whose virtuous and protesting face was visible for an instant over her shoulder. At sight of the gubernatorial expression, the outraged countenance of the secretary vanished, but not more quickly than the color died out of the girl's cheeks.

"Oh, I've went an' made you mad to begin with!" She spoke breathlessly, with tightly stretched lips. "But if you knew how it was—me comin' all this ways to be held up an' sassed by that white-collared candy!" She gulped in a last frantic effort at self-control, and then the reaction came.

Shortly afterward the Governor was making his escape into the outer office, with every manifestation of helpless panic. In the doorway he looked back long enough to say to the girl's heaving shoulders:

"Now, you mustn't cry like this, you know; you really mustn't! You'll use yourself all up. I've got to leave for a moment. We'll hear the rest of your story later," he added quickly, when the girl made a sudden movement as if to struggle to her feet. "You stay here and get quieted down, then you can have your chance to talk."

With this rather evasive promise, the Gov-

ernor closed the door, and, wearing as much of his customary dignity as could be hastily summoned, he approached his stenographer, who had quickly lowered her eyes and was clipping away at her machine with marked absorption.

"Miss Hall, will you go in there and do what you can to compose that young woman? Tell her the rest of her story will be heard, but that she must try to get quiet first, and be able to go over it calmly. Ask her to wait in there." He spoke the last with a stiff emphasis which compelled from Miss Hall a respectful "Yes, sir."

"Please go at once," the Governor concluded, as he stepped into the telephone-booth. With the receiver squeezed tight to his ear, he was presently saying: "Ask Mrs. Ridley to come to the 'phone, please. . . . That you, Ruth? . . . I want to see you a minute. . . . Won't be leaving the house till I get there, will you? . . . All right. I'll be right out."

When he entered his wife's room, some twenty minutes later, she merely said, "Well, John, what is it?" She spoke quite casually, and did not even turn to look at him; in fact, she had a good view of his face in the mirror, before which she stood, pinning upon her dark hair a little hat of softly folded silver-gray velvet.

John Ridley made no pretense of unconcern. Straightening his big bulk beside the little woman, he drove his hands down in his pockets until the stiff cuffs of his shirt pushed his coat sleeves into corrugations around his elbows, while his wife slid a silver pin through the hat and turned to give him her attention.

"It's another pardon, Ruth." He blurted it out like the big boy he always was with her. "If I were to go on granting pardons at the rate my predecessor did, they'd soon have to use the penitentiary buildings for a foundling asylum or a moving-picture show!"

Her answer was a smile of indulgent sympathy.

"It's all very well to joke about it, but it's a mighty serious matter. Such flagrant abuse of the pardoning power has turned loose on me, at the very beginning of the term, a regular horde of pardon-seekers. Now, to correct mistakes which were none of mine, I shall be compelled to go to the other extreme."

"It *is* a pity, isn't it?"

"To be sure, it is; but it's nothing like so great a pity as shuffling men in and out of prison according to political expediency."

"And this prisoner? . . . He was surely guilty?"

"Pleaded guilty himself, my dear. A common swindler! I found out that much."

"And what is urged in his favor?"

"Tears; nothing but soppy tears! Here comes a great, strapping girl, tearing right into my private office. She cries, cries frightfully, cries all over me! Says she wants to get 'his' pardon! By George, I won't stand that!"

The Governor started on a rather circumscribed constitutional around the room, throwing out his arms in angular sidewise jerks which were his only mode of physical emphasis. Observers of the opposite party averred that the motion had been acquired twenty years before in husking corn.

"Of course it's too bad about this poor girl," he conceded. "I'm sorry nothing can be done for that Jim of hers. But nothing *can* be done, and there's an end of it. You must make her understand that clearly."

"You mean you want me to see her, John?"

"Why, certainly; I thought I said so. That's what I came home for. I thought, if you could go right down——" He stopped abruptly. "Had you anything else special to do, my dear? I didn't notice you had on your hat."

"SHE DID NOT TURN TO LOOK AT HIM; IN FACT, SHE HAD A GOOD VIEW OF HIM IN THE MIRROR"

"Nothing whatever," was her unhesitating reply.

He closed his big hands tight about hers. "This girl is going to take it hard — needs a woman to talk to; and you must make her understand that there is no chance — no chance whatever."

"But if the case has merits?"

"No; make her understand that this is final. If she won't understand, I shall have to see her myself."

The Governor was holding his wife's wrap, a long soft coat of that same silver-gray color, and as he drew it up about her shoulders he bent forward to kiss her cheek.

"It's a shame to grind you through the mill, too. But ——" He gave his wife a farewell pat on the shoulder. "Run along now. I'm going to look up some papers. And, by the way, if you could meet me at the Rostand at one — could you? — we'd lunch together. . . . Good!"

The little woman's face was very serious as she went down the stairs and out of the wide entrance. But her preoccupation was not so deep as quite to efface the esthetic pleasure she always felt when the glass doors of her motor closed her into the delicately cushioned interior. Luxury, for her, had not yet been staled, although she enjoyed not so much what it gave her as what it represented of her husband's achievement.

She certainly had no consciousness of any vicarious official importance when she stepped alertly from her car, and as she entered her husband's private office the figure before her effectually obliterated all constraint.

The girl was sitting quiet in the big swivel-chair, nor did the heaviness of her tear-swollen face change in the least as the door opened. She turned her head slowly to follow her visitor's course across the green-carpeted floor, and then stared with pale-blue lethargic eyes at the dainty woman who slipped to a seat near her.

"I am Mrs. Ridley," began the Governor's lady.

"Yes, mom," the girl answered. Evidently she did not understand.

"Governor Ridley's wife, you know," the gentle voice explained.

Then the girl straightened up.

"Ain't the Governor comin' back?" she questioned. "He said he would!"

"And he will, if you want him to." Her confident smile must have been partly reassuring, but the girl did not speak.

"It was the Governor himself who asked me to come. He tells me about many important matters. And I imagine he thought two women would understand each other better; don't you think we might?"

The girl's look was one of baffled protest, and when she spoke it was brusquely, but with such frankness that her words could not give offense.

"I'll tell you just what I do think, mom. I don't think any human bein's on earth understand less about the lives of folks like us than women that's always been lapped up in lugshury. Understand? W'y, they ain't never dreamed!"

The Governor's wife smiled again (she had a tender smile), and then she bent forward to lay a hand upon the other woman's knee.

"*I* was a working-girl," she said. "I had earned my own living for eight years before John Ridley married me. After that I believe I continued to earn it. I *hope* I am earning it still."

"You taught school, mebbe?" questioned the other guardedly.

"I hadn't the education. I clerked in a store."

"*You did?* Well! Then I bet you seen some hard days; most of 'em do. I believe, takin' it all around, I'd ruther cook, as I allays hev done, than slave behind a counter. An' I like cookin'. I wa'n't ever dissatisfied at it. Even when I was cookin' in the El Dorado minin' camp, an' workin' pretty hard, I was always lookin' forward to the time when Jim an' me would have a home an' me havin' only him to cook for. Jim was terrible fond o' good cookin'."

"Yes," said Mrs. Ridley, and the girl went on.

"I wouldn't marry him till he had a little something laid by, an' I believe now that was where I made my mistake. If a man's got any good in him, there's nothin' steadies him down like a wife an' family. Not that there was ever anything bad about Jim; he was only like most young fellows — easy-goin' an' not knowin' very well how to hang on to his wages. But then, he wa'n't earnin' so much, neither, brakin' on a freight-train, an' promotion lookin' a long ways off.

"So he begins to get uneasy, wantin' to throw up his job an' try somethin' else, mebbe go to a big place, where he could earn more. I told him I didn't see no good in it. In cities where you earned more you saved less. But he said when he was gettin' bigger wages, then we could be married anyway, an' *I* could do the savin'. Oh, he was fond o' me, Jim was, an' faithful! He never looked at no other girl."

With her thumb she was wadding her moist handkerchief into the palm of her left hand, rolling and working it over and over as if it had been a lump of putty. She kept her eyes down as she went on:

"Many's the time I've thought o' that, up in

"'YOU MEAN YOU WANT ME TO SEE HER, JOHN?'"

"'HE WAS FOND OF ME, JIM WAS, AN' FAITHFUL. HE NEVER LOOKED AT NO OTHER GIRL'"

the Yukon, when I was so beat out, so dog-tired, I felt as if I'd give my right hand off, 'most, to get to bed. An' then, when there'd be a chance at last to crawl in, I'd lay there, starin' wide awake an' thinkin' about Jim."

This time she choked over the name; but she did not stop, although she spoke more slowly.

"He was that kind-hearted, you see, an' generous; an', for all he was so big an' gruff-voiced, he was a whole lot like a kid. I guess a good many men's that way. Don't you think so, mom?"

"I think they are just that way," agreed the wife of the Governor.

"Yes — yes, they are," breathed the girl; and the other was surprised to see how the heaviness of her face was warming into sweetness and how the features that had seemed at first only clumsily blocked out were in reality firm and strong.

"I can see now just how it was with Jim, when he got to the city, an' work wasn't easy to find, an' nobody by to hearten him up. After he went I kept lookin' for a letter; but there was weeks went by, an' weeks — I don't know how many ——"

The girl bent forward, leaning upon clenched hands that were shut tight in the sag of her skirt between the knees. At last she said:

"An' after a while come my first letter from Jim — an' it come" — she finished huskily — "it come from the penitentiary."

She opened a worn, flat purse that had been lying in her lap and took out a soiled sheet of paper with blue lines. "Might I read it to you, mom?" she remembered to ask, but had begun almost before the permission was granted:

"*Dear Huldah:*

"I never made good. I was going to write when I did, but I never did. I wanted awful to see you. I made up my mind I could get the money somehow and go back. I got in with some fellows that had a padlock game. It sure was easy money. I got five years. I guess it is a good thing you are shut of me. Maybe you seen my picture in the papers. I won't never trouble you. It is hell here, and no more at present. I wanted to see you.

"Good-by.

"JIM."

She had read the brief sentences in a monotone; now she folded the sheet in its worn creases, tucked it into the purse, snapped shut the clasp, and went on with her story:

"'I DON'T WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT IT NOW. AS SOON AS WE HAVE A LITTLE CHANCE ALONE—'"

"I don't guess any of the boys had noticed nothin' in the papers. We didn't get 'em very reg'lar, anyway, an' I never had much time for readin'. So it was all done an' over with. My Jim was in for five years — my Jim!

"I never told a soul: I couldn't. Everybody knew that me an' Jim was promised. So I never let on but I heard from him right along, an' I had it out by myself o' nights." She sat silent for a moment, looking before her, and the worn shadows in her face seemed to deepen. "Them was bad nights.

"Then come a chance to go to Alaska to cook for a minin' party. Some of the boys I knew was a-goin', an' the pay they offered me was big, though I didn't set so much store by that. I wanted to get away — I didn't care where it was.

"If I'd known what it was goin' to be, maybe I wouldn't 'a' have been so crazy to go. But I was abler to stand it than some o' the men that went. I took my share with the rest. The harder I worked days, the better I slept nights. An' we sure had excitement a-plenty.

"One after another, the boys was strikin' it rich, an' all of a sudden it come to me what I'd do. I staked out a claim for myself, an' I was lucky.

"I used to get up at three o'clock in the mornings to cook. Between meals I worked my claim, an' my sack kept gettin' bigger an' bigger. Finally I set a time ahead when I'd stop: it would be just three years that day since Jim had gone to the pen.

"When that night come, I told the boys I was goin' out. They was pretty mad. It hit 'em in a tender spot. They cussed a good deal, an' when I seen how broke up they was feelin', I just had to tell 'em. I told 'em what Jim had done, what I had been a-doin', an' what I was intendin' to do. That was the first time I ever give up before anybody. When them boys cheered, I went an' bawled. They even wanted to chip in, but I told 'em I didn't need an ounce of it. If gold could help any to git Jim out, there wouldn't be nothin' lackin', an' there won't. I'm a rich girl, mom, an' I've come to git Jim out."

She fixed upon her listener a gaze that challenged denial, and Mrs. Ridley temporized.

"Have you seen him?"

"No, mom. I come here right from the deepo. But I telephoned out. He's there."

"SHE MADE HIM FEEL THE HEROIC QUALITY OF A LOVE THAT COULD NEVER FORGET"

"My dear girl," began the Governor's wife. She hesitated a moment, and then went on:

"But if the Governor feels he must refuse?"

"He won't," asserted Huldah. "A Governor ain't like a law court. I can explain it to the Governor so he can see just how it is. Jim ain't no natural crook; he just got off the track, an' he's been payin' for it for three years. When I tell the Governor, he'll do what's right. I know he will, mom."

"A pardon hearing is not held immediately," Mrs. Ridley suggested. "There are some formalities. For one thing, it must be advertised for two weeks. Did you know that?"

"Two weeks?"

"Yes."

"Wait two weeks?"

"That long, at the very least," said the Governor's lady.

"Wait two whole weeks before I can even begin?"

"I'm sorry, but that is true."

Huldah heaved a sigh of compulsory resignation.

"Well!"

"And since you must wait," Mrs. Ridley went on, "would you be willing to promise me not to try to see the Governor for the present, but to let me tell him what I think advisable?"

The girl's face was one protest. "Why, I can't do that, mom! You can't never tell him about it like I can. *You* don't know Jim."

"No, but I do know the Governor." There was a sweet whimsy in the little woman's smile. "Had you thought of that?"

She rose, and as she did so the girl also got up, made a step forward, and reached out as if to take the hands of the Governor's lady. But she drew back as quickly, looking down at her own hands, that were like reddish-brown leather.

"Pretty bad, ain't they?" she laughed brokenly. "But that don't make no difference. You're goin' to help me!" Her eyes were luminant; for the instant they were beautiful.

"No, no; I don't promise you that," the other hastily protested. "We shall have to leave it with the Governor."

"Yes, but *you* are goin' to help me," declared Huldah, with her sublime imperturbability.

Mrs. Ridley herself might have believed that she was, if she had not known so well her husband's constancy of purpose once his mind was made up. Indeed, when they met at luncheon, he lost no time in confirming her judgment of his determination. Even while he jotted down their luncheon order, with the waiter standing at attention, he opened the subject.

"It always takes a woman to manage a woman. But I'm glad it wasn't too hard."

"I don't want to tell you about it now," she answered, "in all this clatter. As soon as we have a little chance alone ——"

The Governor set his elbows on the table, to the consternation of the glassware, and leaned toward his wife.

"When we're alone we'll talk of pleasanter things," said he.

He was smiling, although she could not but see how tired the smile was; and she noticed again, as she had often of late, how fast the worn creases were being plowed into his face. They deepened now, as the smile died, and he spoke in a tone of finality:

"I'm going to ask you not to tell me about it, Ruth — now or at any other time. I'm very grateful to you."

When Governor Ridley used that tone, even his wife never opposed him. She did not quite succeed in keeping the disappointment out of her face, but she said, "I know just how you feel about it, John," and went on quickly to chat of other matters until her husband was smiling again. And so it came about, as the Governor's crowded days went by, that he really forgot, as he had thought best to do, the case of the girl who had cried.

Many other harassing details incident to a new administration had been satisfactorily arranged, and on one of those rare evenings when he and his wife were able to be at home and alone together, he was feeling especially comfortable.

"My, Ruth, but this is good!" He laid down his paper to contemplate, through the blue shimmer of his cigar smoke, the pretty figure sitting near the fire. "But, after all, we shall be glad, girl,— shall we not? — to be back in our own house again, free to do as we please? And I am not sure that we shall not be accomplishing quite as much as we are here."

"Sometimes I think so, too, John." She lifted her eyes from the page of her book. "And what do you suppose I even wish, sometimes? I even wish that, when you go back to your practice, it might be as a criminal lawyer."

"Why such an unsavory longing?" The Governor took his cigar out of his mouth to laugh at her.

"Don't laugh, dear; I mean it. I have been going to see the men at the prison very often of late. I am sure you wouldn't mind. They don't know who I am, and I wish I had found out, long ago, how much they needed some one to talk to. They are bad men, I suppose. I think few of them were so bad when they went in."

"Yes, yes — but come, now, forget it. I do wish you would!"

"No, you don't, John. There are many

things that can be done. I look up their mothers, their wives and families. I suppose it shouldn't be astonishing to find them just like other people, and yet it is. Why, some of those women are wonderful, John, wonderful!"

Her dark eyes were shining, and the firelight flickering at her back shed a yellow glow about her. Her husband reached his hand across, and let it rest upon her lap.

"There is one girl — I *must* tell you about her, John." She was observing his face, but he only removed his cigar to blow a smoke ring and watch it dissolve upward.

Then she related the story of Huldah — not in the bare outlines that the girl first gave, but with all the vitalized appeal of the many little human incidents which had come out in the talks the two women had since held together. She created for him the intrinsic beauty that lay in the girl's simple strength of body and of will. With the fire-shine warm about them both, she filled the room with the frozen darkness of the Alaskan night. She made him feel the heroic quality of a love that could toil for three years in such hardship, and never forget. She let him see the girl's hands as she herself had seen them, scarred and blackened and cracked.

When she stopped, the Governor's head had fallen musingly.

"Merciful God, what a woman!" he said. "But women are like that." He shrugged his shoulders to throw off the gloom of it. "And what is she going to do now?" he questioned.

"She has come to ask you for his pardon, John."

Then the Governor woke up.

"Was that the girl ——?" he began crisply. "Ruth, what made you do it?" he concluded, not angrily, but as one betrayed.

The little woman's eyes were sorry, but all she said was:

"Because you are the only one who can grant that pardon, John."

Any rejoinder the Governor may have made to this assertion must have been of less importance than what occurred three weeks later in the warden's reception-room at the penitentiary. The girl called Huldah was fairly creating an illumination in the dingy apartment by a stiff silk dress of a startling shade of blue. The amazing effect of the ornate gown was completed by a hat nodded over with a monstrous white plume. To the Governor's lady she was saying:

"Mebbe these clothes seem queer, here in the prison; but we want to go straight to the preacher's, you know, an' I s'pose every girl likes to look nice to the man she's marryin'."

She was watching the door, and a measured tread was coming down the corridor; the warden entered with Jim.

Huldah's face grew still redder, if that were possible; but Jim did not look up until the official had left the room, then he lifted his simple face and fixed his eyes upon the Governor's lady.

"I can't — thank you right — mom." He got the words out huskily, but could say no more than that.

"You're not to thank me." She went toward them in her quick way, and took a hand of each — the man's hand, flabby and whitened, and the hand of the girl, squeezed so tightly into its blue kid glove. She laid the two together, her hands clasping both, and she said again:

"You're not to thank me. You're to thank Huldah." She was silent a moment, bending her head, and then she added softly: "All the days of your life."

A GOOD-BY

BY ARTHUR L. PHELPS

GOOD-BY, old boy, good-by.
Seems hard, somehow, to say the words
that mean
The thing we do.
Good-by, old boy, good-by;
I hope the future will be good to you.

Good-by, old boy, good-by.
Let's smile a little, while your big hand
grips
Tight into mine.
Good-by, old boy, good-by.
Climb on; the train is moving down the line.

Good-by, old boy, good-by.
We've had good days together, just we two,
Since first we met.
Good-by, old boy, good-by —
We'll say the words, but we will not forget.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF FERRER

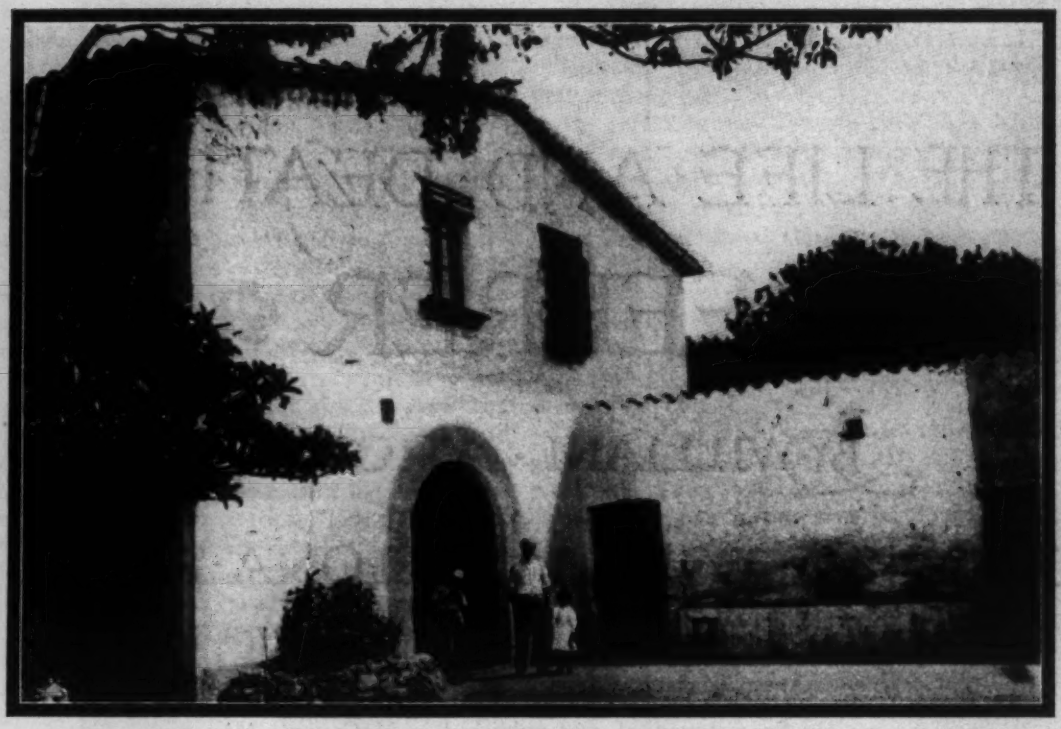
BY WILLIAM ARCHER

FERRER and the BARCELONA RIOTS.

In January, 1910, an article by Mr. Perceval Gibbon, dealing with the court martial and execution of Ferrer, the Spanish radical, was published in McClure's Magazine. Since the publication of Mr. Gibbon's article, there has swept over Spain an anti-clerical movement so profound and far-reaching in its influence on Spanish affairs as to give the Ferrer case the importance of a great political event. In view of these developments, McClure's Magazine, early in the spring, commissioned Mr. William Archer, the English critic, to go to Spain and study the whole case anew in the light of the fresh evidence which has been brought forth.

In investigating the life, the trial, and the death of Ferrer, Mr. Archer made a careful study of the great mass of books and pamphlets published on the trial, and the reports of the great six days' debate in the Cortes, interviewed many of Ferrer's friends and enemies, his relatives and his close associates, and examined thoroughly the localities in and around Barcelona where the events of July, 1909, took place. The first of two articles representing the result of his investigations is printed below.—Editor.

ON October 9, 1909, Francisco Ferrer was sentenced to death on the charge of being the "author and chief" of what is known as the "Revolution of July" in Barcelona. On October 13th the sentence was executed in the trenches of the fortress of Montjuich. Instantly there arose in almost all the principal cities of Europe a storm of protest. In Paris there was fighting in the streets, resulting in one death and many injuries. In London a demonstration took place in Trafalgar Square, and the police had some difficulty in protecting the Spanish Embassy from attack. Great meetings of protest were held in Rome, Lisbon, Berlin, Brussels, Zurich, and many other places. Demonstrations took place in front of the Spanish Consulate in almost every seaport of France and Italy. The execution was denounced as a judicial crime of the blackest type, and Ferrer was glorified as a martyr of free thought, done to death by a sinister and vindictive clericalism. Nine days later the Maura Cabinet resigned, its fall being due in great measure to the evil repute it had brought upon itself and upon Spain by hurrying Ferrer to his death. But, when the tempest of popular fury had subsided, the Roman Catholics of all countries came forward to the rescue and vindication of their Spanish brethren. They said (quite truly) that not one in twenty of the people who shouted themselves hoarse in honor of the atheist martyr knew anything of the facts of his case. They said that Ferrer was a notorious evil liver, who had left his wife and children to starve while he spent with his mistresses the wealth which he had wheedled out of a too confiding old maid by a hypocritical pretense of piety and philanthropy. They said that he had certainly been concerned in



MAS GERMINAL, MONGAT, THE "VILLA" WHERE FERRER IS REPRESENTED AS LIVING IN LUXURY ON MLLE. MEUNIER'S MONEY. THE ONE LIVING-ROOM IS ENTERED BY THE ARCHED DOORWAY. ON THE THRESHOLD IS A PIT (NOW COVERED BY AN OLD PACKING-CASE LID) MADE BY THE POLICE IN THEIR SEARCH FOR DOCUMENTS. THE GRATED WINDOW ABOVE IS THAT OF FERRER'S BEDROOM, STILL INACCESSIBLE BECAUSE THE DOORWAY HAS BEEN SEALED BY THE POLICE. THE HOUSE WAS BUILT IN 1777

Morral's attempt upon the King and Queen of Spain, though he had so skilfully covered his tracks that the crime could not be brought home to him. They said that he had engineered the Barcelona revolt in order to make money by a stock-exchange gamble. And, finally, they said that, after a trial conducted in strict accordance with the law of the land, he had been proved beyond a doubt to have acted as organizer and director of an insurrection which had been accompanied by murder, sacrilege, and unprecedented scenes of rapine and havoc. "Did any one ever deserve death," they asked, "if this man did not?"

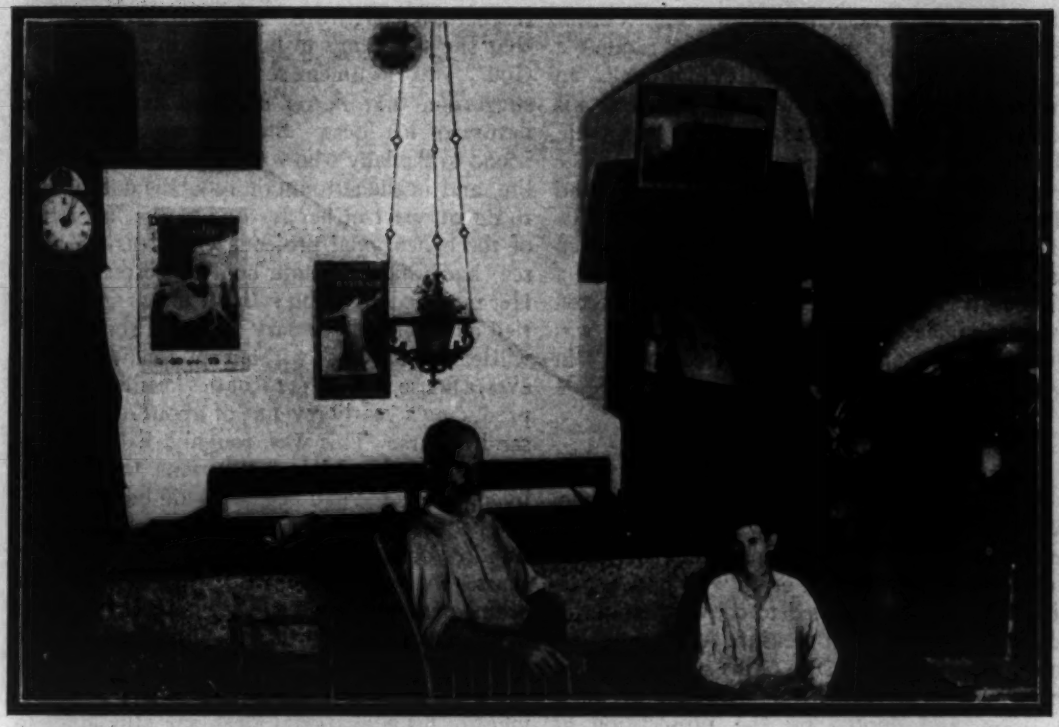
Assuredly he deserved death, by the laws of all nations, if he was the instigator and director of the rising. But was he? That is the point which we have to investigate.

It was in this character, and in no other, that he was condemned. The prosecution formally renounced at the outset all attempt to bring home to him any individual act of violence. It was as "author and chief of the rebellion"—"*autor y jefe de la rebelión*"—that he was found guilty and shot. The phrase occurs not only in the actual sentence of death, but nearly twenty times in the three speeches for the prosecution, published with the sanction of the Spanish Government.* Other accusations brought against him have, then, no real relevance. But, as he was unquestionably surrounded by a dense atmosphere of evil report,— an atmosphere which breathes from every page of the "Process,"— it may be well, before examining the essential points of the case, to analyze this atmosphere, and distinguish between the elements of truth and of falsehood in its composition.

Marriage and Morals

Francisco Ferrer (born January 10, 1859, at Alella, a village twelve miles from Barcelona) came of peasant stock and received the education of a peasant. He was for some time a shop-boy in Barcelona, then ticket inspector on the railway between Barcelona and the French frontier. He very early embraced Republican and anti-clerical opinions, and became a trusted agent of the Republican leader, Ruiz Zorrilla, then living in exile. In 1885, having been concerned in one of

* In a pamphlet of sixty-nine pages entitled "Ordinary Process Followed before the Military Tribunals . . . against Francisco Ferrer Guardia" ("Juicio Ordinario seguido ante los Tribunales Militares en la Plaza de Barcelona contra Francisco Ferrer Guardia"). In future references to this publication I shall simply call it the "Process."



THE ONE SITTING-ROOM OF FERRER'S HOUSE, MAS GERMINAL, WITH THE KITCHEN BEYOND. IT HAS NO WINDOW, AND A TILED FLOOR. ON THE WALL, ABOVE THE STAIRCASE LEADING TO THE UPPER ROOMS, MAY BE SEEN A ROUND ORNAMENT. THERE WAS ORIGINALLY A CROSS WITHIN THE CIRCLE, BUT FERRER BROKE OFF THE TWO UPRIGHT ARMS—A GOOD INSTANCE OF HIS ANTI-RELIGIOUS PURITANISM

the many revolutionary attempts of that period, he went to Paris, kept a wine-shop until 1889, and afterwards made his living by giving lessons in Spanish, while acting as unpaid secretary to Zorrilla. He had married, young, a woman older than himself; and his marriage was extremely unhappy. I have closely investigated its story, and have convinced myself — mainly, though not solely, on the evidence of his eldest daughter — that the major part of the blame lay with the wife. On June 12, 1894, she fired three shots at him with a revolver, wounding him slightly. For this she was sentenced to a year's imprisonment, but the sentence, under a first-offender's act, was at once remitted. She then went off to Russia, taking her youngest daughter with her, and contracted what is sometimes called a marriage with a Russian whom she had known in Paris.

The two elder daughters, Trinidad and Paz, indignantly deny that Ferrer was a neglectful father. On the contrary, he was extremely affectionate and indulgent. Anxious to remove them from a home that was in every way undesirable, he consigned them, in early girlhood, to the care of his brother José, who was in business as a market-gardener at Bendigo, Australia. He maintained a constant correspondence with them, and twice, in 1896 and 1898, he went to Australia to see them, submitting to great privations in order to scrape together the passage-money. To the end, his relations with them were excellent, though the younger, Paz, did not share his ideas. The elder, Trinidad, prosecuted, before the Civil Tribunal of Charleville, the printer of an anonymous libel upon her dead father which described him as "*misérable comme père.*" The defendant had to pay four hundred francs in damages and advertise the judgment in various ways.

Ferrer tried hard, but in vain, to obtain a divorce from his wife. In Spain it was impossible; and he could not obtain the naturalization which would have made it possible in France. After the affair of the revolver, he entered upon a "free union" with a French lady, which lasted until 1905. The dissolution of this partnership was far from amicable, and the lady (with whom I have had a long conversation, followed by correspondence) is a hostile witness as regards Ferrer's personal character. But she does not believe him capable of the crimes imputed to him. "He was a man of very advanced ideas," she says, "but he was not an Anarchist, and he

never wanted to do harm to any one." After the rupture with this lady, Ferrer formed a second union with Soledad Villafranca, an ardent disciple and co-worker, who was his companion to the end. It is perfectly true, then, that he was a man of irregular life; nor can the irregularity be explained away on the ground that he could not free himself from his disastrous marriage. Though we find him, even as late as 1898, making efforts to obtain a divorce, it cannot be pretended that he suffered greatly under his disability, or that he was averse on principle from the "free unions" in which he lived.

Mademoiselle Meunier's Money

We come now to the story of his fortune. Among his pupils in Paris was a middle-aged maiden lady, Mlle. Ernestine Meunier, pious, artistic, and wealthy. Ferrer, who had a passion for propaganda, tried to convert her to his ideas, and was in great measure successful. We know exactly the measure of his success, from a letter written by Mlle. Meunier on November 2, 1899, and quoted by the prosecution at Ferrer's trial ("Process," p. 50), in which she states that her reverence for the clergy is dead, that her admiration for the army is dead, that her respect for constituted authority is dead; but that she still clings to her faith in a beneficent God. This document scatters to the winds the suggestion that Ferrer deceived her as to the nature of his ideas. She became an intimate friend of the lady who was then sharing Ferrer's life, and in the autumn of 1900 she determined to devote part of her fortune to the furthering of the educational projects which (as we shall see) had taken absolute hold of Ferrer's mind. Her intended donation *inter vivos* was never carried out; but on January 21, 1901, she made a will leaving to Ferrer, without any condition whatever, a house in Paris (11 Rue des Petites Ecuries) producing a yearly revenue of about seven thousand dollars. This was, roughly, half her fortune. To the religious institutions, to which in bygone days she had been a liberal benefactress, she bequeathed nothing at all; but she left six hundred dollars to be devoted to the saying of masses for her mother's soul and her own. The frame of mind indicated in her will is exactly that of the letter above cited. Ferrer has convinced her understanding, but not her feelings; and, while she is desirous of contributing to the advancement of his educational ideal, she still clings to the conception of God, and to the practices consecrated by the fuller faith in which her mother died. The will was so clear and busi-

FRANCISCO FERRER AND HIS DAUGHTERS, TRINIDAD (ON THE LEFT) AND PAZ, AND HIS BROTHER JOSÉ AND HIS WIFE; FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT BENDIGO, AUSTRALIA, IN 1898. FRANCISCO FERRER IS DISPLAYING A COPY OF THE REVOLUTIONARY PAPER "EL MOTIN" ("THE RISING")

nesslike that when Mlle. Meunier died (April 12, 1901) her executor and residuary legatee, an ardent Italian clerical, could not contest it, but, with very ill grace, put Ferrer in possession of his legacy.

Enthusiast or Hypocrite?

Ever since the death of Zorrilla in 1895, Ferrer had been feeling more and more strongly that political revolutions were of no use in Spain until the people were sufficiently educated to benefit by them. More than fifty per cent of the Spanish population is illiterate, and most of those who can read and write have been miserably taught by underpaid masters, in unsanitary and ill-provided schools. Few people will differ from Ferrer in thinking that, until this crying evil is remedied, all changes of political machinery must be premature and futile. With this idea strong in his mind, he ceased to take any active part in politics, and devoted himself with almost fanatical zeal to education. Mlle. Meunier's legacy he regarded as a trust, to be applied to this great purpose; and only six months after her death he started the now famous *Escuela Moderna* (Modern School) at Barcelona. Though now a rich man, he in no way changed the simple style of his living. His farm-house at Mongat would, in a colder climate, be reckoned little better than a hovel. In Paris he stayed at the most modest hotels; in London at a middle-class boarding-house. Nothing can be further from the truth than the legend which pictures him living in luxury on the spoils of his hypocrisy.

But was his whole enthusiasm for education a still deeper hypocrisy, designed as a mask for the sedulous prosecution of violent anarchism? That may be briefly termed the "theory of the police." It is a theory that has been communicated by the Spanish police to their English colleagues; but I cannot find that the latter, at any rate, have an atom of evidence to support it. If it be a true theory, Ferrer was certainly one of the profoundest hypocrites on record. He declared his conversion from politics to education in letters to private friends whom he had no interest in deceiving. He not only started the Escuela Moderna, but he published something like forty volumes of educational and scientific books destined for use in his own school and others modeled upon it. He published a monthly *Boletin* devoted entirely to educational subjects. When his school was closed by the Government, he started, in Brussels, an educational review, "*L'École Renovée*," and he founded a "League for the Rational Education of Youth," of which Anatole France was honorary president. He projected a normal school in Barcelona for the training of teachers; and he had gone some way in his preparations for publishing a great educational encyclopedia. His letters, published and unpublished (of the latter I have seen many), are full of education. It was the obsession, the craze, of his later life. I do not see how any one who has gone into the evidence can believe for a moment that his enthusiasm was insincere and adopted as a mask for ulterior designs.

The Training of Revolutionists

But there is education and education, and an educator may be at once very sincere and very unwise. Unquestionably the teaching administered in the Escuela Moderna was of a kind that could not but excite the utmost horror in clerical and conservative minds. Ferrer was from first to last an ardent revolutionist. He never for a moment denied it. He had come to think that Spain was not yet ripe for revolution; but the whole object of his work was to correct her unripeness by educating revolutionists. Was his revolutionism synonymous with violent anarchism — what is called in Spain *anarquisma de acción*? That is one of the questions upon which our judgment as to the justice or injustice of his execution will have to turn. For the present I can only say that, after a pretty extensive search, I have found only one brief article in the publications of the Escuela Moderna that can be construed as inciting to violence. It is a translation from the French of Dr. Meslier, a Socialist deputy, in which tyrannicide is defended, when a people has no other resource against intolerable wrongs. It contains no sentiments that have not been uttered a hundred times in every college debating club; but it is undeniably a palliation of political crime, and might not unreasonably have been cited against Ferrer at the Madrid trial of 1907.

It is unfortunate that the word "anarchism" is so closely associated in the popular mind with the throwing of bombs. In Spain, where a great majority of the working class are Anarchists, in the sense of being opposed to a centralized state, people have tried to escape from the ambiguity by employing another word, *acratism*, which may be interpreted "opposition to power." An acratist Ferrer certainly was, and his whole teaching was directed toward the inculcation of dogmatic acratism. It was anti-religious, anti-monarchical, anti-patriotic, anti-militarist, anti-capitalist. Though opposed on principle to rewards no less than to punishments, he broke through his principle and offered a reward for an inscription, to be placarded in his school-

rooms, showing the absurdity of doing homage to the national flag. Such observances were "atavisms" (a favorite word of his) which he detested.

He deceived himself in thinking that his method of teaching left the child's intelligence to develop freely. The extracts which he himself published from the essays of his pupils show plainly that they were crammed with dogmas, just as they would have been in a clerical school; only the dogmas happened to be rationalistic and libertarian. There are very few countries in which teaching so openly hostile to the existing form of government and to the whole social order would be endured. One can scarcely imagine what would happen if such a school were established, and found numerous imitators, in America or England; but assuredly the principle of toleration would be strained to its limit. Ferrer, however, carried on his campaign unmolested for five years. One of the best-known "acratists" in Barcelona said to me: "In this country, so long as everything is quiet, we are freer than you are in England; but the moment public order is disturbed we are in the grip of tyranny."

SOLEDAD VILLAFRANCA AND FRANCISCO FERRER; FROM A SNAP SHOT TAKEN IN MADRID AFTER FERRER'S ACQUITTAL IN 1907

Public order was disturbed on May 31, 1906, by the throwing of a bomb at the wedding procession of the King and Queen of Spain. They escaped uninjured, but fifteen people were killed and many wounded. The perpetrator of the crime, Mateo Morral, had for some time been librarian in the Escuela Moderna. Ferrer was arrested and the school was closed. Every effort was made to have him tried by a military tribunal, but the efforts failed. After spending a year in prison, he was acquitted by a civil tribunal, which held that the prosecution had "failed to establish any link between the presumption engendered by the opinions of the accused and the actual misdeed committed."

Prohibited from reopening his school, Ferrer devoted himself to the publishing business, which he called the *Libreria de la Escuela Moderna*, and to the work of educational propaganda already referred to. Thus he passed two years tranquilly enough; until, on July 9, 1909, "a scrimmage at a border station" in Morocco started the train of events which was destined to lead to his destruction.

Barcelona

As the tragedy approaches, it is time to set the scene.

On a strip of gently sloping seaboard, about four miles wide, between the Mediterranean and the coast-range of Catalonia, Barcelona and its suburbs occupy one of the finest situations imaginable. Naples and Genoa are more picturesque, inasmuch as they rise more abruptly from the sea. But here nature seems to have beveled the coast expressly for the convenience of a great city. Down by the harbor lies the old Barcelona, with its gloomy, grand Cathedral and its narrow streets. Its outline is, roughly speaking, oval, and it is bisected, along the shorter axis, by the magnificent shady promenade of the Ramblas, three quarters of a mile long, and certainly one of the most animated thoroughfares in the world. Old Barcelona, however, is merely the nucleus of the modern town, laid out on the rectangular American plan, but saved from monotony by splendid diagonal boulevards, and by the fact that every here and there one comes upon the old streets of one of

the many villages—Sans, Gracia, San Martin de Provensals, etc.— now embraced in the city limits. The planning of the *ensanches* or extensions, as the new parts of the city are called, is extraordinarily spacious and noble; and nearly every street has its double row of plane-trees. At about three miles inland the gentle slope becomes steeper, and we soon find ourselves among the gullies of some low foot-hills, covered with gay and often fantastic villas. Then, from the foot-hills, the escarpments of Tibidabo and Vallvidrera suddenly and almost precipitously rise to a height of over seventeen hundred feet; and if we take the funicular railway up to Tibidabo, we find in the hinterland nothing but a vast corrugation of mountain-ranges, with the majestic Montserrat towering in the middle distance. Amid these ranges, however, there lurk several busy and populous manufacturing towns.

To the north the low coast-line runs off with an eastward curve, the mountains drawing gradually nearer to it; and for some fifteen miles the beach is lined by an almost unbroken string of long villages, flat and unpicturesque, seldom extending more than a stone's throw inland. Among them are Mongat, Masnou, and Premia de Mar, all scenes in the coming story. And to the southward — what? To the southward nothing but Montjuich. Its fort-crowned bluff, rising out of the sea to a height of seven hundred and fifty feet, closes the vista from almost every point. The poorer streets of the old town of Barcelona crowd close up to its flanks; and from distant Premia, beyond the curving coast and smoke-veil of the city, it is still seen frowning on the horizon. With its sinister associations, it dominates the whole region. As soon as the boy Ferrer looked abroad upon the world, he must have seen Montjuich on the horizon of his life. From the home of his later years, he could not take a hundred steps without its confronting him. It loomed daily and hourly before the eyes of the terror-stricken villagers whose testimony did him to death.

Populace and Priesthood

In the city thus sloping to the morning sun, between the mountains and the sea, there are more than half a million industrious but excitable and turbulent people. There is great wealth. On the Paseo de Gracia and other magnificent avenues the rich merchants and manufacturers have built themselves houses that in point of expensiveness would do credit to Fifth Avenue, though the Neo-Catalan architecture is too often hideous in its eccentricity. In the lower quarters of the town, on the other hand, one gathers — what I believe to be the fact — that there is little or no very dire poverty. The Catalonian workman is exceptionally well off. The climate of Barcelona is almost perfect; unemployment is rare; food is cheap, lodging not extravagantly dear. The so-called Paralelo, a noble boulevard largely given up to workmen's cafés, theaters, and variety shows, affords at night the most brilliant and animated spectacle of its kind I ever saw. For a few cents the workman can spend his evenings in a really palatial café, debating, playing games, and imbibing highly colored but not too poisonous refreshments. Drunkenness is very rare; so are "crimes of passion." But beneath this smiling and prosperous surface there lurks every form of faction and discontent. Of the bomb plague I do not speak. In its present phase it is literally a plague, a disease, which has somehow settled on Barcelona. It is pretty certain that no political party is responsible for it, though every party now and then lays it to the charge of its opponents. The terrorists are in all probability a tiny group — if a group they can be called — of political Jack-the-Rippers. Certainly they are not to be confounded with the Anarchists, who form a large majority of the working population. Then there are Socialists, comparatively weak, Republicans, strong among the middle classes, Catalan Home-Rulers, Carlists, and other parties whose tenets it would take too long to expound. The only party a little hard to discover is the party which is at all warmly attached to the monarchy and the existing order of things. This is a point which it is only just that we should clearly bear in mind. In most English-speaking countries we have forgotten what it means to have to deal with any considerable political party whose avowed aim is revolution, the overthrow of the whole frame of government. In Catalonia, on the other hand, the existing order, instead of being "broad-based upon the people's will," has only a minority in its favor, and rests upon military force, aided by the dissensions of the disaffected majority. One cannot but wonder what forms our own political life would assume if the party or parties of progress were a party or parties of open sedition.

And dotted everywhere — facing us at every turn — throughout this city of modern industrialism are monasteries, convents, religious houses of one sort or another, some humble and unpretending enough, but many of them vast and splendid. Some are devoted to education, others to works of charity; but none, it would seem, has succeeded in earning the respect, much less the love, of the working classes, who accuse the *frailes* of humiliating and exploiting the children they profess to teach and train.

Exempt from taxation, some of the religious houses compete in the production of certain commodities; and this unfair competition is keenly resented by the people. Then the secrecy of the conventual life gives scope for strange imaginings as to what passes behind the impenetrable walls. At the present moment, in Barcelona, one of the books most prominently exposed on every kiosk is "*El Tormento en los Conventos*," by "Fray Gerundio"— no mere catchpenny libel, but a serious indictment. Behind and beneath all suspicions and resentments, however, there doubtless lies the feeling that this monastic host, with its hoarded wealth, is in active alliance with capitalism, militarism, and all the enemies of social justice, as it hovers before the exalted imagination of the Catalan workman. He sees in the congregations an ideal which he rejects with loathing, ensconced behind high-piled bastions of privilege. They are, in truth, almost entirely outside the law; and the populace, in moments of revolt, is apt to pronounce — and execute — sentence of outlawry upon them.

Ferrer Abroad and at Home

We have now to trace the two currents of events, one private, the other public, which, flowing together at the fated hour, swept Francisco Ferrer to his destruction.

On April 21, 1909, Ferrer and Soledad Villafranca arrived in London. In a letter which he immediately sent to his intimate friend, Tarrida del Marmol, he said, "We are here for a time of rest." As a matter of fact, he devoted himself mainly to learning English, with a view to selecting some English books to be added to his educational library. He spent a good deal of time with an English friend, William Heaford, and his family, with Tarrida del Marmol, and with the Kropotkins. On Labor Day, May 1, he went to Hyde Park, and heard Tarrida, among others, speak at the International Platform, but took no active part in the proceedings. It is clear that he was more or less "shadowed" during his stay in London, but there is no evidence that he associated with any persons more dangerous than those mentioned. On June 9 he wrote from his Bloomsbury boarding-house to his friend Charles Albert at Paris, stating that his stay in London was indefinite, and indicating that it would in all probability outlast the month; but two days later he wrote to the same friend that his plans had been upset by bad news from his Spanish home. His sister-in-law and niece had been stricken down by typhoid, and he must hurry back to Mas Germinal. He spent one day in Paris (the 13th), and left for home on the morning of the 14th. On the 17th he wrote from Mas Germinal to Charles Laisant: "Here we are installed, finding our sister-in-law out of danger, but not so our niece, who remains in a very critical condition."* Poor little Layeta, born to José Ferrer in far-off Bendigo, died on the 19th, aged eight years.

For what followed we may turn to a letter from Ferrer to William Heaford, written from the Carcel Celular of Barcelona less than a week before his trial:

> . . . There was I quietly at Mongat, from the middle of June, with my wife, tending our poor sister-in-law, who was very much broken by her own illness and the loss of her daughter. I diverted my mind, and passed, I must own, some delightful moments, in reading the six English books I had brought with me from London. I think so well of them that I have resolved to have them translated into Spanish, and to publish them, of course after obtaining authorization. All the six, I take it, are recommended by the *Instruction Moralés Ligue?* I am not quite clear as to its name. . . . Two in particular have charmed me — "Children's Magic Garden," by Alice . . . . ? and "Magic Garden's Childhood." [The books referred to are Miss Alice Chesterton's "Children's Magic Garden" and "Garden of Childhood."] They can be published in Spanish with the single suppression of a tale about Santa Claus which I do not consider good for children. Then the 1st and 2nd series of Gould's "Moral's Leçons" which are also very good, except where he speaks of Christ, very little, which I should simply suppress. . . . Then come two volumes, intended for teachers, of which I do not quite recall the titles. "The Teacher's Handbook of Moral's Leçons"? One is by Mr. Walldegrave? — admirable this one, and resting on a large philosophic basis. To be published without a single note. The other is by Mr. Reid, too English in its character, but fitted for publication with a good many editorial notes.
>
> (Where are they now, these dear books, annotated by me and ready for translation — where are they after the searches and seizures at Mas Germinal? I trust I shall find them again some day.)

This letter is interesting, not only for its account of Ferrer's employments, but for the glimpse it gives into what may be called the puritanic, not to say pedantic, rationalism of his habit of thought. As his English was very imperfect, he would scarcely have much time left over from his editorial labors; but he went once a week to Barcelona (distant some eleven miles) to attend to his publishing business at 596 Calle Cortes. He was seeing through the press "L'Homme et la Terre" by Reclus, and was making arrangements for the production of an illustrated translation of Kropotkin's history of "The Great Revolution."

It may be said that Ferrer's own retrospect of his occupations, written at a time when he

* The letters which establish the dates given in this paragraph are of unquestioned authenticity and can be produced at any time.

knew that his neck was in danger, cannot be accepted as evidence. Even the corroboration of his friends is subject to discount. But mark this! On July 7, many days before any human foresight could have anticipated the revolt, Ferrer wrote from Mas Germinal to Alfred Naquet:

> . . . I might tell you, too, of the comic surveillance to which I am subjected by the authorities at Barcelona, who every day send a *pareja de civiles* [pair of gendarmes] to take count of my comings and goings, and policemen who attend me to the station and accompany me wherever I go. But I attach no importance to this, accustomed as I am to it ever since my Madrid trial.

The fact that he was under surveillance was confirmed at his trial, so that a false account of his occupations could easily have been contradicted. As no such attempt was made, there is not the slightest reason to doubt that in his letter to Heaford, and several other letters to precisely the same effect, he was telling the simple truth.

So much for the stream of private events*—perfectly smooth save for the death of little Layeta. We must now follow the converging and very agitated current of public affairs.

The Melilla Adventure

Certain mines in the Riff region of Morocco, some twenty miles from the Spanish settlement of Melilla, had for over a year been worked intermittently and "under precarious circumstances" by an inextricably complicated group of capitalists, mainly, but not exclusively, Spanish. A railway was in course of construction from Melilla to the mines; and on July 9, 1909—nearly a month after Ferrer had left London for Barcelona—a body of Moors attacked the workmen engaged on the line and killed three or four Spanish subjects. The military governor of Melilla, General Marina, at once sallied forth to punish the marauders—and found himself in a hornets' nest. A few far-sighted politicians and military men professed to have foreseen some such development; but to the Spanish nation, as a whole, the war came like thunder from a clear sky. It is absolutely grotesque to suppose that any foresight of this trouble† can have had anything to do with Ferrer's return from London; yet the Chief of the Barcelona Police did not hesitate to make this suggestion to the Military Tribunal.

It was evident that reinforcements, and large reinforcements, were urgently needed in Melilla. Already on July 11, two days after the opening incident, a royal decree authorized the Minister of War to call out the reservists in such numbers as he should deem necessary. Regiments were hastily brought up to their full strength and hurried to the coast. It was natural that Barcelona should be one of the chief ports of embarkation; but had the Government understood its temper, they would at all costs have avoided using it for this purpose. From the 14th onward, transports left the harbor every day; and on Sunday the 18th the departure of a local battalion was accompanied by scenes of wild lamentation and protest. Similar outbreaks occurred at many other points throughout Spain. On the 20th the populace of Madrid attempted to prevent the entrainment of a regiment, and the Southern Station was the scene of a serious riot. Meanwhile Republicans, Socialists, Anarchists, and workmen's organizations of all sorts were everywhere trying to hold meetings of protest against the war, and the authorities were everywhere sitting on this safety-valve. The news from Melilla, as it filtered through the censorship, grew every day more ominous. Since it was evident that the truth was not being told, rumor set to work to correct official reticence with its usual fertility of lurid invention. The fact that the Cortes were not sitting left the Maura Cabinet the unchecked despots of Spain; and the fact that Señor Maura declined to summon the Cortes showed that this despotism was essential to the carrying through of his policy.

The Workmen and the War

In most countries the working classes, on the outbreak of a war, are apt, for a time at least, to yield to the contagion of patriotic fervor, and shout themselves hoarse with war-cries and war-songs. Why was the sentiment of the Spanish working class so utterly different? The reasons are clear, and may be grouped under three heads. In the first place, the Anarchism which is dominant among the Spanish operatives is essentially an internationalist and pacificist doctrine. Its very name declares it anti-patriotic. It regards the flag without emotion, and considers the "national honor" a myth invented by the soldiers and priests who conspire with the capitalists in that process of exploitation which they call government. In this respect, too, the views of the Socialists are practically identical with those of the Anarchists. Both parties accept the

* It is said that Ferrer would have returned to Paris before the outbreak of the troubles had he not been asked by a friend to make some business inquiries, which detained him; but I do not think that the intention to start before the fatal 26th of July is quite clearly established.

† "There were no premonitory symptoms. Not a cloud gave warning of the transition from calm to tempest. The life of the city pursued its normal course. From time to time, with the usual regular irregularity, a bomb exploded; but that, although it angered all citizens, alarmed few."—"*La Semana Trugica*," *by Augusto Riera.*

principle laid down at the Congress of Stuttgart: "Better insurrection than war." In the second place, this particular campaign had all the appearance of a war of sheer aggression undertaken at the dictation of a group of millionaires, closely allied with the Government, whose interests were inexpressibly indifferent to the Spanish workman. It was believed, too, rightly or wrongly, that many of the mining shares were held by, or for, the Jesuits. In the third place,— and it was this that brought the women in their thousands into the ranks of the protesters,— the incidence of military service was exasperatingly unjust. On the one hand, the son of the bourgeois, who could afford to pay three hundred dollars for exemption, need not join the army at all; on the other hand, most of the reservists now being called out were men who, after two years with the colors, had been permitted to return to civil life and to marry. They were now torn from their wives and families, to throw away their lives — as seemed only too probable — in an ill-omened war, undertaken for the enrichment of a few financiers. That was how the campaign represented itself to the popular mind, especially in Catalonia. What wonder if the women who crowded the wharves of Barcelona on Sunday the 18th cried to their sweethearts and husbands, as they marched through the throng: "Throw away your rifles! Don't embark! Let the rich men go! All or nobody!" Some kind Catholic ladies who boarded the transports, dressed in their Sunday finery, to distribute scapularies and other appropriate trifles to the soldiers, were shocked to see their benefactions thrown into the sea.

Another week passed — the 18th to the 25th — in much the same fashion. News was suppressed, meetings were suppressed, troops were mobilized and despatched. The *Times* correspondent telegraphed from Madrid on July 23 that the "nervousness" of the public had no effect on the Ministry, "whose policy was to pour troops into Melilla until the resistance of the tribes was broken." Reuter announced on the 25th that the Minister of the Interior had ordered provincial governors to seize any editions of newspapers that contained news of the war, or of the departure of troops, other than that officially communicated. Even the official communications failed to maintain any plausible air of cheerfulness.

On Friday the 23d there was to have been a general assembly of delegates of the Solidaridad Obrera, a federation of workingmen's societies of all shades of opinion, the Catalan counterpart of the French Confédération Générale du Travail. The Civil Governor, Don Angel Ossorio, decided to prohibit the meeting; and it was probably this prohibition which determined the outbreak. A Strike Committee of three was instantly formed, representing Socialists, Sindicalists (trades-unionists), and Anarchists; but the Solidaridad Obrera, as such, was not represented. Who these three men were is perfectly well known. I have had long talks with one of them. They scout the idea that it would ever have occurred to them to take Ferrer into their confidence. Each of the three had a lieutenant; each lieutenant was to communicate with four delegates; each delegate with four others, and so on. By this simple but effective means the call to a general strike for Monday the 26th spread through the manufacturing towns of Catalonia. It was nominally to be a pacific protest, lasting twenty-four hours only, against the Moroccan adventure. There were doubtless many who hoped and believed that it would not end there; but of actual organization for anything further no one has discovered a trace. "In Barcelona," says Don Angel Ossorio, the Civil Governor before mentioned, "no one *prepares* a revolution, for the simple reason that it is always prepared. . . . Of conspiracy, of plan, of concerted action, of casting of parts, of recruitment, of payment, of distribution of arms, of issuing of orders, in preparation for the events of the 26th, I have not heard a single word."*

The Strike and the Revolt

I shall now give a rapid sketch of the course of events, leaving Ferrer, for the moment, entirely out of it.

In the early hours of Monday the 26th some workshops and factories resumed work as usual; but as soon as the news spread that the strike was actually taking effect, work was everywhere abandoned. In some cases the employers themselves ordered their workmen out, fearing to have their windows broken. Bands of women went from shop to shop and from office to office, demanding that they should close; and they seem to have met with no refusals. But — unfortunately, as it proved — there was one large body of workers which refused to stand in with the rest. Throughout the morning the electric cars ran as usual, and the servants of the company declined to quit their posts. Had they done so quietly, the day might have passed in peace, and work might have been resumed on the morrow. It was in stopping the tramway service that the first acts of violence took place. Cars were overturned and burnt; rails were torn up; and the police and gendarmes, in trying to

* "*Barcelona, Julio de 1909: Declaración de un testigo*," Madrid, 1910, p. 14.

protect the car service, came into frequent conflict with the crowd. There was a good deal of shooting on both sides, and blood began to flow in several parts of the city. By three in the afternoon the street-car service had entirely ceased. Cabs, too, had been driven from the streets, and two at least of the railways connecting Barcelona with the outside world were put out of action. It was not till next day that the isolation of the city, whether by rail or wire, was rendered practically complete.

How, in the meantime, were the authorities employing themselves? They were undoubtedly in rather a tight place. The military garrison had been depleted by the war, but there remained eight hundred regular troops in Barcelona. Of policemen there were eight or nine hundred, and of gendarmes (*Guardias Civiles*, a fine body of men) about one thousand. These forces were certainly none too many to hold in check a rebellious populace of half a million, in a city covering some forty square miles of ground. A considerable number had to be immobilized for the protection of arsenals, military stores, etc.; and the soldiers, as a whole, were not greatly to be relied upon, as the people insisted on cheering them wherever they appeared, and treating them as the victims of governmental oppression. Under the circumstances, the best policy would probably have been one of conciliation. The disturbance might have been treated as a more or less legitimate movement of protest, all measures being directed toward securing the peaceful resumption of work next morning. If this policy ever occurred to any one, it was negatived by a telegram from the Minister of the Interior, Señor La Cierva, urging that the strike must not be treated like an ordinary economic manifestation, but repressed with vigor, as a rebellion. At midday the Junta (a small body of officials) assembled, and, outvoting the Civil Governor, determined to declare the state of siege. Thereupon the Governor resigned in a pet, and absolute authority devolved upon the Captain-General, Don Luis de Santiago y Manescau. This officer signed a proclamation of the state of siege, which at four o'clock was placarded on all the walls. The opinion of the Junta had been that the proclamation would at once terrorize the people into quietude; but it had no such effect. Throughout the afternoon and evening there were constant skirmishes between the forces of order and the people. The proclamation declared that all "groups" formed in the streets would be broken up by force; and in carrying out this policy the authorities successfully embittered the popular irritation.

The Tragic Tuesday

When night fell on Monday, however, no very great harm had been done. It seems pretty clear that a little tact and conciliation might still have secured the resumption of work on the Tuesday morning; but, as a matter of fact, the authorities were hopelessly out of touch with the people. The morning of Tuesday the 27th passed quietly enough; and, but for the absence of all wheel traffic, the non-appearance of the newspapers, and the constant patrolling of the streets, the city wore almost its normal aspect. It was not till after one o'clock on Tuesday that the actual revolt broke out. The movement had by this time quite got out of the hands of the Strike Committee. They had not, indeed, ordered the resumption of work, because, in the absence of telegraphic news, wild rumors and wild hopes were abroad as to the success of the revolution in other parts of Spain, and they wanted to await the development of events. But it was no order of the chiefs that led to the ultimate outbreak. It was partly the impatience of the reservists, who preferred fighting in Barcelona to fighting in Africa. It was partly the fact that the official Radical-Republican leaders held aloof in dismay, and gave their partizans no lead at all. It was partly a rumor which got abroad that ten Catalonian soldiers who had taken part in the scenes of Sunday the 18th had been led out and shot on their arrival at Melilla. But mainly, I suspect, the sudden effervescence of Tuesday afternoon was the inevitable result of prolonged nervous tension, lacking the safety-valve of work. "Satan finds some mischief still for idle mobs to do."

Be this as it may, between one and three on Tuesday afternoon barricades sprang up in many streets and active fighting began on a quite different scale from that of the previous day — arms having been obtained by the looting of gun-stores, pawn-shops, and at least one armory. Almost at the same time, first one great column of smoke, and then another, went up into the blue air.* It was the splendid building of the Padres Esculapios, and the convent and church of the Jeronimas, that were burning. From that time onward, for about sixty hours, anarchy reigned in Barcelona. The street fighting was incessant, save for a sort of truce in the early mornings; and almost every hour saw a fresh ecclesiastical building of one sort or another given to the flames. On the night of the 27th, from the surrounding hills, the spectacle of Barcelona dotted all over with conflagrations

*During the early morning of the 27th two buildings occupied by Marist Fathers had been burnt in the suburb of Pueblo Nuevo; but this seems to have been an isolated act of lawlessness, and not the real beginning of the incendiarist frenzy.

must have been at once superb and terrible. But there was no strategy in the fighting, no method in the convent-burning. It was all desultory, planless, purposeless: an uncontrollable ebullition of rage and mischief. The authorities were still in telegraphic communication with Madrid by way of the Balearic Islands; and one line of railway had either not been cut or had been restored. Troops reached the city from distant parts of Spain, who were more to be trusted than the local levies. Artillery was brought into play against the barricades. By Thursday evening the revolt had pretty well exhausted itself. Business began to be resumed on Friday, though conflicts still occurred in the streets in certain quarters. By Monday the city had resumed its normal aspect, and the "tragic week" was over. More than fifty ecclesiastical buildings — churches, convents, colleges, etc.—lay in ruins. The total death-roll, however, was comparatively small. It is generally placed between sixty and seventy; but the Minister of the Interior, in the Cortes, stated it at one hundred and four. Apparently marksmanship was not the strong point of the combatants on either side; and the riders were very scantily armed. The losses among the soldiers and police seem to have been absolutely insignificant — not more than four or five all told. The wounded on both sides were, of course, very much more numerous.

Why Convents Were Burnt

Many people have written and spoken as though some sinister mystery underlay the fact that the protest against the Melilla adventure took such a violently anti-clerical turn. There is really no mystery in the matter. For reasons above indicated, the religious houses were chronically and intensely unpopular. The clergy were supposed (and rightly) to be hand in glove with the militarists. A most unwise attempt had also been made in some quarters to represent the war in the light of a crusade of the Christian against the infidel — a piece of hypocrisy that deceived no one and irritated many. At a meeting of four thousand workmen held at Tarrasa, a manufacturing town in the immediate neighborhood of Barcelona, a few days before the outbreak, a resolution was passed protesting against "the sending to war of citizens productively employed and, as a rule, indifferent to the triumph of 'the Cross' over 'the Crescent,' when it would be easy to form regiments of priests and monks who, besides being directly interested in the success of the Catholic religion, have no family or home, and are of no utility to the country."

In view of such a resolution as this, we need scarcely look much further for the connecting link between anti-militarist and anti-clerical manifestations. But it happens that we know precisely whence the immediate suggestion of incendiarism proceeded. On Sunday the 25th, the day before the strike and two days before the revolt, Señor Lerroux's newspaper, *El Progreso*, the most influential in Barcelona, contained an article, headed with the English word

¡REMEMBER!

recalling the fact that that day was the anniversary of a great outburst of convent-burning in 1835, and deploring that, in these degenerate times, there was no likelihood of its repetition! No one who has read this article can have the smallest doubt as to who lit the first torch. Ferrer, I may remark, was at this time on bad terms with the Republicans and their organ, *El Progreso*. Not the slightest attempt has been made to connect him with the (literally) incendiary article. Yet he is in his grave, while the responsible editor of *El Progreso*, Don Emiliano Iglesias, is in the Cortes.

No Massacre and No Sack

As to the constitution and behavior of the convent-burning mobs, there is an almost ludicrous conflict of evidence, or rather of assertion. The clericals try to make them out worse than fiends, the anti-clericals depict them as almost angelic in their chivalry and humanity. On August 4 the *Correspondencia* of Madrid published a communication from its Barcelona correspondent in which he declared that, on the night of July 27, "mad drunk with blood, wine, lust, dynamite, and petroleum, with no other desire than to kill for killing's sake," the rebels destroyed the convents and massacred their inmates.

> Who can tell the number of dead, wounded, and burnt who are buried beneath the ruins? . . . Spare me the recital of the details of the martyrdom of the monks, of the ill-treatment of the nuns, of the brutal way in which they were sacrificed. . . . I can only say that many died at the foot of the altar, stabbed by a thousand women; that others were torn to pieces, their limbs being carried about on poles; that not a few were tortured to death; and that all passed to another life with the crown of martyrdom.

This is a fair specimen of history as it was written on the days immediately succeeding the outbreak; and, though every one now admits that it is delirious nonsense, the clerical party, while abandoning the details, still writes as though the general picture were a true one. As a matter of fact, the hecatomb of martyrs re-

duces itself, even by Catholic computation, to four: two priests shot, one suffocated in the cellar of his burning church, and one nun brutally killed. For the last outrage the evidence seems to be very insufficient; for the death of the three priests, and the mutilation of the body of one of them, the evidence is pretty strong. It is absurd, then, to pretend, as some people do, that the mob was absolutely seraphic in its ardor; but it is certainly very remarkable that, in such a wild outbreak, murder, and even fatal accident, should have been so infrequent. There is abundance of evidence, from the mouths of priests and nuns themselves, that the general temper of the mob was not in the least homicidal, and that they took pains to have the buildings cleared of their inmates before setting fire to them. Even so, no doubt it was sufficiently alarming and distressing for hundreds of religious ladies to be forced to quit their sanctuaries at a moment's notice, and see them delivered to the flames. It is with no view of defending the conduct of the rabble that I insist upon the essential difference between burning an empty convent and burning it over the heads of its inmates.

But, if the revolt was far from being a massacre, at least, say some, it was a scene of unbridled rapine. On this point, too, the opposing parties take up violently contradictory positions. It would be ridiculous to suppose that in a great city like Barcelona, not noted at any time as a home of all the virtues, the destruction of half a hundred rich ecclesiastical buildings should be wholly unaccompanied by robbery. There is no reason to doubt that the dregs of the populace, the camp-followers of the revolt, committed many depredations. But there is clear evidence that robbery was not the motive of the main body of the incendiaries. They were bent on destruction, not on theft. They made bonfires, not only of objects of sanctity, but of objects of value. No bank was attacked; no store, other than gun-stores; not one of the many splendid houses of the commercial magnates of Barcelona. The word "sack" is no more justly applicable to the events than the word "massacre."

The Mob and the Mummies

But while the mob, as a whole, was neither murderous nor rapacious, it was blind and superstitious in its rage against all things associated with religion. Its deeds show no trace of any rational leadership. It did not, for instance, single out for destruction those institutions which competed unfairly in confectionery, laundry work, or other industries. The great majority of the buildings destroyed lay under no such suspicion. Some were inoffensive houses of retreat; not a few were charitable institutions for the benefit of the working classes themselves. One (I am credibly assured) was a crèche or day-nursery for infants, which is now sadly missed. But, while this proves the lack of reason in the crowd, it also proves the failure of these charitable institutions to establish themselves in popular esteem. Priests and nuns engaged in education complain bitterly that the parents of some of their pupils, and even the pupils themselves, were prominent among the rioters — a fact that may clearly be interpreted in more ways than one. But the main allegation against the mob — now that the charge of massacre proves to be unfounded — is that they desecrated tombs and paraded the streets with the embalmed bodies of religious ladies. The fact is undoubted. In more than one convent the niches of the crypts were broken open and bodies dragged to light, to the total number, it is said, of about thirty-five. But it is no less certain that the motive of this profanation was a desire to ascertain whether there was any sign of the nuns having been tortured, or even buried alive. It was found, as a matter of fact, that many of the bodies had their hands and feet bound together; and, though this is susceptible of a quite innocent explanation, it was not unnaturally taken at first as confirming the most sinister rumors. To the Anglo-Saxon mind it would seem that when a community walls itself in from the world, and admits no intervention of the law, no public inspection of its practices, whether in life or death, it should not complain if suspicions arise as to the nature of these practices. The alleged design of the rioters was to take the bodies to the *ayuntamiento*, or town hall, that their condition might be publicly verified. Few, if any, of them seem to have reached that destination; but, with sharp fighting going on in the barricaded streets, this was scarcely surprising.

I am inclined to believe that the mob, in its summary researches, discovered no good evidence of torture or other malpractices in the religious houses. A so-called "roasting-bed" in the Magdalen Convent — a bed of sheet iron screwed down to the floor, under which it was said that gas-jets could be lighted — was examined by Mr. Henry Nevinson of the London *Daily News*, who satisfied himself that the gas apparatus was imaginary, and that, in all probability, the bed was intended for insane patients, who might have used loose iron slats to do an injury to themselves or others. Similarly, a "coining apparatus" found in one of the monasteries was probably a machine for striking

schoolboys' medals. It was, of course, said that materials for the making of bombs had been discovered; but I do not know that any serious attempt has been made to substantiate this charge. There is more evidence for the assertion that some of the *hombres de los terrados* — mysterious persons who devoted themselves to "sniping" from the house-tops — were, in fact, clerics who desired to enrage the troops against the townspeople. But, even if it be true that one or two mischievous fanatics were caught at this game, it would be unfair to make the Catholic Church responsible for them. The clerical no less than the anti-clerical host would naturally have its fringe of malefactors.

What Ferrer Was Doing

It is now time to return to Ferrer, whom we left living peaceably at Mas Germinal and smiling at the spies who were set to watch his movements. On July 22 — just four days after the Sunday that witnessed the first scene of protest against the war and four days before the Monday of the general strike — he wrote a letter to Miguel Moreno, formerly a teacher in the Escuela Moderna, who desired to discuss with him the possible foundation of a farm-school. Here is the letter in full (I have seen the original):

MONGAT, 22/7, 1909.

Friend Moreno:

I have so many things to arrange and put in order here at Mongat that I intend to go very little to Barcelona until I have finished.

In order to see me, the best plan would be for you to come here on some holiday afternoon. But, if that does not suit you, I would come to Barcelona on Sunday morning, by a train that arrives at nine. In that case let me know beforehand and meet me at the station.

I repeat that I am your affectionate

FERRER.

We have recently lost a niece eight years old, to our no small sorrow, as you may suppose.

Here we find "the author and chief of the rebellion," four days before its outbreak, not even mentioning public affairs, and expressing a wish to avoid coming to Barcelona. Moreno, however, in his reply, suggested a meeting at the station, not for Sunday, but for Monday morning; and to this Ferrer agreed. We may be absolutely sure that he did not visit Barcelona in the interval; for, if he had done so, the police spies would have reported the fact, and the prosecution would not have failed to make much of it. But perhaps he was all the time plotting the revolt by correspondence? No one who has any experience of the Spanish post-office will believe this possible. We must remember, too, that immediately after the "tragic week" the police made hundreds, if not thousands, of domiciliary visits, without discovering a single letter of Ferrer's inciting to, or in any way bearing upon, the disturbances. The prosecution, in short, though it admitted that Ferrer was under close surveillance, did not even attempt to bring home to him a single act of preparation or organization during the critical days before the outbreak. What would a jury have thought of this omission?

Well, on the morning of the fateful 26th Ferrer betook himself to Barcelona, and Moreno met him, as arranged, at the Estación de Francia. Here it was that the two streams of private and of public events definitely flowed together. Moreno was, in fact, one of those most actively concerned in the organization of the strike. He naturally told Ferrer what was afoot; and he strongly asserts that this was the first Ferrer had heard of it.

"What did he say?" I asked.

"He said," Moreno replied, "that if it was a serious movement that was going to lead to anything, it had all his sympathy; but if it was to be a mere flash in the pan, he regretted it."

On parting from Moreno, Ferrer, according to his own account (confirmed by his employees and by independent witnesses), proceeded to his publishing office in the Calle Cortes. He had not been long there when a band of women appeared, demanding that the office should be closed. He at once agreed, and only a side door was left open. Then he went out to procure samples of paper for his projected edition of Kropotkin's "Great Revolution," after having instructed his secretary, Cristóbal Litrán, to arrange with an engraver to meet him at the office at four in the afternoon, with reference to the illustrations for the same work. He lunched alone at the Maison Dorée, a well-known restaurant in the Plaza de Cataluña. At four he kept the appointment with the engraver at his office, and asked the office messenger, a youth named Meseguer, to carry to the station for him a cardboard box "containing a dress for his wife." This the young man did, preceding Ferrer to the station; but when Ferrer arrived, in time for the six o'clock train, behold! he found a notice stating that the line was cut and no trains running. Meseguer, seeing that he was much put about by this, offered to walk to Mongat and tell his family that all was well with him. He at first demurred, saying that it was too far to walk; but the lad insisted, and Ferrer at last accepted his offer. Then he went and dined at the Hotel Internacional on the Ramblas, spent the evening with friends at a café, and at last, soon after midnight, set forth to walk home, arriv-

ing at Mas Germinal at about five in the morning.*

But here it must be said that, although Ferrer told nothing but the truth as to his employments on the 26th, he did not tell the whole truth. For instance, he said nothing of his meeting with Moreno; and we shall see later that there were several other incidents on which he was silent. The reader shall judge for himself as to whether these incidents in any way told against him. Assuming, in the meantime, that they did not, we may ask what was the reason for his silence? The answer is pretty obvious: he was extremely careful not to compromise any of his friends. His deposition was taken while he was in solitary confinement, absolutely ignorant as to who might or might not be in the hands of the police, and knowing only that a bitter campaign of vengeance was in full swing. Moreno, as a matter of fact, had escaped; but it would have been a clear disloyalty on Ferrer's part to allude to his share in the disturbances. Even people whom Ferrer knew to have taken no part in the events might have been made to suffer for the mere fact of his naming them. We see that he did not even give the name of the messenger who carried the dress-box to the station for him.

Ferrer Disappears

At Mas Germinal — according to Ferrer's account and that of his family — he remained throughout Tuesday the 27th. Whether this be true or not is a crucial point in the case which we shall have to discuss in due time. On Wednesday the 28th, at about eleven in the morning, all parties agree that he went (as was his custom every Wednesday and Saturday) to a barber's shop, in the neighboring village of Masnou, to be shaved. Thence he proceeded, a distance of some two miles, to the village of Premia de Mar, where he remained about a quarter of an hour; and then he returned to Mas Germinal, having been absent, in all, between two and three hours. There is no dispute as to these bare facts; but the question of what he said to persons whom he met at Masnou and Premia is another — or rather *the* other — crucial point in the case. On Thursday the 29th one of the household at Mas Germinal returned from Alella in great excitement, reporting that she had heard a young woman declare that she had, with her own eyes, seen Ferrer at the head of a band of incendiaries burning a convent at Premia — where, in fact, no convent had been burnt. This was the first whisper of the legend connecting Ferrer with the revolt, which was soon to swell to such huge proportions.† He was at first inclined merely to laugh at it; but, at the entreaty of Mme. Villafranca, he finally agreed to go into hiding until a calmer frame of mind should prevail. He had no wish to undergo another year's imprisonment, if he could help it.

As to the place and manner of his concealment, I know more than I am even now at liberty to tell. For more than a fortnight his disappearance was so complete that he was generally believed to have escaped to France — a belief in which the authorities fully shared. Early in August his publishing office was visited and searched, and his secretary, Litrán, arrested, but set at liberty after a two hours' examination. On either the 11th or 12th of the month‡ twenty-one policemen and gendarmes presented themselves at Mas Germinal and spent twelve hours ransacking the house for incriminating documents, without finding anything of the slightest importance. "Before Ferrer left," says Mme. Villafranca, "he and I had been careful to make a great clearance of papers. Not that there was anything that could justly be called compromising; but we knew how the police would try to twist everything, not only to his disadvantage, but to that of his correspondents." The search-party, however, carried off a collection of three hundred letters from Ferrer to his brother José — a "find" that must have proved disappointing, as we hear no more about it.

The Banishment to Teruel

On the 16th of August Ferrer ought to have transacted certain financial business with a bank in Barcelona, on pain of forfeiture of some valuable securities. On that day Mme. Villa-

* This account of Ferrer's day is mainly founded on his own deposition. His statement as to interviews with the paper-maker and engraver was confirmed by the evidence of the parties in question, taken by the examining commandant. The evidence of Litrán and Meseguer was not before the court, they having been deported, as we shall presently see, with all Ferrer's family and staff; but they made formal declarations which they sent from their place of banishment to Ferrer's defender. I may mention that in Ferrer's own deposition, as read to the court, there are one or two inaccuracies, quite trifling, and of no significance either for or against him, which we can only put down to defective reporting on the part of the officials. For example, the interview with the engraver is represented as taking place in the morning instead of the afternoon. It happens that these particular errors do not matter; but similar errors, at other points in the process, might have the most disastrous effect. One of the witnesses declared to me: "What we said was no more like what we were reported as saying than this is like this"—pointing to a bottle of cognac and a piece of money which happened to be on the table before us.

† The growth of this legend is followed, step by step, in the third chapter of Dr. Simarro's monumental work on the Ferrer case—a chapter aptly entitled "The Snowball." At first, in the early days of August, "the ominously celebrated Ferrer" is merely suspected of having financed the rebellion, and a tale is told of his having cashed a check for 50,000 pesetas at the Crédit Lyonnais—a tale wholly without foundation. A few days later, an emissary of the Catholic "Committee of Social Defense" goes to Madrid and gives it out in an interview that "*el funestísimo Ferrer*" "was not in Barcelona for nothing during the week preceding the outbreak." So, by dint of sheer repetition, the legend goes on gradually establishing itself; but it is not until the end of August, as we shall see, that Ferrer finally blossoms out into the leader and director of the whole revolt.

‡ Ferrer himself says the 11th; but I have seen a letter from Soledad Villafranca, dated the 13th, in which she speaks of the search having occurred "yesterday."

franca saw his agent in Barcelona, and received from him a paper for Ferrer's signature. A romantic story is told of the way in which the signature was obtained. It is largely fictitious, and need not detain us. The essential point is that three days later, on August 19, the paper, signed, was handed to José Ferrer in the market-place at Barcelona, and by him delivered to the bank. Evidently the authorities had instant notice of the fact, which proved that Ferrer was not far off. Their next move was made no later than the following day, and was a pretty sweeping one.

It must be explained that a favorite method of dealing with any condition of unrest in Spain is to "suspend the constitutional guaranties," and so leave the liberty of the subject entirely at the mercy of the bureaucracy. The constitutional guaranties had been suspended by royal decree, in the three Catalan provinces, as early as the 28th of July. Therefore the new Governor of Barcelona, Don Crespo Azorin, was within his rights when he ordered the instant deportation of Soledad Villafranca and her brother, José Ferrer and his wife and child, and the whole staff of Ferrer's publishing house, including the aged and infirm Anselmo Lorenzo with his wife and daughters — fourteen or fifteen persons in all. Here is the warrant under which the operation was effected:

> In virtue of the powers conferred on me by Article 9 of the Law of Public Order, now in force by reason of the suspension of constitutional guaranties, I decree your banishment [*destierro*], and that of your family, to a distance of more than 245 and less than 250 kilometers* from the city of Barcelona. You are to be immediately conducted, under the surveillance of the public forces, to the limit of the radius of 245 kilometers. God preserve you many years! Barcelona, 19 August, 1909. CRESPO AZORIN.

José Ferrer was not even allowed to send for his son, who happened to be away bathing, when the "public forces" arrived at Mas Germinal. The whole party, not one of them charged with the smallest illegality, was hurried off, first to Alcañiz, and afterward to Teruel, the capital of Aragon. They had to find food and lodging at their own expense, and were, as a matter of fact, on the verge of starvation. They were constantly watched by the police and gendarmes, who built a temporary guard-house in front of their place of abode. No one was allowed to visit them or communicate with them, except in the presence of the police. Their correspondence was tampered with, and they were subjected to every sort of annoyance and humiliation. For a week José Ferrer, his wife, and Soledad Villafranca were actually put in prison, on no charge and for no discoverable reason; then they were released again, equally without reason. The immediate motive of the "banishment" was no doubt to drive Ferrer from his concealment by cutting him off from communication with his friends; but afterward, as we shall see, it proved extremely convenient to have every one who could give evidence in his favor safely removed to a distance of not less than 245 kilometers. The "banishment" lasted eighty-seven days.

Having thus happily disposed of the occupants of Mas Germinal, the authorities made several descents upon the house, in further search for incriminating documents. On one occasion, about August 27, ten policemen and gendarmes took possession of the farm-house for three days and two nights, broke open the floors and the walls, cut the drain-pipes, emptied the cisterns, and left the place a wreck.* It is quite evident that, under such conditions, the requirement of the law that search shall always be conducted in the presence of representatives of the accused or of responsible and impartial witnesses could not possibly be fulfilled. The only occupant of the house was Mme. Villafranca's mother; and it can scarcely be conceived that she kept sleepless watch on her ten visitors for sixty hours. There is not the slightest reason to presume the genuineness of any document purporting to have been found on this occasion.

The Capture

On August 17 Commandant Vicente Llivina, charged with the duty of preparing the case against the "instigators, organizers, and directors" of the revolt, had issued an advertisement calling upon Ferrer to appear before him; and Ferrer asserted that he thought of obeying the summons, but was persuaded not to do so. On August 29, however, he read in the papers (according to his own account†) that the Fiscal (prosecutor) of the Supreme Court, after a visit to Barcelona to investigate the disturbance, had declared, on his return to Madrid, that he, Ferrer, was "the organizer of the revolutionary movement in Barcelona and in the villages on the coast."

> Then [he proceeds] I could restrain myself no longer, and, in spite of the advice of my friends, I resolved to present myself to the authorities and at last protest against such rumors and such affirmations, from however high a source they might proceed.

* More than 392 and less than 400 miles.

* The traces of this *diligencia* (that is the expressive Spanish term) are everywhere visible to this day, and I have examined them. The gravest complaints are made as to depredations committed by the invaders; but as their personal conduct is not germane to the case, I say no more about it.

†Letter to Charles Malato from the Carcel Celular, October 1, 1909.—"*Un Martyr des Prêtres*," *p.* 48.

He left his hiding-place on the night of August 31, intending to walk some seven miles in order to take the inland railway line to Barcelona, his reason being that he was unknown on this line, and had therefore a better chance of reaching Barcelona in freedom. His route, however, took him through his native village of Alella; and just outside it he was stopped by the village *somaten* (a sort of local vigilance committee), recognized, and arrested. After many indignities at the hands of his captors, he was taken, not to the examining commandant, as he requested, but to the Civil Governor, and after a brief examination was consigned to the Celular Prison.

Can we accept Ferrer's own account of these incidents, and believe that he intended to give himself up? That must depend entirely on our view of his character. In favor of his statement we have the fact that he certainly expressed this intention to the friends who had harbored him, and whom he had no motive in deceiving. We may also remember that when he was "wanted" after the Morral outrage, he voluntarily presented himself to the police. Against this we have to put the undeniable fact that the inland line "on which he was not known" would have carried him to France as readily as to Barcelona. But, knowing that the hue and cry was out after him, would he be likely to take the risk of attempting to cross the frontier? On the whole, the weight of probability seems to be in favor of his statement; but the matter is not susceptible of proof.

[MR. ARCHER'S SECOND ARTICLE ON THE FERRER CASE, DEALING WITH FERRER'S TRIAL AND DEATH, WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER OF McCLURE'S]

THE ADVENTURES OF MISS GREGORY

BY

PERCEVAL GIBBON

III. A SEASON OF MIRACLES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. HATHERELL

THEY buried Doña Fortuna in the late afternoon, while the sun still quelled the streets of Tete and held them silent. Her grave was on the bank of the river, at a spot whence one might look forth from the shadow of palms and follow with one's eyes the great stream of the Zambesi, sliding smoothly into the haze of distance. Her half-caste women sobbed and whined at that last significant parting, but restrainedly; the presence of the tall priest and the cool, calm Englishwoman who had gone downstream to bring him subdued them. It was in a hush as of reverence that the priest, shaking with his ague, raised his voice in that final office; the forgotten city was voiceless behind his shoulder; the palms overhead drooped motionless in the heat. His voice quavered and broke as his malady shook him; it had the effect of tears and grief. The awed women caught their breath and stared; only the Englishwoman, trim, gray-haired, austere, kept her manner of invincible composure. And in that tenseness of silence and wonder the business was done. The priest dropped his hand, stood a moment gazing down, and turned away. The Englishwoman looked at him sharply, and went with him. The palms overhead rustled with the first touch of the evening breeze from the east, and the women made way for the two Kaffirs with shovels. Anna, the eldest and stoutest of them all, stopped her ears as the first shovelful of earth fell.

"The noise of it, like a dull drum, stops my heart," she explained, that evening. "I feel as though I were in the grave, with the boards over me and about me, and the lumps of earth falling."

Timotheo, the priest's "boy," nodded thoughtfully. The pair of them were sitting in

the courtyard of Doña Fortuna's house, cross-legged on the flagstones, with their backs against the wall. The soft gloom set them in a confidential solitude; the sky over them was spangled with a wonder of great white stars. The light from an open doorway made a path across the courtyard and touched Anna's plump bare shoulders softly. She was all full curves and comfortable ripeness; Timotheo saw her with grave approval.

"I do not like it myself," he said. "Naturally I hear it oftener than you, since it is, in a manner, my business. But I do not like it."

He drew at his cigarette, and the glow of it lighted up his lean, sober face and pale, restless eyes.

"But, at any rate," he added, "it is always the last of a sorrowful business. It finishes the affair. To-night, for example, we may rest."

Anna agreed. "There are some of us that need it," she said, yawning. "Our Doña Fortuna — peace be with her! — was all that is great — a woman of notable splendor and many sorrows — but she was not reposeful. Seven maids she had, counting me, and Kaffirs enough to turn you sick. But do you think there was sleep of an afternoon or quiet in the evening?"

"What was there, then?" inquired Timotheo.

"What was there?" Anna sank her voice. "There was a woman with a sickness of the soul, who could not rest. God give her healing! No sooner were your eyes closed in the afternoon than the calling of your name woke you. 'My head is hot; fan me,' and there was your sleep gone. And always there were old letters to be brought and untied, and bound up again and put back. And many things of the same kind; but no repose."

Timotheo lighted a fresh cigarette from the stump of the last, and let himself slip lower against the wall, so that his bare brown feet lay in the path of light from the door, while the rest of him reclined in shadow. He was full-fed and inclined for conversation.

"This Englishwoman, now," he said, "this Mees Gregory that came down the river to summon the Padre and me — she is known to you?"

"I have spoken to her," replied Anna; "but I do not know her. She is English. She comes hither from the south, walking, with Kaffirs to carry her belongings. The English always come in this manner. Doña Fortuna was already ill then."

"But the Englishwoman?" persisted Timotheo. "Who sent her down the river? What was her concern with you and Doña Fortuna? These English — they are not so useful as all that."

"Give me a cigarette, then," said Anna, "and I will tell you."

Timotheo grunted, but produced a cigarette from the bosom of his shirt and handed it over. Anna bowed over him to light it from his.

"Well," she said, drawing at it strongly, "this, you must know, is not an Englishwoman at all like the rest of the English. The rest of them — what are they? Mostly lean and a little young, with loud voices and given to facetiousness. But this one — you have seen her — is of a decent figure. At a guess, she weighs as much as I do. And though she is chill and remote in her manner, and very stiff and formal as to her clothes, she is yet human. One feels that there is blood in her; for all her gray hair and the hardness of her countenance, she knows the heat of passion. One feels that she knows it. Here she comes afoot across the world, smiling that little smile of hers at our town and the people in it, and within two days she is in Doña Fortuna's chamber, easing her in her pain and whispering to her things which give her peace.

"How she got in? That was simple. The German that gives people medicine, he sent to her to ask her for quinine. She gave it at once, for nothing, only asking some questions about who was ill and the like. Teresa, who went for the quinine, told me. And that evening, soon after dark, she was knocking at the door.

"'I came to see if I could do anything,' she said, when I opened to her, smiling at me in her strange manner. I was abashed — I confess it; I am not used to these ways. I knew not how to answer, for the moment, and that moment was enough for her. She passed in at the door as though I had bidden her enter; she has an air of lordship which it is not easy to deal with. Opposite to her was the door of Doña Fortuna's chamber, with light shining under it. 'That is the room?' she asked, pointing. And what could I do but nod?"

"Ah!" said Timotheo profoundly.

"But I assure you," went on Anna rapidly, gesticulating with the hand that held the cigarette so that its head of fire swooped to and fro in the darkness, "there is a compulsion in her. Our Doña Fortuna — rest her soul! — knew how to make herself obeyed, but not with that same quietness and speed. Do you think I am a woman to let any stranger walk into my mistress' chamber? And yet I meekly closed the outer door and followed her without a question. You smile, Timotheo, but if you had been there ——"

"I smile," said Timotheo, "because I, too, know this Mees Gregory. You forget that I came here with her. Well, she entered the chamber. What then?"

"It is a great chamber," said Anna. "To-morrow I will show it to you. Stone flags are

underfoot, and the walls are all of great stones, with the window set high up. The bed is in one corner — a bed with a canopy, like a tent, and long, solemn curtains trailing about it. There is other furniture, too, but for the most part the room is bare, and when the candles are alight they make a little space of radiance at the heart of a great somberness of shadow. It is a room that I have never liked; the shadows stand in the corners like men watching. This Mees Gregory, she stepped over the threshold, and took one more pace into the room, and then halted to gaze. It made its effect with her, too. Our Doña Fortuna was in the bed, with a long coverlet of blue across her breast and its end hanging over on the floor, and her gaze turned toward us. You did not know that face, Timotheo; you are the poorer by that. It is said — I have heard — that in the old days, before she came to her retirement at Tete, Doña Fortuna was famous for her beauty. That was before I served her. What I knew in her, and shall remember till my day comes to be carried out to the river-bank, was the fire that burned in her and would not be quenched, the darkness and quickness of her face, like a storm at the point of breaking, and all the power and brightness and weariness that stay in my mind as though she stood before me — which saints forbid! In that great bed with the shadows all about and the candles before her like the lights on an altar, she seemed not to be a real and living thing. Even I, who knew her and somewhat loved her, as you might say, caught my breath. She was of a sudden ghostly and remote; one trembled and hesitated as at an apparition.

"The Englishwoman stood but a few moments. Her manner of making herself known to Doña Fortuna has given me matter for thought. She approached the bed without formality, as one might go to one's own bed. 'You understand English, I hope?' she asked. 'I've come to see if I can help at all.' No more than that, and it was spoken as one might speak to any chance-met stranger on the Praça. Timotheo, these high people, who have men and women like you and me to serve them, have an understanding. They know how to recognize one another. I looked to see Doña Fortuna lift her head and call us to thrust the Englishwoman out; but, instead of that, she smiled wearily. 'You are very gracious,' she answered. 'Anna, set a chair for the senhora, *idiota!*' And Mees Gregory sat down by her bedside and took her gloves from her hands. They surveyed one another a little keenly, while they spoke small matters of politeness. But, I tell you, they have a means of knowing each other, those people. In half an hour they were talking closely, the smooth gray head bowed above the stormy black one. And something of calm descended upon our Doña Fortuna; she lay back and the lids drooped upon her great eyes. I, in my corner, was content; a moment's peace is never amiss, and I gained some trifle of sleep.

"She is as strong as a mule, that Mees Gregory; she has the endurance of a crocodile. Do you think she paid her visit and went away? Not she! One of us was despatched to her lodging for certain matters, and when these were brought she settled herself to stay all night. She made a strange toilet, in which she seemed half a nun and half a clown. She bound a shawl over her head and put shoes of soft cloth on her feet, and established herself serenely in the chair by the bedside. The chamber began to be warm, so all the candles but one were put out, and by the light of it, when my sleep broke, I saw her always there, motionless in the gloom, austere, courageous, and watchful. I tell you, Timotheo, I have my weaknesses. I do not like things that are awful or ominous in their appearance. I avoid them willingly. And I was glad in those still hours that this Englishwoman was at least never majestic or solemn. That pink face of hers — it does not daunt one."

"H'm!" grunted Timotheo.

"It does not daunt me," said Anna. "And Doña Fortuna — she did not shrink, either. That night she had rest; Mees Gregory tended her with her own hands. She had a kind of slow deftness which was surprising to see; in all her ministry she made no noise. She shifted the pillows and arranged the bed, brought cool water and a fan — everything. For me, who had been to Doña Fortuna as her right hand, there was nothing to do. As I have said, I made my profit of it.

"It was in the gray of morning that their voices woke me. When you have served a lady like Doña Fortuna you gain the habit of rousing at a whisper to save yourself from being beaten with a stick. I opened my eyes to see them close together, talking almost in murmurs, so that all they said was not to be heard.

"'This languor that is upon me,' Doña Fortuna was saying, 'it tells me more than you can know. It has dried up my desires like dew in the morning — all save one.'

"Mees Gregory was leaning upon the edge of the bed, with her broad back to me. I could see Doña Fortuna's face over her shoulder.

"'Yes,' she said; 'what is it?'

"Doña Fortuna opened her great dark eyes. 'To see him,' she said. 'To speak to him, even though it be only to confess.'

"I could not catch what Mees Gregory an-

swered. She spoke briefly and very low. Whatever she said, Doña Fortuna smiled at it, a slow smile of great weariness.

"'He was a man once,' she answered,—'a man. And now he is a priest. As good as dead, you see. And me — I am no better. What is it? To see him for a moment under lowered eyelids, in this shadowed room; to see him as across a broad river, beyond even the range of my voice — it is not much, and yet it will slake what is left to me of my fever.'

"I wondered at her voice, so even, so empty of passion; and her face, so tranquil. It was then I knew what was to come and how I should hear the earth upon her coffin. I felt wonder, too; for Doña Fortuna seemed to speak of that life she had before she came to this land. There was a tale — I had heard ends and scraps of it — of a young man and some desperate passages; but there are such tales about everybody.

"The Englishwoman hushed her as one stills a restless child, but Doña Fortuna had a need of speech. With her gaze upturned to the canopy of the bed, and a manner as though she dreamed, she went on.

"'To see him!' she said. 'The sorrow of his face dwells in my mind, so that I cannot remember how he looked when he was glad. But he was happy once; that was before he knew I was wicked. When I close my eyes there is always one thing that I see — the bright room above Lisbon, and the youth who was holding my hand, and he — his face in the doorway, amazed, stricken suddenly wise and weary and sad. It never fails me; I have but to close my eyes and it is there. I see it now.'

"Mees Gregory moved the fan above her, and drew the sheet straight.

"'He is near here?' she asked.

"'Twelve hours away,' answered Doña Fortuna, 'and a priest. Is that not far enough?'

"Mees Gregory did not interrupt the fanning. 'Where is it?' she asked.

"Then Doña Fortuna gave her the name of the old Mission down the river. 'You would send for him?' she asked. 'But he would not come.'

"'We shall see,' said the other, in her short way. 'And now you must try to sleep again.'

"That was a day that came in with a dull red sun floating up slowly — a day of heat. There are days in this town, Timotheo, when one could wish to be a dog, to be naked in shady places and scratch. This was one of them. Even Doña Fortuna's great stone chamber filled with the glow of it, and the fan seemed but to blow hot waves to and fro. She was very ill that day. Once in the morning her senses fled and she talked to some one who was not there. The German who gives medicines threw out his hands when he saw her. 'I am not a doctor,' he told the Englishwoman; 'I do only what I can, and this is outside of my little knowledge.' But they worked together about her without resting, sending the rest of us forth, so that I did not hear any more. But I was very curious."

"Yes," said Timotheo; "no doubt. But what happened?"

"Nothing happened till the afternoon," said Anna. "Then Mees Gregory came to the door and called me. She was dressed in her clothes again, looking very like a man in a *guardape* [petticoat], but pink and composed still. I was to remain with Doña Fortuna, she told me, and attend to her in a certain fashion. As she talked she took me into the room to show me the medicines. There were not many. Then she bade good-by to Doña Fortuna.

"'You will really go yourself?' asked my mistress.

"Mees Gregory smiled at her and patted her hand. 'I'm off this very minute,' she said. 'Now you must take care of yourself till I come back. And don't fret!'

"She gave me her little, high, masterly nod, and marched forth. I had no notion whither she went. It was all outside my understanding. But she found you at the old Mission, did she not?"

"Yes." Timotheo pitched the end of his cigarette from him and shifted back against the wall again. "Yes, she found us," he said, fumbling in his bosom for another cigarette. He drew forth two, and held out the bent one of them to Anna. A good story is the best possible foundation for a better one; Timotheo felt this as he lit the cigarette and drew at it reflectively. Anna captured the match and lit her own; there was a while of silence as the priest's servant ordered his thoughts. As he smoked, the cigarette-end made brief illuminations of him. Anna waited respectfully for him to offer speech.

"Yes," he said again; "she found us in a season of miracles."

"Tell me," begged Anna. "I told *you* all that I knew."

Timotheo waved her to be silent. "In a season of miracles," he repeated. "We were at the old Mission, recently returned from a journey through the accursed country of M'Kombi, and the fruits of our labor were a malaria and an ague that left of the Padre the mere rag of a man. That Mission — it was built in the old times by folk who had yet to learn of fevers. It squats at the brim of the river, a long, slanting front of old gray stone, and within it is all little damp rooms like tombs. In one of these the Padre had his camp-bed, and on it he would

burn and shiver from twelve o'clock to twelve o'clock. It was very melancholy there — nothing to do, nothing to see but the eternal river, no one to talk to. There was a pair of very wild and very timid Kaffirs to cook and clean up; there was the Padre with his teeth chattering like *castanbetas;* and there was I, solitary among them as a crow in a fowl-run. All day long the gaunt palms wagged their heads and the brown water slid past, and the stillness made me think of waiting for the Resurrection. I was sad. I tell you, Anna, I was ready for diversion, even though it should come with its face blacked. Therefore, when, in the afternoon, while I mixed his draught for the Padre, the door was darkened, and I looked round to see your Mees Gregory in the door, it was not surprise I felt, but joy. Here at length was something on two legs! And yet, it was astonishing enough. Imagine, then — out of that emptiness of bush and river, in that silence of heathendom, at the middle of the afternoon, there arrives your Englishwoman. She was as you have said — a man in a *guardape,* the strangest thing I ever saw, incredible, ridiculous; but I did not laugh."

"No," said Anna. "One does not laugh."

"She spoke the Padre's name, and he turned on his elbow to gaze at her," Timotheo continued. "A shivering fit had just passed, and he was yet limp and sweating. 'I have a message,' she said. 'I have come from Tete to deliver it.' Her eye rested on me rather noticeably.

"'Timotheo,' bade the Padre, 'set a chair and get out!'

"That was of no consequence, for the rooms in the old Mission have no doors; one hears quite as well outside as in. I stood just out of sight, at the corner of the wall, and there I was able to see how she had come. There was a canoe under the bank, and in it were a pair of the weariest Kaffirs I have ever seen. I learned afterward that this Mees Gregory had constrained them to paddle through the heat of the day, such was her haste to reach us. How she was to get back yet awhile was not so clear; they lay in the canoe in a sprawl of arms and legs; there was no more work left in them.

"The talk at the Padre's bedside was brief.

"'You are ill?' said the Englishwoman doubtfully.

"'I am not too ill to hear you,' the Padre answered.

"She seemed not to be assured, but made up her mind to speak.

"'Let me ask you,' she said, 'does the name of Fortuna carry any meaning to you?' I could not see, of course, how the Padre took her question, but I think he must have stared, for she went on at once. 'My message is from her.'

"The Padre answered after a pause. 'Senhora,' he said, 'I am a priest.'

"'Yes,' said the Englishwoman. 'It is to a priest I was sent. There is grave need for a priest — if not you, then another. But it is you she desires.'

"He repeated the words: 'Grave need!'

"'Grave need,' she said again. 'The gravest need of all. Your reverence, recall her. It is you she asks for — to see you and speak to you; but it is the priest she has the greatest need for. At least, it was so when I left.'

"'You are sure?' he asked. 'She cannot live? She cannot recover? You are sure?'

"I suppose she nodded, for she answered nothing in words.

"'There are priests in Tete,' he said, then.

"'There will be no priest if it be not you,' she replied.

"'Ah!' he said. 'The poor woman! So that is her need of me now?'

"'That is her need,' answered Mees Gregory. 'But — but, father, you are ill.'

"I could hear the bed creak as he sat up.

"'I have not been taught to encourage my weaknesses,' he said. 'Her case is worse than mine.' And he called for me."

"He is a saint," said Anna, with conviction.

"Largely by my assistance," replied Timotheo, with deliberation. "But he is somewhat of a saint, none the less. I could not at first believe that he was sober in his intention to rise and travel. The man was a sop, a piece of damp flesh; the fever had sodden his bones. I almost laughed at him as he gave me his orders; but this saint has enough of the devil in him to make himself obeyed. It was not possible for him to stand on his feet, but he stood! And what he proposed! There was no returning by water; the Englishwoman's Kaffirs had not the flap of a paddle remaining in their arms, and the way to Tete was upstream, besides. So it was twelve hours on foot through the infested bush, with night coming up and the land crawling with wild beasts. I would have kneeled to him but that I know him; he had a certain tone in his voice that told me I should be kicked if I did. Yes, he can kick, this saint. So I dressed him, as he bade, in the little room with moss on the wall like green and yellow paint, and the tireless Englishwoman strolling to and fro in the sun outside, while our Kaffirs hid in corners and gaped at her.

"But the Padre was like a nightmare to see. It was as if a corpse should rise up and go to work. His legs were like water under him; the ague took him by the throat and rattled him

as though the bones were loose in his skin. Nothing upheld him save the spirit within him, and that was like a tempest caged. He walked with his face uplifted, while his lips quivered with weakness, and your Mees Gregory kept glancing sideways at him with little considering frowns. But I was not comfortable in my mind — I! I had wished for diversion — true; but not to go forth into the raw wilderness with a priest who walked by supernatural power, and that strange figure of a woman. It was not company in which to take risks. But I did not know.

"The bush grows close about the Mission. One walks not two minutes and turns round, and one is at the heart of the wild. The paths, where there are any at all, are Kaffir paths, narrow trodden ruts that curl and snake bewilderingly between the bushes and trees, and on them you must go one behind the other. The Padre took the lead, with the Englishwoman behind him, and me at the tail, and behind me all the lurking dangers of darkness. The dusk came all too soon, and lasted too short a while, and then night was with us, crowded with fears. Ai!" Timotheo shivered and drew his breath through his teeth. "Even the telling of it makes my heart hesitate. I am without words to show it to you — our progress, always in a half-hurry; the great deeps of the bush, where things stirred unseen; the spaces of moonlight, and our panting haste to cross them; the back of the Padre, too thin, too straight, not poised as men poise themselves who have their senses; the unwearying, pounding trot of your stumpy Englishwoman; the noise of our breathing that might be the breathing of great beasts near at hand; the voices of lions that we heard; the strangeness, the unreality, the dread of it all. Of the long stages that we made, there remains in my memory as it were a flavour — the salt taste of fear in my mouth."

Anna made sounds of sympathy.

"And all to make your Doña Fortuna easy in her mind," said Timotheo. "But this was not all. There were things that occurred on which you may think when next you are deprived of your sleep. I spoke of a season of miracles. You shall hear. . . . No; I have only one cigarette left. . . .

"I judge it was near midnight, and we had been on our way, resting scarcely at all, for some eight hours. There was a broad moon aloft; where the bush was sparse there was plenty of light. I was weary; understand that I was weary to the point of forgetting the terror and strangeness of my situation and remembering only my legs. But the Padre held on. What he felt, what he suffered, if he felt and suffered at all, is not to be told in human speech; it belongs to another tongue. Mees Gregory flagged at moments, but she has strength, that Englishwoman; she could spur herself to the pace as she willed. I dared not be left behind; it was only that which maintained me, by which we see there is a purpose in all our afflictions. I went on blindly, and came to life, as it were, only when we halted.

"Well, at the time I have mentioned, we came of a sudden to one of those spots where the bush stands back and leaves a piece of the world bare to the sky. I was in the rear; I knew nothing; but Mees Gregory made a hissing noise with her mouth, and reached forward to the Padre's arm and checked him. There was an urgency in the gesture that startled me, and I did not forthwith sit down, as my custom was when we halted. I looked between them as they stood, and at the sight my weariness fell from me. Three times already we had heard lions, but this was the first we saw. He was near the middle of the clear space, plain in the moonlight — a great, lean beast, stiffened to attention at the sound of us, with his great head up and all the mass of him taut as a string. A breath of wind stirred the bush; I could see it move behind him, and the tops of it swing against the stars; and it carried the pungent smell of him down to us. We stood — I do not know how long; it may have been a minute or many minutes — and the great brute never moved. It might have been the carved figure of a lion set there in the pale light, intent and dreadful. I could not take my eyes from it. It crowded all else out of being. And then, suddenly, with a shock that made my heart check and bound, I heard the Padre begin to speak.

"'I must not wait,' he said. 'I have my errand.'

"It was his voice of every day; they were the tones in which he would speak to me of his dinner. I could not think; there was nothing left to me to take hold of. At the sound of his voice, the great beast in the clearing moved a little.

"'Hush! Oh, hush!' breathed the Englishwoman, with her hand on his arm.

"He put her hand from him.

"'I am not bidden to be careful of myself,' he answered; 'only to go forward in faith.'

"And he went forward. He walked out of the shadow that screened us, into the pale light, and so forward. Anna, my friend, I do not speak of it willingly. For my part, I reached out and caught the hand of Mees Gregory and held it; and she did not rebuke me. We did not move from our place, nor stir, nor, I think, breathe. We watched the Padre. He went at his accustomed gait, neither in haste nor slowly.

"I SAW HER ALWAYS THERE, MOTIONLESS IN THE GLOOM, AUSTERE, COURAGEOUS, AND WATCHFUL"

There was no faltering; there were not even the uncertain feet of the ague-stricken. His head was high held, even as it had been since we started; one would have said a tall spirit walked out into the moonlight. Thirty — forty yards before him there was the great beast, its huge head low, its body gathered in behind it, all lean, terrible strength — doom crouched along the ground, tense and imminent. There was a sense upon me as though somewhere something was

stretched to the point of breaking; I felt myself waiting for the snap of it. And all the while there was the unbelievable thing, the Padre walking forward, eating up the moments at each stride, and not twenty strides between him and the shape of the lion. There was a catastrophe overdue; I knew it strangely; I was impatient for it."

"Yes?" said Anna. "Yes? What was the end of it? Go on!"

Timotheo wriggled his back against the wall. In the velvet darkness of the courtyard he blinked rapidly; his recital had shifted him from his balance.

"There was no end," he said coolly. "It was in no sense an ending at all. These miracles — they are not dramatic. The Padre went on without pausing; the affair still awaited the last swift effect; and he came as near to the beast as I am to that door. Yes, about that distance. And then the lion moved. 'Here it comes!' thought I. 'It was time.' But no! Nothing of the kind. It seemed to crawl to one side; it had the motion of a great snake. It rippled like a fluid, as smoothly and noiselessly, and, ere one could rub one's eyes, there was the crash of twigs, and it was gone. He, the Padre, did not even turn his head; he went on still, and he was across the clearing before Mees Gregory pulled her hand from mine, and the pair of us returned to our senses."

"They are like that," said Anna. "Look them in the eye and they always run away."

"Always," agreed Timotheo solemnly. "But who looks them in the eye if he can help it? That kind of fool, thank heaven, is as rare as a saint. Look them in the eye, indeed!"

"Somebody told me so," said Anna meekly. "Perhaps it is a lie. No doubt it is. And were there any more miracles?"

"You are hard to satisfy," said Timotheo. "But there was one more. Do not say this time, 'They are like that,' or I shall be displeased."

"I will not," promised Anna.

"Very well, then. The second was at dawn. We had gone on from the place of the lion without pausing to felicitate the Padre. He led us without ceasing, and we drove ourselves to keep up with him. There was something changed in his aspect, or it seemed so; we no longer saw him as the man we knew, full to the lips with fever and precarious on his feet. He was become a being armored against the evil chances of the night and the bush, a man guarded invisibly. Therefore, when the bush led us out to the steep bank of a stream, under which the broad water ran calm and in great volume, we said nothing. We looked to him. It was one of those lesser rivers that come down after the rains and join themselves to the Zambesi; they are new in their course each season, and treacherous as a snake. The sky was pale in the east; the dawn gust was chill in our faces; the bush was ghostly and gray. The Padre stood, gaunt and upright, seeming taller than of old, and looked down at the black water below.

"'Get a pole,' he bade me.

"I found a great cane as long as a mast, and slid down the bank with it. At the edge of the water I thrust it in to sound the depth. Up and down stream I scrambled with it; but everywhere there was depth to more than double the stature of a man, and no crossing at all. I let it go at last, and it floated slowly away.

"The Englishwoman came to me as I came up from the water.

"'We must find a ford,' she said. 'You go that way and I will go this. It is the only thing. But what will he do if we don't find one?'

"'Walk on the water, perhaps,' I answered. 'But this time I will not follow him.'

"'I will,' she replied, looking at me strangely. I do not know what was in her mind. We went our ways to look for the drift, she down stream, I up.

"I did not find one. I went perhaps a mile. I was very weary, and I had small hopes. When I had gone so far, I took my occasion to sit down for a while. I would have rested longer, but I found it too hard to keep awake. So presently I went back. There was the Padre half-way down the bank, and no Mees Gregory. I called out to him.

"'*Reverendo*,' I called, 'it is deep. You saw me sound it with the bamboo.'

"He looked up at me, smiling a little with a serious face.

"'I cannot wait,' he said gently. 'There is my errand. To-day I must be in Tete,' and he moved yet further down the bank.

"'You will be drowned!' I cried. 'As sure as water is wet, you will be drowned and eaten by crocodiles. And I shall be abandoned in this wilderness.'

"'Come after me, then,' he said, quite seriously.

"I fell on my knees on the parched grass and watched him. Here, again, he did not hesitate. He had the air of a man to whom a charge is given, who spares thought for nothing else. He went into the hungry water with a calm, grave face, slipping from the bank to its unseen depths with scarce a splash. Ai! How one is palsied at such a time! One can only look, and look, and look. The great stream shut above him like lips that close over a mouthful, and it was tranquil again, and he was gone.

"MEES GREGORY SMILED AND PATTED HER HAND. 'I'M OFF THIS VERY MINUTE,' SHE SAID"

Then, ten yards down stream, his face came up; it emerged for a moment, with the water washing over it, and it was the same — the same, composed, rapt, looking up. His hands made weak movements; he could swim no more than a hen, and he went under again, a bundle of clothes and limbs which the stream bore along unheeding. Again he came up, further away, and too far for my blurred eyes to mark him; and then there was a space, during which I saw nothing, till your Mees Gregory shook me by the shoulder.

"'There is a drift,' she said, 'a good one. Where is the Padre?'

"'He is gone,' I said. 'He would not wait.' And I pointed her to the stream.

"She was insistent. Now that the thing was done, I wished to lie down and be still for a day and a night or so; but she would have an account from me. And when I answered her shortly, she struck me a most surprising blow with her open hand. Even the noise I made was surprising. So I told her all, as I am telling you.

"'You are sure he was drowned?' she persisted. 'He could not swim at all?'

"My assurances could not satisfy her. I told her again and again that he was drowned, finished, ended, dead; but still she stared across the stream and made exclamations to herself. The day advanced, and the sun climbed into the world again.

"'And yet,' she said, 'there was his errand. I would have followed him; I would have taken the chance.'

"'You are saved from that, at least,' I told her.

"She looked at me in a strange way, as if astonished that I should be sensible and clear in my head. I believe she was in some degree moved and infected by that great air of inspiration which the Padre had shown her. Women are often accessible to such matters, even old women like her, as tough as a *sjambok* [cowhide]. But when she turned away from me, with a little shrug of impatience, she startled me with a shout.

"'What is it?' I cried, in quick alarm.

"Her finger pointed, and my eyes went with it. On the further bank of the stream stood the Padre himself. He was waving to us with his arm, and his thin clothes were close about his body with wetness. He called something, but his words did not reach us.

"I made an interjection of amaze. 'And I saw him drown,' I added, for I was certain of it yet.

"Mees Gregory turned on me with a movement like a swoop, so that I stepped back from her. 'Dog!' she said, spitting the curt word at me. 'You have eyes and you see not. You will never see anything but the mud you were made of. Come to the drift!'

"I did not understand it, and I have not yet understood. I suppose she had some matter in her. Those people are furnished with thoughts as a mimosa is with thorns, and are not less awkward to go in close company with. She led the way across the river, and we rejoined the Padre after a chase of an hour, for he had not waited for us.

"Well, thanks be, that was the end of the miracles. The rest was walking like dogs through the day, till Tete came up in our path, and I was too far gone in fatigue even to be glad of it. I tell you, there is but a dull remembrance that stays with me of our coming in at the gate there and seeing you girls about the door of the house. I saw the Padre enter, but by that time I was on my back in the shade, and slumber pinned me down like an assassin. It was you that took the Padre in, eh?"

"Yes," replied Anna. "But I was bidden go forth from the room at once, and Mees Gregory was waiting in the hallway without, so I could hear nothing."

"But they knew each other?" persisted Timotheo.

Anna shrugged; her plump, bare shoulders rose and fell in the light from the door.

"Who shall say?" she answered. "Our Doña Fortuna was very weak. Only her face looked out from the bed, with veiled eyes under those thick lashes of hers. All expectancy was gone; it was a face that had been wiped clear like a window-pane. The Padre stood in the middle of the room. He is a very tall man; he looked down at her as if from a great distance.

"'Jaime,' she said once, feebly; and he answered nothing. 'Padre,' she said then, after a moment.

"'My daughter,' he answered, and nodded me to go forth. He held the door while I went, with his hand high up on it, so that I passed under his arm. Then it closed behind me.

"Mees Gregory was without. She took me by the arm very agreeably and drew me near to her. 'My child,' she said in a soft voice, 'I should like a wash.'"

"And then Doña Fortuna died," said Timotheo. "She cannot say we did not take trouble over her. Well, to-morrow we go back to our own place — by river this time."

"And that is the end of miracles, happily," suggested Anna.

Timotheo was stiffly uncoiling his legs preparatory to rising.

"Pooh!" he said. "Your Doña Fortuna was neither here nor there. Send him news of a dying Kaffir fifty miles away and he can always manage a miracle or so. Do I not know it, to my cost?"

"HE WAS NEAR THE MIDDLE OF THE CLEAR SPACE, PLAIN IN THE MOONLIGHT—A GREAT, LEAN BEAST"

A RUSSIAN JEWISH SHIRTWAIST OPERATIVE
Drawn from life by Wladyslav T. Benda

WORKING-GIRLS' BUDGETS

THE SHIRTWAIST-MAKERS AND THEIR STRIKE

BY

SUE AINSLIE CLARK AND EDITH WYATT

AMONG the active members of the Ladies' Waist-Makers' Union in New York, there is a young Russian Jewess of sixteen who may be called Natalya Urusova. She is little, looking hardly more than twelve years old, with a pale, sensitive face, clear dark eyes, very soft, smooth black hair, parted and twisted in braids at the nape of her neck, and the gentlest voice in the world, a voice still thrilled with the light inflections of a child.

The Story of Natalya Urusova, a Russian Jewish Shirtwaist-Maker

She is the daughter of a Russian teacher of Hebrew, who lived about three years ago in a beech-wooded village on the steppes of Central Russia. Here a neighbor of Natalya's family, a Jewish farmer, misunderstanding that manifesto of the Czar's which proclaimed free speech, and misunderstanding socialism, had printed and scattered through the neighborhood an edition of hand-bills stating that the Czar had proclaimed socialism, and that the populace must rise and divide among themselves a rich farm two miles away.

Almost instantly on the appearance of these bills, this unhappy man and a young Jewish friend who chanced to be with him at the time of his arrest were seized and murdered by the government officers — the friend drowned, the farmer struck dead with the blow of a cudgel. A Christian mob formed, and the officers and

the mob ravaged every Jewish house in the little town. Thirty innocent Jews were clubbed to death, and then literally cut to pieces. Natalya and her family, who occupied the last house on the street, crept unnoticed to the shack of a Roman Catholic friend, a woman who hid sixteen Jewish people under the straw of the hut in the fields where she lived, in one room, with eight children and some pigs and chickens. Hastily taking from a drawer a little bright-painted plaster image of a wounded saint, this woman placed it over her door as a means of averting suspicion. Her ruse was successful. "Are there Jews here?" the officer called to her, half an hour afterward, as the mob came over the fields to her house.

"No," said the woman.

"Open the door and let me see."

The woman flung open the door. But, as he was quite unsuspecting, the officer glanced in only very casually; and it was in utter ignorance that the rage of the mob went on over the fields, past the jammed little room of breathless Jews.

As soon as the army withdrew from the town, Natalya and her family made their way to America, where, they had been told, one had the right of free belief and of free speech. Here they settled on the sixth floor of a tenement on Monroe Street, on the East Side of New York. Nothing more different from the open silent country of the steppes could be conceived than the place around them.

The vista of the New York street is flanked by high rows of dingy brick tenements, fringed with jutting white iron fire-escapes, and hung with bulging feather-beds and pillows, puffing from the windows. By day and by night the sidewalks and roads are crowded with people, bearded old men with caps, bare-headed wigged women, beautiful young girls, half-dressed babies swarming in the gutters, playing jacks. Push-carts, lit at night with flaring torches, line the pavements and make the whole thronged, talking place an open market, stuck with signs and filled with merchandise and barter. Everybody stays out of doors as much as possible. In summer-time the children sleep on the steps, and on covered chicken-coops along the sidewalk; for, inside, the rooms are too often small and stifling, some on inner courts close-hung with washing, some of them practically closets, without any opening whatever to the outer air.

Many, many of Natalya's neighbors here are occupied in the garment trade. According to the United States census of 1900, the men's clothing made in factories in New York City amounted to nearly three times as much as that manufactured in any other city in the United States. The women's clothing made in factories in New York City amounted to more than ten times that made in any other city; the manufacture of women's ready-made clothing in this country is, indeed, almost completely in the hands of New York's immense Jewish population.*

Oppressive Conditions in the Shirt-waist Factories

As soon after her arrival as her age permitted Natalya entered the employment of a shirt-waist factory as an unskilled worker, at a salary of $6 a week. Mounting the stairs of the waist factory, one is aware of heavy vibrations. The roar and whir of the machines increase as the door opens, and one sees in a long loft, which is usually fairly light and clean, though sometimes neither, rows and rows of girls with heads bent and eyes intent upon the flashing needles. They are all intensely absorbed; for if they be paid by the piece they hurry from ambition, and if they be paid by the week they are "speeded up" by the foreman to a pace set by the swiftest workers.

In the Broadway establishment, which may be called the Bruch Shirtwaist Factory, where Natalya worked, there were four hundred girls — six hundred in the busy season. The hours were long — from eight till half past twelve, a half hour for lunch, and then from one till half past six.

Sometimes the girls worked until half past eight, until nine. There were only two elevators in the building, which contained other factories. There were two thousand working people to be accommodated by these elevators, all of whom began work at eight o'clock in the morning; so that, even if Natalya reached the foot of the shaft at half past seven, it was sometimes half past eight before she reached the shirtwaist factory on the twelfth floor. She was docked for this inevitable tardiness so often that frequently she had only five dollars a week instead of six. This injustice, and the fact that sometimes the foreman kept them waiting needlessly for several hours before telling them that he had no work for them, was particularly wearing to the girls.

Natalya was a "trimmer" in the factory. She cut the threads of the waists after they were finished — a task requiring very little skill. But the work of shirtwaist workers is of many grades. The earnings of makers of "imported" lingerie waists sometimes rise as high as $25 a week. Such a wage, however, is very exceptional, and, even so, is less high than might appear, on account of the seasonal character of the work.

The average skilled waist worker, when very

* *Union Label Bulletin*, Vol. 2, No. 1, page 1.

busy, sometimes earns from $12 to $15 a week. Here are the yearly budgets of some of the better paid workers, more skilled than Natalya — operatives receiving from $10 to $15 a week.

Story of Rachael, an Eighteen-Year-Old Shirtwaist Operative

Rachael, a shirtwaist operative of eighteen, had been at work three years. She had begun at $5 a week, and her skill had increased until in a very busy week she could earn from $14 to $15 by piece-work. "But," she said, "I was earning too much, so I was put back at week's work, at $11 a week. The foreman is a bad driving man. Ugh! he makes us work fast — especially the young beginners."

Rachael, too, had been driven out of Russia by Christian persecution. Her little sister had been killed in a massacre. Her parents had gone in one direction, and she and her two other sisters had fled in another to America.

Here in New York she lived in a tenement, sharing a room with two other girls, and, besides working in the shirtwaist factory, did her own washing, made her own waists, and went to night school.

Her income was seriously depleted by the seasonal character of her work. Out of the twelve months of the year, for one month she was idle, for four months she had only three or four days' work a week, for three months she had five days' work a week, and for four months only did she have work for all six days. Unhappily, during these months she developed a severe cough, which lost her seven weeks of work, and gave her during these weeks the expense of medicine, a doctor, and another boarding place, as she could not in her illness sleep with her two friends.

Her income for the year had been $348.25. Her expenses had been as follows: rent for one third of room at $3.50 a month, $42; suppers with landlady at 20 cents each, $63; other meals, approximately, $90; board while ill, seven weeks at $7, $49; doctor and medicine (about) $15; clothing, $51.85; club, 5 cents a week, $2.60; total, $313.45; thus leaving a balance of $34.80.

Shoes alone consumed over one half of the money used for clothing. They wore out with such amazing rapidity that she had needed a new pair once a month. At $2 each, except a best pair, costing $2.60, their price in a year amounted to $24.60.*

In regard to Rachael's expenditure and conservation in strength, she had drawn heavily upon her health and energy. Her cough continued to exhaust her. She was worn and frail, and at eighteen her health was breaking.

Sending Money Home from a Wage of $12 a Week

Anna Klotin, another older skilled worker, an able and clever Russian girl of twenty-one, an operative and trimmer, earned $12 a week. She had been idle twelve weeks on account of slack work. For four weeks she had night work for three nights a week, and payment for this extra time had brought her income up to $480 for the year. Of this sum she paid $312 ($6 a week) for board and lodging alone in a large, pleasant room with a friendly family on the East Side. To her family in Russia she had sent $120, and she had somehow contrived, by doing her own washing, making her own waists and skirts, and repairing garments left from the previous year, to buy shoes and to pay carfare and all her other expenses from the remaining $48. She had bought five pairs of shoes at $2 each, and a suit for $15.

Fanny Wardoff, a shirtwaist worker of twenty who had been in the United States only a year, helped her family by supporting her younger brother.

For some time after her arrival in this country the ill effects of her steerage voyage had left her too miserable to work. She then obtained employment as a finisher in a skirt factory, where her best wage was $7. But her earnings in this place had been so fluctuating that she was uncertain what her total income had been before the last thirteen weeks. At the beginning of this time she had left the skirt factory and become a finisher in a waist factory, where she earned from $10 to $12 a week, working nine and a half hours a day.

Her place to sleep, and breakfast and dinner, in a tenement, cost $2.50 a week. She paid the same for her younger brother, who still attended school. The weekly expense was palpably increased by 60 cents a week for luncheon and 30 cents for carfare to ride to work. She walked home, fifteen blocks.

Her clothing, during the eight months of work, had cost about $40. Of this, $8 had been spent for four pairs of shoes. Two ready-made skirts had cost $9, and a jacket $10. Her expense for waists was only $3, the cost of material, as she had made them herself.

She spent 35 cents a week for the theater, and economized by doing her own washing.

Here are the budgets of some shirtwaist

* This expense would at this date probably be heavier, as the working-girls at one of the St. George's Working-Girls' Clubs estimated early this summer that shoes of a quality purchasable two years ago at $2 would now cost $2.50.

A MEETING OF GIRL STRIKERS AT THE UNION HEADQUARTERS ON CLINTON STREET

Drawn from life by Wladyslav T. Benda

operatives earning from $7 to $10 a week, less skilled than the workers described above, but more skilled than Natalya.

Story of Irena K., a Sixteen-Year-Old Operative Who Supported Four People on $9 a Week

Irena Kovalova, a girl of sixteen, supported herself and three other people, her mother and her younger brother and sister, on her slight wage of $9 a week. She was a very beautiful girl, short, but heavily built, with grave dark eyes, a square face, and a manner more mature and responsible than that of many women of forty. Irena Kovalova had not been out of work for one whole week in the year she described. She had never done night work; but she had almost always worked half a day on Sunday — except in slack weeks. She was not certain how many of these there had been; but there had been enough slack time to reduce her income for her family for the year to $450. They had paid $207 rent for four rooms on the East Side, and had lived on the remaining $243, all of which Irena had given to her mother.

Her mother helped her with her washing, and she had worn the clothes she had the year before, with the exception of shoes. She had been forced to buy four pairs of these at $2 a pair. They all realized that if Irena could spend a little more for her shoes they would wear longer. "But for shoes," she said, with a little laugh, "two dollars — it is the most I ever could pay."

She was a girl of unusual health and strength, and though sometimes very weary at night and troubled with eye strain from watching the needle, it was a different drain of her vitality that she mentioned as alarming. She was obliged to work at a time of the month when she normally needed rest, and endured anguish at her machine at this season. She had thought, she said gravely, that if she ever had any money ahead, she would try to use it to have a little rest then.

ONE OF THE SEVEN HUNDRED ARRESTS MADE DURING THE SHIRTWAIST STRIKE
Drawn by Wladyslav T. Benda

Molly Zaplasky, a little Russian shirtwaist worker of fifteen, operated a machine for fifty-six hours a week, did her own washing, and even went to evening school. She had worked for five months, earning $9 a week for five weeks of this time, and sometimes $6, sometimes $7, for the remainder. She and her sister Dora, of seventeen, also a shirtwaist-maker, had a room with a cousin's family on the East Side.

Living on $6 a Week and Fighting Tuberculosis

Dora had worked a year and a half. She, too, earned $9 a week in full weeks. But there had been only twenty-two such weeks in that period. For seventeen weeks she had earned $6 a week. For four weeks she had been idle because of slackness of work, and for nine

weeks recently she had been too ill to work, having developed tuberculosis. Dora, too, did her own washing. She made her own waists, and went to evening school. She had paid $2.75 a week for partial board and for lodging. The food not included in her board cost about $1 a week. The little Molly had paid for Dora's board and lodging in her nine weeks' illness. Dora, who had worked so valiantly, was quietly expecting just as valiantly her turn in the long waiting list of applicants for the Montefiore Home for consumptives. She knew that the chance of her return to Molly was very slight.

Her expenditure for food, shelter, and clothing for the year had been as follows: room and board (exclusive of nine weeks' illness), $161.25; clothing, $41.85; total, $203.10. As her income for the year had been $297.50, this left a balance of $94.40 for all other expenses. Items for clothing had been: suit, $12, jacket, $4.50, a hat, $2.50, shoes (two pairs), $4.25, stockings (two pairs a week at 15 cents), $15.60, underwear, $3.00; total, $41.85.

One point should be accentuated in this budget — the striking cost of stockings, due to the daily walk to and from work and the ill little worker's lack of strength and time for darning. The outlay for footwear in all the budgets of the operators is heavy, in spite of the fact that much of their work is done sitting.

Here are the budgets of some of the shirtwaist-makers who were earning Natalya's wage of $6 a week, or less than this wage.

Rea Lupatkin, a shirtwaist-maker of nineteen, had been in New York only ten months, and was at first a finisher in a cloak factory. Afterward, obtaining work as operator in a waist factory, she could get $4 in fifty-six hours on a time basis. She had been in this factory six weeks.

A SHIRTWAIST OPERATIVE DISTRIBUTING STRIKE LITERATURE ON THE STREET
Drawn by Wladyslav T. Benda

Rea was paying $4 a month for lodging in two rooms of a tenement-house with a man and his wife and baby and little boy. She saved carfare by a walk of three quarters of an hour, adding daily one and a half hours to the nine and a half already spent in operating. Her food cost $2.25 a week, so that, with 93 cents a week for lodging, her regular weekly cost of living was $3.18, leaving her 82 cents for every other expense. In spite of this, and although she had been forced to spend $3 for examination of her eyes and for eyeglasses, Rea contrived to send an occasional $2 back to her family in Europe.

Story of Ida, a Fifteen-Year-Old Operative Who Worked 56 Hours a Week

Ida Bergeson, a little girl of fifteen, was visited at half past eight o'clock one even-

Photograph by Hine

A GROUP OF SHIRTWAIST

THIRTY THOUSAND GIRLS EMPLOYED IN THE SHIRTWAIST INDUSTRY IN NEW YORK CITY WENT CONDUCTED BY WOMEN IN THIS COUNTRY, RESULTED IN A STRONGER SPIRIT

ing, in a tenement on the lower East Side. The gas was burning brightly in the room; several people were talking; and this frail-looking little Ida lay on a couch in their midst, sleeping, in all the noise and light, in complete exhaustion. Her sister said that every night the child returned from the factory utterly worn out, she was obliged to work so hard and so fast.

Ida received the same wage as Natalya — $6 a week. She worked fifty-six hours a week — eight more than the law allows for minors. She paid $4 a week for board and a room shared with the anxious older sister who told about her experience. Ida needed all the rest of her $2 for her clothing. She did her own washing. As the inquirer came away, leaving the worn little girl sleeping in her utter fatigue, she wondered with what strength Ida could enter upon her possible marriage and motherhood — whether, indeed, she would struggle through to maturity.

A YOUNG RUSSIAN JEWISH SHIRTWAIST-MAKER

Drawn from life by Wladyslav T. Benda

Katia Halperian, a shirtwaist worker of fifteen, had been in New York only six months. During twenty-one weeks of this time she was employed in a Wooster Street factory, earning for a week of nine-and-a-half-hour days only $3.50. Katia, like Natalya, was a "trimmer."

After paying $3 a week board to an aunt, she had a surplus of 50 cents for all clothing, recreation, doctor's bills, and incidentals.

To save carfare she

OPERATIVES ON STRIKE

ON STRIKE DURING THE FALL AND WINTER OF 1909–10. THIS STRIKE, THE LARGEST EVER OF SOLIDARITY AND SHORTENING OF HOURS FOR THE SHIRTWAIST WORKERS

walked to her work — about forty minutes' distance. Her aunt lived on the fourth floor of a tenement. After working nine and a half hours and walking an hour and twenty minutes daily, Katia climbed four flights of stairs and then helped with the housework.

Story of Sonia Lavretsky, Out of Work for Five Months

Sonia Lavretsky, a girl of twenty, had been self-supporting for four years. She lived in a most wretched, ill-kept tenement, with a family who made artificial flowers. She had been totally unable to find work for the last five months, but this family, though very poor, had kept her with them without payment through all this time.

She had been three months an operative, putting cuffs on waists. Working on a time basis, she earned $3 the first week and $4 the second. She was then put on piece-work, and in fifty-four hours and a half could earn only $3. Laid off, she found employment at felling cloaks, earning from $3 to $6 a week. But after twelve weeks trade in this place also had grown dull.

During her idle time she became

ONE OF THE THIRTY THOUSAND SHIRTWAIST STRIKERS

Drawn from life by Wladyslav T. Benda

"run down" and was ill three weeks. Fortunately, a brother was able to pay her doctor's bills, until he also was laid off during part of her idle time.

When Sonia had any money she gave her landlady, for part of a room in the poor tenement with the flower-makers, $3.50 a month, and about $2.50 a week for food. Before her dull season and slack work began she had paid 20 cents a week dues to a self-education society and social club.

Her brother had given her all the clothing she had. The burden of her support evidently fell heavily upon him and upon the poverty-stricken family of her hostess. And Sonia was in deep discouragement. She was about to go away from New York in hopes of finding work in Syracuse.

Getta Bursova, an attractive Russian girl of twenty, had worked for eight years — ever since she was twelve. She had been employed as a waist operative for six years in London and for two in New York.

Here she worked nine and a half hours daily in a factory on Nineteenth Street, earning $5 to $6 a week. Of this wage she paid her sister $4 a week for food and lodging in an inside tenement room in very poor East Side quarters, so far from her work that she was obliged to spend 60 cents a week for carfare. In her busy weeks she had never more than $1.40 a week left, and often only 60 cents, for her clothing and every other expense.

Getta had been idle, moreover, for nearly six months. During this time she had been supported by her sister's family.

In spite of this defeat in her fortunes, her presence had a lovely brightness and initiative, and her inexpensive dress had a certain daintiness. She was eager for knowledge, and through all her busy weeks had paid 10 cents dues to a self-education society.

Nevertheless, her long dull season was a harassing burden and disappointment, both for herself and her sister's struggling family.

Story of Betty Lukin

Betty Lukin, a shirtwaist-maker of twenty, had been making sleeves for two years. For nine months of the year she earned from $6 to $10 a week; for the remaining three months only $2 a week. Her average weekly wage for the year would be about $6. Of this she spent $3 a week for suppers and a place in a tenement to sleep, and about 50 cents a week for breakfast and luncheon — a roll and a bit of fruit or candy from a push-cart. Her father was in New York, doing little to support himself, so that many weeks she deprived herself to give him $3 or $4.

She spent 50 cents a week to go to the theater and 10 cents for club dues. She had, of course, very little left for dress. She looked ill clad, and she was, naturally, improperly nourished and very delicate.

Two points in Betty's little account are suggestive: one is that she could always help her father. In listening to the account of an organizer of the Shirtwaist-Makers' Union, a man who had known some 40,000 garment workers, I exclaimed on the hardships of the trade for the number of married men it contained, and was about to make a note of this item when he eagerly stopped me. "Wait, wait, please," he cried generously. "When you put it down, then put this down, too. It is just the same for the girls. The most of them are married to a family. They, too, take care of others."

To this truth, Betty's expense of $3 to $4 for her father from her average wage of $6, and little Molly's item of nine weeks' board and lodging for her sister, bear eloquent testimony. On the girls' part they were mentioned merely as "all in the day's work," and with the tacit sim-

Photograph by Hine

DISCUSSING THE SHIRTWAIST STRIKE ON GRAND STREET

plicity of that common mortal responsibility which is heroic.

The other fact to be remarked in Betty's account is that she spent 60 cents a week for club dues and the theater, and only 50 cents for all her casual sidewalk breakfasts and luncheons from the push-carts. Such an eager hunger for complete change of scene and thought, such a desire for beauty and romance as these two comparative items show, appear in themselves a true romance. Nearly all the Russian shirtwaist-makers visit the theater and attend clubs and night classes, whatever their wage or their hours of labor. Most of them contribute to the support of a family.

Photograph by Hine

A SHIRTWAIST OPERATIVE AT HER MACHINE

These shirtwaist-makers, all self-supporting, whose income and outlay are described above, were all — with the exception of Irena Kovalova, who supported a family of four — living away from home. Natalya lived with her mother and father.

She did not do her own washing, though she made her own waists and those of her sister and mother. But her story is given because in other ways — in casual employment, long hours, unfair and undignified treatment from her employers, and in the conditions of her peaceable effort to obtain juster and better terms of living — her experience has seemed characteristic of the trade fortunes of many of the forty thousand shirtwaist-makers employed in New York for the last two years.

In conditions such as described above, Natalya and other shirtwaist-makers were working last fall, when one day she saw a girl, a piece-worker, shaking her head and objecting sadly to the low price the foreman was offering her for making a waist. "If you don't like it," said the foreman, with a laugh, "why don't you join your old 'sisters' out on the street, then?"

Natalya wondered with interest who these "sisters" were. On making inquiry, she found that the workers in other shirtwaist factories had struck, for various reasons of dissatisfaction with the terms of their trade.

Police Unfairness During the Shirtwaist Strike

The factories had continued work with strike-breakers. Some of the companies had stationed women of the street and their cadets in front of the shops to insult and attack the Union members whenever they came to speak to their fellow workers and to try to dissuade them from selling their work on unfair terms.

Some had employed special police protection and thugs against the pickets.

There is, of course, no law against picketing. Every one in the United States has as clear a legal right to address another person peaceably on the subject of his belief in selling his work as on the subject of his belief in the tariff. But on the 19th of October ten girls belonging to the Union, who had been talking peaceably on the day before with some of the strike-breakers, were suddenly arrested as they were walking quietly along the street, were charged with disorderly conduct, arraigned in the Jefferson Market Court, and fined $1 each. The chairman of the strikers from one shop was set upon by a gang of thugs while he was collecting funds, and beaten and maimed so that he was confined to his bed for weeks.

A girl of nineteen, one of the strikers, as she was walking home one afternoon was attacked in the open daylight by a thug, who struck her in the side and broke one of her ribs. She was in bed for four weeks, and will always be somewhat disabled by her injury. These and other illegal oppressions visited on the strikers roused a number of members of the Woman's Trade Union League to assist the girls in peaceful picketing.

Arrest of Miss Dreier

Early in November, a policeman arrested Miss Mary E. Dreier, the president of the Woman's Trade Union League, because she entered into a quiet conversation with one of the strike-breakers. Miss Dreier is a woman of large independent means, socially well known throughout New York and Brooklyn. When the sergeant recognized her as she came into the station, he at once discharged her case, reprimanded the officer, and assured Miss Dreier that she would never have been arrested if they had known who she was.

This flat instance of discrimination inspired the officers of the Woman's Trade Union League to protest to Police Commissioner Baker against the arbitrary oppression of the strikers by the policemen. He was asked to investigate the action of the police. He replied that the pickets would in future receive as much consideration as other people. The attitude of the police did not, however, change.

It was to these events, as Natalya Urusova found, that the foreman of the Bruch factory had referred when he asked the girls, with a sneer, why they didn't join their "sisters." Going to the Union headquarters on Clinton Street, she learned all she could about the Union. Afterward, in the Bruch factory, whenever any complaints arose, she would say casually, in pretended helplessness, "But what can we do? Is there any way to change this?" Vague suggestions of the Union headquarters would arise, and she would inquire into this eagerly and would pretend to allow herself to be led to Clinton Street. So, little by little, as the long hours and low wages and impudence from the foreman continued, she induced about sixty girls

Photograph by Hine

GIRL STRIKERS ON GRAND STREET, READING THE REPORTS OF THE SHIRTWAIST STRIKE

to understand about organization and to consider it favorably.

On the evening of the 22d of November, Natalya, and how many others from the factory she could not tell, attended a mass meeting at Cooper Union, of which they had been informed by hand-bills. It was called for the purpose of discussing a general strike of shirtwaist workers in New York City. The hall was packed. Overflow meetings were held at Beethoven Hall, Manhattan Lyceum, and Astoria Hall. In the Cooper Union addresses were delivered by Samuel Gompers, by Miss Dreier, and by many others. Finally, a girl of eighteen asked the chairman for the privilege of the floor. She said: "I have listened to all the speeches. I am one who thinks and feels from the things they describe. I, too, have worked and suffered. I am tired of the talking. I move that we go on a general strike."

The meeting broke into wild applause. The motion was unanimously endorsed. The chairman, Mr. Feigenbaum, a Union officer, rapped on the table. "Do you mean faith?" he called to the workers. "Will you take the old Jewish oath?" Thousands of right hands were held up and the whole audience repeated in Yiddish*: "If I turn traitor to the cause I now pledge, may this hand wither from the arm I now raise."

This was the beginning of the general shirtwaist strike. A committee of fifteen girls and one boy was appointed at the Cooper Union meeting, and went from one to the other of the overflow meetings, where the same motion was offered and unanimously endorsed.

Natalya Urusova's Story of the Strike

"But I did not know how many workers in my shop had taken that oath at that meeting. I could not tell how many would go on strike in our factory the next day," said Natalya afterward. "When we came back the next morning to the factory, though, no one went to the dressing-room. We all sat at the machines with our hats and coats beside us, ready to leave. The foreman had no work for us when we got there. But, just as always, he did not tell when there would be any, or if there would be any at all that day. And there was whispering and talking softly all around the room among the machines: 'Shall we wait like this?' 'There is a general strike.' 'Who will get up first?' 'It would be better to be the last to get up, and then the company might remember it of you afterward, and do well for you.' But I told them," observed Natalya, with a little shrug, "'What difference does it make which one is first and which one is last?' Well, so we stayed whispering, and no one knowing what the other would do, not making up our minds, for two hours. Then I started to get up." Her lips trembled. "And at just the same minute all — we all got up together, in one second. No one after the other; no one before. And when I saw it — that time — oh, it excites me so yet, I can hardly talk about it. So we all stood up, and all walked out together. And already out on the sidewalk in front the policemen stood with the clubs. One of them said, 'If you don't behave, you'll get this on your head.' And he shook his club at me.

"We hardly knew where to go — what to do next. But one of the American girls, who knew how to telephone, called up the Woman's Trade Union League, and they told us all to come to a big hall a few blocks away. After we were there, we wrote out on paper what terms we wanted: not any night work, except as it would be arranged for in some special need for it for the trade; and shorter hours; and to have wages arranged by a committee to arbitrate the price for every one fairly; and to have better treatment from the bosses.

"Then a leader spoke to us and told us about picketing quietly, and the law.†

"Our factory had begun to work with a few Italian strike-breakers.‡ The next day we went back to the factory, and saw five Italian girls taken in to work, and then taken away afterward in an automobile. I was with an older girl from our shop, Anna Lunska. The next morning in front of the factory, Anna Lunska and I met a tall Italian man going into the factory with some girls. So I said to her: 'These girls fear us in some way. They do not understand, and I will speak to them, and ask them why they work, and tell them we are not going to harm them at all — only to speak about our work.'

* Constance Leupp, in the *Survey*.

† The circular of advice issued a little later by the Union reads as follows:

RULES FOR PICKETS

Don't walk in groups of more than two or three.

Don't stand in front of the shop; walk up and down the block.

Don't stop the person you wish to talk to; walk alongside of him.

Don't get excited and shout when you are talking.

Don't put your hand on the person you are speaking to. Don't touch his sleeve or button. This may be construed as a "technical assault."

Don't call any one "scab" or use abusive language of any kind.

Plead, persuade, appeal, but do not threaten.

If a policeman arrest you and you are sure that you have committed no offense, take down his number and give it to your Union officers.

‡In the factories where the Russian and Italian girls worked side by side, their feeling for each other seems generally to have been friendly. After the beginning of the strike an attempt was made to antagonize them against each other by religious and nationalistic appeals. It met with little success. Italian headquarters for Italian workers wishing organizations were soon established. Little by little the Italian garment workers are entering the Union.

Arrest of Natalya Urusova and Anna Lunska

"I moved toward them to say this to them. Then the tall man struck Anna Lunska in the breast so hard, he nearly knocked her down. She couldn't get her breath. And I went to a policeman standing right there and said, 'Why do you not arrest this man for striking my friend? Why do you let him do it? Look at her. She cannot speak; she is crying. She did nothing at all.' Then he arrested the man; and he said, 'But you must come, too, to make a charge against him.' The tall Italian called a man out of the factory, and went with me and Anna Lunska and the three girls to the court."

But when Natalya and Anna reached the court, and had made their charge against the tall Italian, to their bewilderment not only he, but they too, were conducted downstairs to the cells. He had charged them with attacking the girls he was escorting into the factory.

"They made me go into a cell," said Natalya, "and suddenly they locked us in. Then I was frightened, and I said to the policeman there, 'Why do you do this? I have done nothing at all. The man struck my friend. I must send for somebody.'

"He said, 'You cannot send for any one at all. You are a prisoner.'

"We cried then. We were frightened. We did not know what to do.

"After about an hour and a half he came and said some one was asking for us. We looked out. It was Miss Violet Pike. A boy I knew had seen us go into the prison with the Italian, and not come out, and so he thought something was wrong and he had gone to the League and told them.

"So Miss Pike had come from the League: and she bailed us out; and she came back with us on the next day for our trial."

On the next morning the case against the tall Italian was rapidly examined, and the Italian discharged. He was then summoned back in rebuttal, and Natalya and Anna's case was called. Four witnesses, one of them being the proprietor of the factory, were produced against them, and stated that Natalya and Anna had struck one of the girls the Italian was escorting. At the close of the case against Natalya and Anna, Judge Cornell said:* "I find the girls guilty. It would be perfectly futile for me to fine them. Some charitable women would pay their fines or they could get a bond. I am going to commit them to the workhouse under the Cumulative Sentence Act, and there they will have an opportunity of thinking over what they have done."

"Miss Violet Pike came forward then," said Natalya, "and said, 'Cannot this sentence be mollified?'

"And he said it could not be mollified.

Natalya's Night in the Tombs

"They took us away in a patrol to the Tombs.

"We waited in the waiting-room there. The matron looked at us and said, 'You are not bad girls. I will not send you down to the cells. You can do some sewing for me here.' But I could not sew. I felt so bad, because I could not eat the food they gave us at noon for dinner in the long hall with all the other prisoners. It was coffee with molasses in it, and oatmeal and bread so bad that after one taste we could not swallow it down. Then, for supper, we had the same, but soup, too, with some meat bones in it. And even before you sat down at the table these bones smelled so it made you very sick. But they forced you to sit down at the table before it, whether you ate or drank anything or not. And the prisoners walked by in a long line afterward and put their spoons in a pail of hot water, just the same whether they had eaten anything with the spoons or not.

"Then we walked to our cells. It was night, and it was dark—oh, so dark in there it was dreadful! There were three other women in the cell — some of them were horrid women that came off the street. The beds were one over the other, like on the boats — iron beds, with a quilt and a blanket. But it was so cold you had to put both over you; and the iron springs underneath were bare, and they were dreadful to lie on. There was no air; you could hardly breathe. The horrid women laughed and screamed and said terrible words.

"Anna Lunska felt so sick and was so very faint, I thought what should we do if she was so much worse in the night in this terrible darkness where you could see nothing at all. Then I called through the little grating to a woman who was a sentinel that went by in the hall all through the night, 'My friend is sick. Can you get me something if I call you in the night?'

"The woman just laughed and said, 'Where do you think you are? But if you pay me I will come and see what I can do.'

"In a few minutes she came back with a candle, and shuffled some cards under the candlelight, and called to us, 'Here, put your hand through the grate and give me a quarter and I'll tell you who your fellows are by the cards.' Then Anna Lunska said, 'We do not care to hear talk like that,' and the woman went away.

* Extract from the court stenographer's minutes of the proceedings in the Per trial.

"All that night it was dreadful. In the morning we could not eat any of the breakfast. They took us in a wagon like a prison with a little grating, and then in a boat like a prison with a little grating. As we got on to it, there was another girl, not like the rest of the women prisoners. She cried and cried. And I saw she was a working-girl. I managed to speak to her and say, 'Who are you?' She said, 'I am a striker. I cannot speak any English.' That was all. They did not wish me to speak to her, and I had to go on.

Imprisonment of the Girl Strikers on Blackwell's Island

"From the boat they made us go into the prison they call Blackwell's Island. Here they made us put on other clothes. All the clothes they had were much, much too large for me, and they were dirty. They had dresses in one piece of very heavy, coarse material, with stripes all around, and the skirts are gathered, and so heavy for the women. They almost drag you down to the ground. Everything was so very much too big for me, the sleeves trailed over my hands so far and the skirts on the ground so far, they had to pin and pin them up with safety-pins.

"Then we had the same kind of food I could not eat; and they put us to work sewing gloves. But I could not sew, I was so faint and sick. At night there was the same kind of food I could not eat, and all the time I wondered about that shirtwaist striker that could not speak one word of English, and she was all alone and had the same we had in other ways. When we walked by the matron to go to our cells at night, at first she started to send Anna Lunska and me to different cells. She would have made me go alone with one of the terrible women from the street. But I was so dreadfully frightened, and cried so, and begged her so to let Anna Lunska and me stay together, that at last she said we could.

"Just after that I saw that other girl, away down the line, so white, she must have cried and cried, and looking so frightened. I thought, 'Oh, I ought to ask for her to come with us, too, but I did not dare.' I thought, 'I will make that matron so mad that she will not even let Anna Lunska and me stay together.' So I got almost to our cell before I went out of the line and across the hall and went back to the matron and said: 'Oh, there is another Russian girl here. She is all alone. She cannot speak one word of English. Please, please couldn't that girl come with my friend and me?'

"She said, 'Well, for goodness' sake! So you want to band all the strikers together here, do you? How long have you known her?'

"I said, 'I never saw her until to-day.'

"The matron said, 'For the land's sake, what do you expect here?' but she did not say anything else. So I went off, just as though she wasn't going to let that girl come with us; for I knew she would not want to seem as though she would do it, at any rate.

"But, after we were in the cell with an Irish woman and another woman, the door opened, and that Russian girl came in with us. Oh, she was so glad!

"After that it was the same as the night before, except that we could see the light of the boats passing. But it was dark and cold, and we had to put both the quilt and the blanket over us and lie on the springs, and you must keep all of your clothes on to try to be warm. But the air and the smells are so bad. I think if it were any warmer you would almost faint there. I could not sleep.

"The next day they made me scrub. But I did not know how to scrub. And, for Anna Lunska, she wet herself all over from head to foot. So they said, very cross, 'It seems to us you do not know how to scrub a bit. You can go back to the sewing department.' On the way I went through a room filled with negresses, and they called out, 'Look, look at the little kid.' And they took hold of me, and turned me around, and all laughed and sang and danced all around me. These women, they do not seem to mind at all that they are in prison.

"In the sewing-room the next two days I was so sick I could hardly sew. The women often said horrid things to each other, and I sat on the bench with them. There was one woman over us at sewing that argued with me so much, and told me how much better it was for me here than in Russian prisons, and how grateful I should be.

"I said, 'How is that, then? Isn't there the same kind of food in those prisons and in these prisons? And I think there is just as much liberty.'"

On the last day of Natalya's sentence, after she was dressed in her own little jacket and hat again and just ready to go, one of the most repellent women of the street said to her, "I am staying in here and you're going out. Give me a kiss for good-by." Natalya said that this woman was a horror to her. "But I thought it was not very nice to refuse this; so I kissed her a good-by kiss and came away."

The officers guarded the girls to the prison boat for their return to New York. There, at the ferry, stood a delegation of the members of the Woman's Trade Union League and the Union waiting to receive them.

Such is the account of one of the seven hun-

dred arrests made during the shirtwaist strike, the chronicle of a peaceful striker.

As the weeks went on, however, in spite of the advice of the Union officers, there were a few instances of violence on the part of the Union members. Among thirty thousand girls it could not be expected that every single person should maintain the struggle in justice and temperance with perfect self-control. In two or three cases the Union members struck back when they were attacked. In a few cases they became excited and attacked strike-breakers. In one factory, although there was no violence, the workers conducted their negotiations in an unfair and unfortunate manner. They had felt that all their conditions except the amount of wages were just, and they admired and were even remarkably proud of the management, a firm of young and well-intentioned manufacturers. Early in the general strike, however, they went out without a word to the management, without even signifying to it in any way the point they considered unjust. The management did not send to inquire. After a few days it resumed work with strike-breakers. The former employees began picketing. The management sent word to them that it would not employ against them, so long as they were peaceful and within the law, any of the means of intimidation that numbers of the other firms were using — special police and thugs. The girls sent word back that they would picket peacefully and quietly. But afterward, on their own admission, which was most disarming in its candor, they became careless and "too gay." They went picketing in too large numbers and were too noisy. Instantly the firm employed police. Before this, however, the girls had begun to discuss and to realize the unintelligence of their behavior in failing to send a committee to the management to describe their position clearly and to obtain terms. They now appointed and instructed such a committee, came rapidly to terms with the management, and have been working for them in friendly relations ever since.

While in general the strike was both peaceful in conduct and just in demand and methods of demand on the part of the strikers, these exceptions must, of course, be mentioned in the interests of truth. Further, it would convey a false impression to imply that every striker arrested had as much sense and force of character as Natalya Urusova. Natalya was especially protected in her ordeal by a vital love of observation and a sense of humor, charmingly frequent in the present writers' experience of young Russian girls and women. With these qualities she could spend night after night locked up with the women of the street, in her funny, enormous prison clothes, and remain as uninfluenced by her companions as if she had been some blossoming geranium or mignonette set inside a filthy cellar as a convenience for a few minutes, and then carried out again to her native fresh air. But such qualities as hers cannot be demanded of all very young and unprotected girls, and to place them wantonly with women of the streets has in general an outrageous irresponsibility and folly quite insufficiently implied by the experience of a girl of Natalya's individual penetration and self-reliance.

Appeal to Mayor McClellan to Check the Abuses of the Police

In the period since the strike began many factories had been settling upon Union terms. But many factories were still on strike, and picketing on the part of the Union was continuing, as well as unwarranted arrests, like Natalya's, on the part of the employers and the police. The few exceptions to the general rule of peaceful picketing have been stated. Over two hundred arrests were made within three days early in December. On the 3d of December a procession of ten thousand women marched to the City Hall, accompanying delegates from the Union and the Woman's Trade Union League, and visited Mayor McClellan in his office and gave him this letter:

HONORABLE GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN,
Mayor of the City of New York.

We, the members of the Ladies' Shirtwaist-Makers' Union, a body of thirty thousand women, appeal to you to put an immediate stop to the insults and intimidations and to the abuses to which the police have subjected us while we have been picketing. This is our lawful right.

We protest to you against the flagrant discrimination of the Police Department in favor of the employers, who are using every method to incite us to violence.

We appeal to you directly in this instance, instead of to your Police Commissioner.

We do this because our requests during the past six months have had no effect in decreasing the outrages perpetrated upon our members, nor have our requests been granted a fair hearing.

Yours respectfully,
S. SHINDLER, *Secretary*.

The Mayor thanked the committee for bringing the matter to his attention, and promised to take up the complaint with the Police Commissioner.

But the arrests and violence of the police continued unchecked.

On the 5th of December the Political Equality League, at the instigation of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, held a packed meeting for the benefit of the Shirtwaist-Makers' Union. Many impris-

oned girls were present, and gave to the public clear, straightforward stories of the treatment they had received at the hands of the city. The committee of the meeting had offered the Mayor and other city officials a box, but they refused to be present.

Again the arrests and violence continued without protection for the workers. Nevertheless their cause was constantly gaining, and although all attempts at general arbitration were unsuccessful, more and more employers settled with the operatives. They continued to settle during December and January until the middle of February. All but thirteen of the shops in New York had then made satisfactory terms with the Union workers. It was officially declared that the strike was over.

Natalya's shop had settled with the operatives on the 23d of January, and she went back to work on the next day.

The Strikers Secure Shorter Hours and Better Treatment

She had an increase of $2 a week in wages — $8 a week instead of $6. Her hours were now fifty-two a week instead of sixty — that is to say, nine and one half hours a day, with a Saturday half holiday. But she has since then been obliged to enter another factory on account of slack work.

Among the more skilled workers than Natalya in New York to-day, Irena Kovalova, who supports her mother and her younger brother and sister, has $11 a week instead of $9. She is not obliged to work on Sunday, and her factory closes at five o'clock instead of six on Saturday. "I have four hours less a week," she said with satisfaction. The family have felt able to afford for her a new dress costing $11, and material for a suit, costing $6. A friend, a neighbor, made this for Irena as a present.

Among the older workers of more skill than Irena, Anna Klotin, who sent $120 home to her family last year, has now, however, only $6, $7, and $8 a week, and very poor and uncertain work, instead of her former $12 a week. Hers was one of the thirteen factories that did not settle. Of their one hundred and fifty girls, they wished about twenty of their more skilled operators to return to them under Union conditions, leaving the rest under the old long hours of overtime and indeterminate, unregulated wages. Anna was one of the workers the firm wished to retain on Union terms, but she felt she could not separate her chances in her trade from the fortunes of her one hundred and thirty companions. She refused to return under conditions so unjust for them. She has stayed on in her boarding place, as her landlady, realizing Anna's responsible character, is always willing to wait for money when work is slack. She has bought this year only two pairs of shoes, a hat for 50 cents, and one or two muslin waists which she made herself. She has lived on such work as she could find from time to time in different factories. Anna did not grudge in any way her sacrifice for the less skilled workers. "In time," she said, "we will have things better for all of us." And the chief regret she mentioned was that she had been unable to send any money home since the strike.

The staunchest allies of the shirtwaist-makers in their attempt to obtain wiser trade conditions were the members and officers of the Woman's Trade Union League, whose response and generosity were constant from the beginning to the end of the strike. The chronicle of the largest woman's strike in this country is not yet complete. A suit is now pending against the Woman's Trade Union League and the Union for conspiracy in restraint of trade, brought by the Sittomer Shirtwaist Co. A test suit is pending against Judge Cornell for false imprisonment, brought by one of the shirtwaist strikers.

The whole outcome of the strike in its effect on women's wages in the shirtwaist trade, their income and outlay in their work, both financially and in vitality, cannot, of course, yet be fully known. The statement that there has been a general rise of wages must be modified in other ways than that suggested by the depletion of Anna Klotin's income in the year since the strike. In factories where price on piece-work is subject to arbitration between a Union committee of the workers and the firm, the committee is not always able to obtain a fair price for labor. One of the largest factories made a verbal agreement to observe Union conditions, but it signed no written contract, and has since broken its word. It discriminates against Union members, and it insists on Sunday work and on night work for more than two nights a week. Further, during the seventeen weeks of the strike many shirtwaist orders ordinarily filled in New York were placed with New Jersey and Pennsylvania firms. The present New York season has been unusually dull, and now, on this writing, early in August, many girls are discouraged on account of the slight amounts they earn through slack work.

"But that is not the fault of the employers," said one of the workers. "You must be reasonable for them. You cannot ask them for work they are not able to obtain to give you." Her remark is quoted both from its wisdom and for another purpose. She was the girl who will

always be disabled by the attack of her employer's thug. Her quiet and instinctive mention of the need of justice in considering conditions for employers had for the listener who heard her a most significant, unconscious generosity and nobility.

Looking back upon the shirtwaist strike nearly a year afterward, its profoundest common value would appear to an unprejudiced onlooker to be its spirit. Something larger than a class spirit, something fairer than a mob spirit, something which may perhaps be called a mass spirit, manifested itself in the shirtwaist-makers' effort for better terms of life.

"The most remarkable feature of the strike," says a writer in the *Call*,* "is the absence of leaders. All the girls seem to be imbued with a spirit of activity that by far surpasses all former industrial uprisings. One like all are ready to take the chairmanship, secretaryship, do picket duty, be arrested, and go to prison."

There has never before been a strike quite like the shirtwaist-makers' strike. Perhaps there never will be another quite like it again. When every fair criticism of its conduct has been faced, and its errors have all been admitted, the fact remains that the New York strike said, "All for one and one for all," with a magnetic candor new and stirring in the voice of the greatest and the richest city of our country — perhaps new in the voice of the world. Wonderful it is to know that in that world today unseen, unheard, are forces like those of that ghetto girl who, in the meanest quarter of New York, on stinted food, in scanty clothes, drained with faint health and overwork, could yet walk through her life, giving away half of her wage by day to some one else, enjoying the theater at night, and, in the poorest circumstances, pouring her slight strength out richly like a song for pleasure and devotion. Wonderful it is to know that when Natalya Urusova was in darkness, hunger, fright, and cold on Blackwell's Island, she still could be responsibly concerned for the fortunes of a stranger and had something she could offer to her nobly. Wonderful to know that, after her very bones had been broken by the violence of a thug of an employer, one of these girls could still speak for perfect fairness for him with an instinct for justice truly large and thrilling. Such women as that ennoble life and give to the world a richer and altered conception of justice — a justice of imagination and the heart, concerned not at all with vengeance, but simply with the beauty of the perfect truth for the fortunes of all mortal creatures.

Besides the value to the workers of the spirit of the shirtwaist strike, they gained another advantage. This was of graver moment even than an advance in wages and of deeper consequences for their future. They gained shorter hours.

What, then, are the trade fortunes of some of those thousands of other women, other machine operatives whose hours and wages are now as the shirtwaist-makers' were before the shirtwaist strike? What do some of these other women factory workers, unorganized and entirely dependent upon legislation for conserving their strength by shorter working hours, give in their industry? What do they get from it? For an answer to these questions, we turn to some of the white goods sewers, belt-makers, and stitchers on children's dresses, for the annals of their income and outlay in their work away from home in New York.

* Therese Malkiel, December 22.

UNANSWERED

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

OH, I have closed so many doors,
Oh, I have closed so many, many doors!

But secret hands slide all the bolts,
And silent feet glide o'er my floors:
Eyes come betwixt mine and the sun—
Who are the leaders of these
strange revolts?

Behold, they are my Questions, and
they cry,
"Unanswered I"—"Unanswered I"—
"And I"—
Unanswered every one.

Yet I have closed so many doors—
So many, many doors.

"LITTLE SISTER IN CAGE OF GOLD"

BY

AMANDA MATHEWS

AUTHOR OF "THE HEART OF AN ORPHAN," "THE TRANSLATION OF GIOVANNA," ETC.

MOTHER Mother Mother,—

When I make the start with that precous word I do not know to stop. O I love how you make G on envelops. I allways kiss that G I do indeed.

My new beautiful duster razen tailer soot came in a box today. If God had not dyed me so Daygo brown at first, Mother, I could look just like the Eggsloosifs of this school in that duster razen tailer soot. I cannot help my color but I would be no more Daygo inside because you are not. This is not mean to my dear parents for they are all dead and Tony got T. B. in his joynts and died in the ospittle poor Tony. Isabella was a little brunet beauty and a kind lady took her for her own and I know not if she is dead also but I think yes for that is like our famly.

I have a sorry spot in me for what past today. Luigi—you know the man of fruits and potaytoes who was friend to my father—came to see me but he never because the maid called the same teacher that ran behind me the day I loped with Luigi back to the sylum because the girls put tayboo on me. That teacher has bad ideahs of Luigi that are no fair because Luigi didnt stand for lopes atall but she wouldnt let him make more talk in the door but shut it tight.

The class poet name Dolly was sent to the office for wispering which is by the door so she heard all. She is a real poet because she cant help it no more than a fitty orfun we had once at the sylum she ran the maytrun most crazy. Dolly had to write the poetry on Venusses back or she said it woulda been lost to the world and what a pity. Venus is a little white saint in the office. Dolly has a nawty way not respeckfull of her betters but she says when she acts like badness it is only jeenyus in the fire. Here is the poetry. I dont like it for not respeckfull of Luigi.

The Daygo shook his earings gold
And begged he might the child behold
The Teacher froze him with her glasses
Sir you keep me from my classes
Avaunt thou son of garlick do!
Giovanna flys too high for you!

P. S. Dolly says such was not the words of that teacher but you cannot write the true in poetry or it will not stand right on its ends.

O I have a fraid Luigi will believe I am grown hawty and how could I when I would be a whole orfun in the sylum this minute just the same like I was if you hadnt took me out by your love.

Your ownest ownest
Giovanna.

Dear Mother Mother Dear,—

I guess it was God who got me sent to the office not for badness but 3 pencils. The Principle said listen Giovanna all days that old fruit peddler friend of yours makes one same song up to this school when he goes by on his waggon. I listened and shook and shook for it was Luigi and he made no song but only to play sing in Daygo talk "I know where is one little bird name Isabella in cage of gold." He did that way to tell me because he got such scare on that teacher he hadnt dare to ring the bell. I beg the Principle please xcuse all shakes because Isabella usto be my sister and she was a little brunet beauty and a kind lady took her for her own.

The Principle sent the maid quick to run behind Luigi which she done and he had a fraid to whoa but he did and sat on the big black chair in the office and the Principle was not hawty but treated him grand like he was a payrent of this school.

Luigi tell of sell the orange and the apple in one street of rich. He tell one house most big and wide and high and wonderfull. He tell the curtains like vail of Virgin in church of Italy where his madre do kiss that vail in its corner.

He tell one little miss come put back curtins with her hands to look — little miss dressed in pink silk all ruffledy like biggest doll in Christmas window. Little miss got long black curls and face of Isabella. No he not make catch the mistake for didnt he see her since bambina to play with his own bambinas? Was he old to have eyes of blind beggar? No it was Isabella — he say Isabella till he die and no mistake. Then Luigi went away.

The Principle said Giovanna Saterday a teacher will take you to see your sister. I answer that cannot be for the kind lady wished her to forget me and all her past. She will never let me in. The Principle said real hawty but not at me "you got a Bennyfactor now good as her and a teacher of this school will company you. That is enough."

So I went back upstairs and the teacher said where are the pencils? I answer please what pencils? The teacher saw my looks and she thought I was sick but I wasnt. It was just my thinks of Isabella jumping round in me. Soon we were dissmist and I ran quick here to my room to tell you all.

Today is Wensday and I got to live Thursday and Friday before I can get to Saterday. For it is a rule of this school not to make visits in the middle of weeks.

O but 3 days is not so long as perhaps never and to think my darling sister is not dead in her grave like I expected. When God made the start to be good to me He dont forget a thing.

Your adoring Giovanna.

Angel Mother of my life,—

It is my joy that to-morrow is Saterday when a teacher will take me to visit Isabella. Can my little sister forget me in one year? Can she forget how I held her on our doorstep at the tenement and how I made curls on her and washed her dress and licked any kid that would teeze her and ate myself the most spoiled sides of apples which Papa gave us that could not sell? He was a man of fruits like Luigi but more stile for he had a stand and no waggon. Can she forget how she slept with me and the bannannas and I all times put more blankit to her and not to me? But if she has gone and forgot all I will not have mean feels at her because she was little.

But O Mother the Eggsloosifs all say that kind lady was crule and selfish to separate 2 sisters like she done and its the true. She was jellus that Isabella would love anybody else but her. Now perhaps my baby sister has gone and lost her love for me out of her heart and all by the fault of that kind lady. The priest says on Sunday that hate is wicket but I cant help to hate hate hate her hard and fierce. If she has woe I care not for look at the woe she made to me. I didnt ask her to adopt me the long brown old thing nobody could want but you and I dont know how you did but I begged her only to let me see Isabella 2 or 3 × in a year because God put her to me for a sister but she wouldnt. I have no sure she will let me in for I know her hawty and jellus as she is but she cannot help I should walk by her house and look for Isabella at the window. But I hope in no window to see that kind lady for the hate I got on her.

Now I will shut her out of my head and only keep in my thoughts of Isabella.

It is bedtime but my eyes dont want to sleep for my thinks of Isabella and they do too so I can get quicker to Saterday. When I say my prayers and my goodnight to you by my bed I will say also goodnight my baby sister in cage of gold. I love down to Isabella Mother like I love up to you. I pray God will not let her feckshun for me get lost out of her.

Your O so happy Giovanna.

Only Mother of my Soul,—

We found the place me and the teacher. It was a palace that house but O Mother by the front door was big bow of black. I know what means black bows for we had them all times in our famly not so big but 25 dolars is no cheap funrals and must make stile for the naybors and the man takes the bow the minute the cawfin is gone out of the door but for funrals of 15 dolars he wont lend his bow to nobody.

I shook and shook and say I might a known Isabella would be dead for my family is like that but the teacher answer it would not be so black and big for a child. I said no she was little and curly and I felt some better but queer for it is sorry anybody must die. The teacher rang the door bell and the maid came and her eyes were pink with weeps. She told that the lady didnt want to see nobody because she was dead. The teacher asked could we speak to the child Isabella and the maid said no she was asleep after much crys but she let us in a room by the door with gold chairs and talked like wispering.

She told how Isabella was to that lady her apple in the eye and never did she want the child one minute not by her side and Isabella was all times fechshunate with her and sweet in her temper. The lady bought her clothes always to put her beauty in other dress like a doll. The little girl sing like bright angel up in the sky and the lady have every day expensif teacher of voice to come. Upstairs was big room of prettys just for her to play and the lady usto take her to stores and when Isabella point her finger to anything it got bought awful quick.

O Mother the shame I felt in me to think of my wicket hate and her so good to put Isabella like a princess in the green book you gave me.

The maid spoke more to wisper as she tell how the lady went dead in the night when Isabella didnt know and in the morning she which her name is Vicktoria led the child to look fairwell and Isabella cry and cry with grief and kiss her Bennyfactor and beg her to wake up and speak but the lady couldnt for she was dead. Then Vicktoria took Isabella away and she cry very much but now she sleep her nap and forget her woe.

The teacher said "letersleep." She said also "This girl is her sister name Giovanna." The maid looked surprised like she seen a booger man in the dark. She tell how she got some words the lady gave her for me before she died. "Vicktoria find that girl of hungry eyes sister to my Isabella and beg her forgive a selfish woman who was so lonesome she wanted some person to love her most and not love worse a sister or anybody."

I chokt and chokt and reached for my hanky. I said "O tell her for me —" but what was the good to say anything with the black bow on the door and her deadngone? The teacher said better for us to go now and we so went.

Mother I wish you could hold me on your lap tonight like I was little as Isabella. I got such shame on my hate of my sister's good Bennyfactor seems as if it will burn me up. O if I could just beg her please excuse my nawty hate all gone! Look Mother how I hated these darling Eggsloosifs at the first. But this is worse for the Eggsloosifs are not deadngone.

Now Isabella is back to orfun and I spose they will send her again to the sylum. She must have forgot all her orfun ways like ugly dress and no cake and nobody to call dear on you. It will be better than for her little hands to reach for breakfast in cans of garbige but she will not have those thinks of comfort. She will have thinks instead of the princess she was in the house of her Bennyfactor. I have a fraid she will die of grief and differents. Mother I know in my conshents what I ought. It is to go and be her in the sylum so she can come here and be me. That is my duty. I am a mean selfish pig sister if I dont and her so little and tender and no more ust. I can stand to give her my shiny bed of brass and my deserts and my duster razen tailer soot. I can stand to give her the Eggsloosifs dear though they be to me and Dolly my precious chum and the teachers and the Principle. But when I think to give you to Isabella, Mother of my heart, O how can I do that? All of me just holds tight to you and dont want to let go never!

Please write very quick and say your good thinks what I must do and perhaps by that time I wont mind quite so awful.

I know God dont want no prayer tonight out of any person wicket like me to hate that Bennyfactor lady so I will make none.

Giovanna of the bad heart.

Wonderfullest Mother in the big world,—

Today I was doing my practice and to think how that piano is full of scales and will the postman bring your darling letter and when can I see Isabella. The maid came and said company in the recepshun room and I told her Mary you mean another girl because companys I never do have in my long life but she said Miss Giovanna it is 2 companys to ask for you. So I went.

O the feelings that did jump in me when I see it was Isabella with Vicktoria! My sister is longer in the legs and curls. Her dress black for sadness but plenty of stile and no hanky pinned on. Vicktoria was dressed in sadness also. That is a way of richness. Poorness is just as sorry to lose a piece of the famly but must cry in same dress red or pink except to borrow of naybors black vails and skirts not to shame the dead one at its funral.

I looked and looked and Isabella looked and looked. Vicktoria said Miss Isabella kiss your sister and she did very polite and we looked more and more. A teacher came and said the children need lonesome for break the eyes. Giovanna take her to your room which I done.

We never did break our eyes like that teacher said but we made the start and Isabella let me hug her like crazy and she was glad and loved me the same like she usto. I showed her your picture and told her of your goodness and she said that was just like her Mama and her pretty face all fussed up to weep but I kissed her and talked her back past the sylum to the doorstep of the tenement and she remembered how a mean kid squoze his orange in her eye on purpose and how I whailed that kid and she laughed. She did not want to go so soon with Vicktoria but Vicktoria said it was time.

I never knew how anybody could make wills for people to mind when that person is deadngone. That Bennyfactor lady make a will about Isabella to go to a school in other city where the Principle of that school usto be girls with her and that Isabella have lessons to sing and bynby sail to Italy for the best. So Isabella will be some lost to me again but not bad for now we can have stamps.

And O Mother Mother, I have no duty to give you to Isabella and go back to the sylum! I got a glad in me big as a house for that! I have no duty not to be the same

Long brown Giovanna of your heart.

TRUTH'S ADVOCATE

BY

JULIA C. DOX

THE Vicar-General looked unusually stern. He had not wanted to be vicar-general at any time, the honor of the distinction being, in his eyes, small recompense for the added burden it brought him; but the burden had never before pressed so heavily, the honor had never been so empty. If O'Donnell had only taken himself out of the way, then his work would be purely official; he could secure the necessary evidence in connection with the charges, to which Father O'Donnell had made no denial, and get through with it all as quickly as possible. He had tried to hope, during the ninety miles of railroad journey to Chanlersville, that O'Donnell would have done the easiest thing for all concerned; but even while he indulged hope he recognized it as indulgence, for he knew Jack O'Donnell was not the man to choose the easiest thing or to run away under fire. They had been boys together, had gone through college as classmates, had received holy orders on the same day, and the bond that had held them through the years was a very close and dear one, though the Vicar-General's career from the first had been notably brilliant, while Father O'Donnell had toiled faithfully along in the "toughest town in the State," his first and only parish. The Vicar-General did not like to think of these things; he knew, as no one else knew, what O'Donnell's dreams and plans had been, and what loneliness, what thwarted ambition, what starvation of mind and spirit, had been his portion. And now it had come to this — open disgrace, and his the hand to write his friend's sentence! Just then the Vicar-General hated to be vicar-general, and loathed his duty with a mighty loathing. He had to pull himself up to refrain from a desire to anathematize the strict disciplinarian, his bishop, who had sent him on this errand.

O'Donnell was at the station to meet him, and the Vicar-General's wrath waxed hot when he saw his friend's tired, stricken face. He felt a fierce joy in the absence of that cordial greeting with which he was wont to be received by those of his friend's parishioners who happened to be at the station; now they either saluted sullenly or drew away as if they knew his errand and resented it. He wanted them to resent it, and he was glad when those who seemed least pleased to see him gave a deferential "Good evening, Father," to O'Donnell; he felt that he must punch their heads if they failed in courtesy to the man beside him.

"I know it's hard on you, old man," had been Father O'Donnell's first words. (He always thought of the other fellow's end, the Vicar-General remembered, with an added pang.) "It's awfully rough on you, but I am so glad to see you. You can't think how I have wanted you."

The Vicar-General had a horrible feeling that if he did think how Jack had wanted him he should cry. A vicar-general in tears would be quite without precedent, so he looked sterner than ever.

Later in the evening the Vicar-General listened to Father O'Donnell's story.

"Deny the whole thing, Jack!" he cried in his old impulsive way, forgetting all about being a vicar-general. "Deny it. These people will never press the charges, and, if they should, who's to believe 'em? I won't, for one."

"But they're quite true, Tom — all too true," the other priest said pitifully. "I'm down and out. God knows, I tried to fight, but I have no strength left. I am a miserable drunken wreck — after all these years, a failure! And I thought I loved my God!"

The Vicar-General did not care a rap whether there was any precedent for it or not; he could not help himself, anyway. His dear old patient Jack in such straits! It nearly broke his heart.

There was no sign of emotion in the Vicar-General's face the next morning. His most official manner was in evidence when he took his seat beside the long table that was to serve as desk during the very informal court of inquiry he proposed to hold. At his left sat his

secretary, a slim youth the Vicar-General was helping through college, who endeavored to look as dignified and stern as the Vicar-General. Father O'Donnell sat at the end of the table, at the Vicar-General's right. The Vicar-General had assured him that it was unnecessary for him to be there, had indeed urged him to stay away. But Father O'Donnell would come. "It is part of my punishment," he explained patiently to the Vicar-General, "to hear them say it." The Vicar-General felt that it might be part of his, too, and was not altogether prepared to take it.

There were only half a dozen men in the room besides the two priests and the slim young secretary. The Vicar-General's keen eyes glanced rapidly from one to another, missing nothing. There was Carroll, on hand to do his duty, and hating it as fiercely as the Vicar-General hated his. "Young" Brennan — not so very young, but so distinguished by his fellow townsmen from his grandfather and father, all christened "Patrick" and known respectively and respectfully as "the Old Man," "Pat," and "Young" Brennan. "Young" Brennan had the air on this occasion of having been caught stealing chickens. Micky Hickey did not look up at all, but gave his whole attention to his hat, which he held gingerly between his knees, regarding it apparently as something quite new and strange to him, though Micky had not boasted a new hat in three years or more. Sandy McPharr, unctuous and servile. "That's the chap that made the trouble," was the Vicar-General's inward comment. Sandy had a face like a ferret — the little shifting eyes, sharp nose, thin lips, and wabbly chin of the born trouble-maker. With Sandy came his son-in-law, Sam Shea. Sam was so impressed with his own achievement in becoming the son-in-law of so important a personage as Sandy McPharr that he had never done anything since. He endeavored to be a willing echo of his father-in-law, but his willingness did not always offset his weakness, and it was "Old Man" Brennan's publicly expressed opinion that if a man were as tall as Sam Shea was stupid he would be obliged to stoop to look at the moon.

It was the last man of the six whose presence the Vicar-General particularly resented — "Big" Tom Scott. Just as some men acquire military titles by force of personality, Scott was invariably addressed and referred to as "Big Tom." There was no doubt about the bigness. He was not so tall,— the Vicar-General was taller,— though Scott was well over the average height, and his enormous breadth of shoulder and depth of chest made him conspicuous in any crowd — in Father O'Donnell's small sitting-room he seemed a crowd in himself. His voice was big, too, rich and full and deep, with a kind of rumble in it that suggested distant thunder. But it was the bigness in the man's face, a face marked by an ugly scar that ran from eyebrow to chin, the bigness in the steady blue eyes, that made people trust him, that made him a man to bank on in a fight or anywhere else. Was Scott an ingrate? The Vicar-General felt his indignation rise within him as the question crossed his mind, and the indignation was not lessened as he noted the spasm of pain that made Father O'Donnell's features twitch as Scott spoke to him.

It did not take long to get at the facts in the case; they were all pitifully plain. Carroll told his story straightforwardly, but with a visible regret that endeared him to the Vicar-General. He had seen Father O'Donnell under the influence of liquor — well, drunk, you might say — three times, once on the street and twice in church, when he had been unable to get through the mass, owing to his condition. He thought probably Father O'Donnell had been ill and had taken a drop of something to steady himself, and it had gone to his head; that was all there was to it, so far as he knew. The Vicar-General restrained an impulse to shake hands with Mr. Carroll.

Young Brennan had assisted Father O'Donnell home on the occasions mentioned by Carroll. Young Brennan was most respectful to the Vicar-General, but his chicken-stealing manner had changed to an air of defiance, a chip-on-the-shoulder effect, that seemed to find its special animus in Sandy McPharr; his answers to questions were hurled at McPharr as if that pattern of propriety were the accused in the case. The pattern became decidedly restive under Young Brennan's vindictive glare, and muttered to the faithful Sam "as he didn't see why he was a-bein' looked at; he never got drunk in his whole life, as anybody could say!"

It was a relief to McPharr when it was Micky Hickey's turn to testify. Micky continued to interest himself in the shape and texture of his hat, to which he confided his remarks in so low a tone that Mr. Carroll felt obliged to bestow a fraternal kick upon him, admonishing him to speak out like a man, so his Reverence could hear him; and Young Brennan advised him to "quit eatin' potatoes if he couldn't swallow 'em no quicker nor that." On top of this, the Vicar-General attempted to help along by asking a few questions. Micky's patience gave way. He turned his much abused hat right side up and shook it and himself free from further restraint.

"You'd 'a' did it yourself if you'd 'a' been in his place," he shouted at the Vicar-General;

"you'd 'a' did it quick enough. There's old coots around here I could name as would drive anybody to drink, and I don't care what you say, I ain't goin' to say another darn word!"

"Micky," — Father O'Donnell was stern enough for two vicar-generals and an episcopal disciplinarian thrown in,—"remember to whom you are speaking; apologize at once!"

Poor Micky was utterly routed. He floundered helplessly for a moment, then took courage to look at the Vicar-General; and, instead of the frowning displeasure he expected to encounter, there was something close to approval in the kindly glance that met his. "I meant no offense, sir," said Micky, and sat down.

McPharr could hardly wait to begin his recital. He was the richest and in his own eyes the most important member of the parish. He had been the one to carry the story of Father O'Donnell's defection to the Bishop, and he mentioned that circumstance more than once. It was all for the good of the parish that he had acted, and it was a sore heart he had carried with him when he called on the Bishop — a very sore heart. Young Brennan said something under his breath about a sore head in a meaning way that made Mr. McPharr proceed hastily:

We were all poor critters, and temptation was alwuz with us, and he, for one, was alwuz willin' to make allowances; but others must be considered — the young, the innocent must be protected. (McPharr loved to hear himself talk.) The women looked to him in this matter, and, hard as it was, he never had turned aside from dooty; he never would. Then he went on to give a graphic and minute account of Father O'Donnell's failings — "disgraceful and repeated orgies," he characterized them. What a scandal in the parish! What a shock to the community! As McPharr talked on, Father O'Donnell might have been carved of stone, an image of despair. The youthful secretary forgot to watch for his cue from the Vicar-General, and took notes so viciously that his paper was punctuated with holes. Micky Hickey licked his lips nervously, and put his hat down on one side of his chair and picked it up and put it on the other side no less than a dozen times. Young Brennan, with admirable self-control, sat on his hands, finding some vent for his feelings in reducing Sam Shea to pulp by the ferocity of his expression. Carroll twisted and turned, and "Big" Tom regarded McPharr steadily and tolerantly — the only tolerance shown him, had he but known it. The Vicar-General had to drum on the table to keep from doubling up his fist.

"It is not necessary to go into further detail, Mr. McPharr," he finally interrupted sharply. "I believe you have already made your report to the Bishop. All I am here for is to discover whether your charges can be sustained. You have the witnesses, and Father O'Donnell has made no denial of your story, so I need detain you no longer."

"Excuse me, your Reverence,"— it was a big voice with a rumble in it of distant thunder, the big voice of "Big" Tom,—"excuse me, may I say a word before you send us out?"

For a moment the Vicar-General hesitated; he could not look at Big Tom and distrust him. "Certainly," he said, and waved the others back to their seats.

"I take it, your Reverence," Big Tom began slowly, still standing, "that you came down here to get at the truth of this matter — the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

The Vicar-General nodded and said "Certainly" again.

"Do you think you've done it, sir?" asked Big Tom.

The Vicar-General started. "Are there other charges, Mr. Scott?"

"There are, many of them, if the Bishop is to know the whole truth."

"Go on, Mr. Scott." The Vicar-General sat up very straight; his dark eyes gleamed like living coals, his handsome mouth was set in a hard line. Men feared the Vicar-General when he looked like that, but Big Tom leveled his gaze squarely at the stern face confronting him.

"I have known Father O'Donnell as long as you have, your Reverence," Big Tom began; "known him as boy and man; knew his father and mother before him. I saw him celebrate his first mass, though at that time I held religion was for priests and women and children, not for strong men like me, but I went to mass that day because of knowing the family.

"I was here when he first came here more than twenty years ago, and I've known him well all these years. I didn't help him none when he first came; I did my best to hinder him, more like; but he never said me an ugly word for all the trouble I made him. I tried again and again to quarrel with him to show off my independence before the boys, but he wouldn't quarrel; he'd laugh at me sometimes, but he'd only say, gentle and quiet-like, 'You'll learn some day, Tom; you were meant to be a good man, and I'll guarantee you will be yet.' It made me madder than anything, but I couldn't help likin' him, though I'd 'a' died before I let on. Other people liked him, too, and he got the church built, and started the school. But I had some influence with the boys, and I bothered him that way considerable.

"Owin' to the buildin' and startin' the school,

he hadn't a vacation for three year, and he was all run down and sick-like, so he went home for a month; and he'd hardly got out of town when the cholera struck us. We lived raw here then, and any disease had a great show for clearin' us all out. Father O'Donnell left Sunday afternoon, and another priest was to be here the next Sunday; but Carroll's mother, one of the right hands of the parish, was one of the first took, and Wednesday night, when the train came in, Father was the first and only passenger to step off. He looked like a ghost.

"'Good God!' says I, 'Father, what are you doin' here? This is no place for a well man, let alone a sick one. There's nine deaths already in three days!'

"'Do you think I'd be away from my people at such a time?' was all he said.

"When cholera had struck the towns south of us, we laughed at the idea of its gettin' us — Chanlersville was healthy and we was tough. But we had six months of such terror as sickens a man just to think of. Carroll, here, remembers, and Micky ——"

Both men nodded. "Horrible!" Carroll muttered.

"Horrible, yes," Tom went on; "horror that made brave men cowards and bad ones desperate. There was just one among us who never lost his head or his heart, who, half sick himself, was never too tired to answer just one more call, whatever it might be, wherever it might lead him, who went in and out among the sick and dyin' and dead, cheerin', comfortin', consolin', keepin' the sick alive by the very love that was in him, soothin' the dyin' as tender as a man's own mother, and helpin' us bury the dead. When the blessed frost came he collapsed, but the good Lord spared him to us 'cause we needed him so much."

Scott advanced a step nearer the table. "You'll say, perhaps, your Reverence, just as he said, he did just what any priest would 'a' done under the circumstances — just his duty. All right; put it that way if you will, but put it in. He did it. I charge him with it!"

Father O'Donnell's head was dropped on his folded arms, so he did not see the adoring tenderness in Micky Hickey's round, childlike face, or the respect in Carroll's; but the Vicar-General saw and was glad.

"You'd 'a' thought, after that," Big Tom continued, "that nobody could 'a' held out against him; but I did it. I said he was all right, and I didn't interfere with the other fellows any more, but I kep' on sayin' the church had nothin' to do with it — I didn't believe in God, but I believed in him. I told him so when he was gettin' better, and he said in the same old way, 'You'll see, Tom, some day; you'll come straight — I guarantee that.'

"Well, Brennan, here, can tell you of the time him and his sister were lost on the hills in the big blizzard of '96. Little things they were, and their father and mother frantic with the thought of them out in the storm. We was all in the search, but we'd 'a' give up many a time in them thirty-six hours, but Father O'Donnell wouldn't. He kep' right on, always ahead of us, and always sayin' to Pat, 'We'll find 'em — we must!' And when despair got us all, and it seemed hopeless to try to push into the storm another step, he heard somethin' the rest of us didn't hear, and started on a run; and when we got up to him he had the kids, diggin' 'em out from under the snow, warm and asleep. What did he hear? I don't know. Mrs. Brennan says angels. He nearly died of pneumonia from the exposure. Just his duty again, o' course; but, again, put it down — I charge him with it!"

Young Brennan held his head high and smiled at the Vicar-General as if proud to acknowledge his indebtedness to the man he had been forced to accuse a few moments since.

The big voice resumed its tale. The thunder in it was the thunder that promises coolness and refreshment after drought, beneficent and comforting.

"You all remember the fire when the mill burned; that's only ten years ago. Most of us had sad reason for remembering, God knows. You know how we was all caught like rats in a trap, and how we passed the girls out of the windows, and how, when there was still a hundred or more of us left inside, the whole thing went down, and we was there under the ruins, dead and alive, the flames roarin' round us, penned in! There didn't seem any chance for us then, and we knew it, when I heard my name called, and there, crawlin' over one of the big wrecked girders, was his Reverence. 'I'm afraid I can't save you for this world, dear lads,' he says, 'but I can help you face the next.' He went from one to another, and it looked like he'd be killed the next minute when he knelt by Micky's boy, Dan, who was held by the wreckage, bricks fallin' all about him.

"It was just a question of minutes to us then; but the men outside, seein' his Reverence had found a way, followed it up. They had to work quick and slow at the same time, the flames was lickin' things up so fast, and if they tried to clear a way the whole thing was liable to come down on us; but they made it some way and got us some way — even Micky's boy Dan, with the two legs of him broke — his Reverence directin' it all. Him and me was the last ones. He made

me go first, because I refused the sacrament and wasn't fit to die! Just his duty again, sir — his plain duty. I charge him with that, too — offerin' his life for a blackguard! Put it down, young fellow, put it down!"

Micky Hickey openly wiped his eyes on his sleeve unashamed, and the young secretary gave a hysterical little laugh, that was half a sob, like a girl, as Scott ordered him to "put it down."

"There's many other charges we could bring up, sir, if there was time." The voice that had been raised to a smothered roar dropped back to its organ tones. "There's many a lad that's been kep' straight, many a girl saved from worse than death,— a mill town's hard on girls,— we can charge up to our pastor. There's men been made to act honest against their wills," — Young Brennan and Carroll stared meaningly at McPharr,— "but it isn't necessary to name all them things; they're a matter o' course. But I want it in the charges, what he has done for me. It's a hard thing I'm goin' to do, sir, but I'd do much harder for the sake o' the Bishop knowin' the truth."

He paused a second or two, then went steadily on:

"I lost my eldest boy and my girl in that fire, and I hated the God I said I didn't believe in, because he had spared my life and taken theirs. I went from bad to worse; I was lower than the dogs in the street; even my wife was forced to turn against me for her own safety and the children's. But Father O'Donnell wouldn't give me up. I ran away; I hid myself in places too bad to name before you, sir — there's one o' the marks." He touched the scar on his cheek. "But he found me and brought me back. I was nearly done for, that time, and I begged him to let me die, to let me go. I crawled on the ground and cried to him — I wasn't a man: I was an outcast, a beast, a thing. And over and over he'd say, 'I promised God to bring you home to him; as your priest I'm your guarantee; I must do it.'

"For three years we fought it out like that; then I had to yield to him. The lowest thing in creation couldn't have resisted such love as that. The struggle up was more terrible, if anything, than the fall down — the sickening fear of failure, the awful nights when even tryin' seemed a hopeless thing, when to stand upright was an impossibility, to walk was to drag dead weights with me. But he made me do it; he would not let me fail. Sir, such love as his can never fail, because it's of God. Through his love I learned to know and feel and rejoice in the love of God, my Father in heaven; and so he brought me home!"

It was very still in the little room — so still that the Vicar-General could hear the heart-beats all about him.

"Sir, I charge Father O'Donnell with doin' his duty in all things, great and small, doin' it faithfully and well. He has worked so hard for us here, he is tired and worn. He has been lonely, for he hasn't the companionship of learned men like himself; he hasn't the comforts larger parishes afford — he has only us. And, because he was ill and weary, he felt discouraged, and a habit grew on him, and he did not know it, and it threw him and shamed him before us all; and because of this he thinks he cannot help us any more. But we love him — we can't do without him; he belongs to us, and we belong to him."

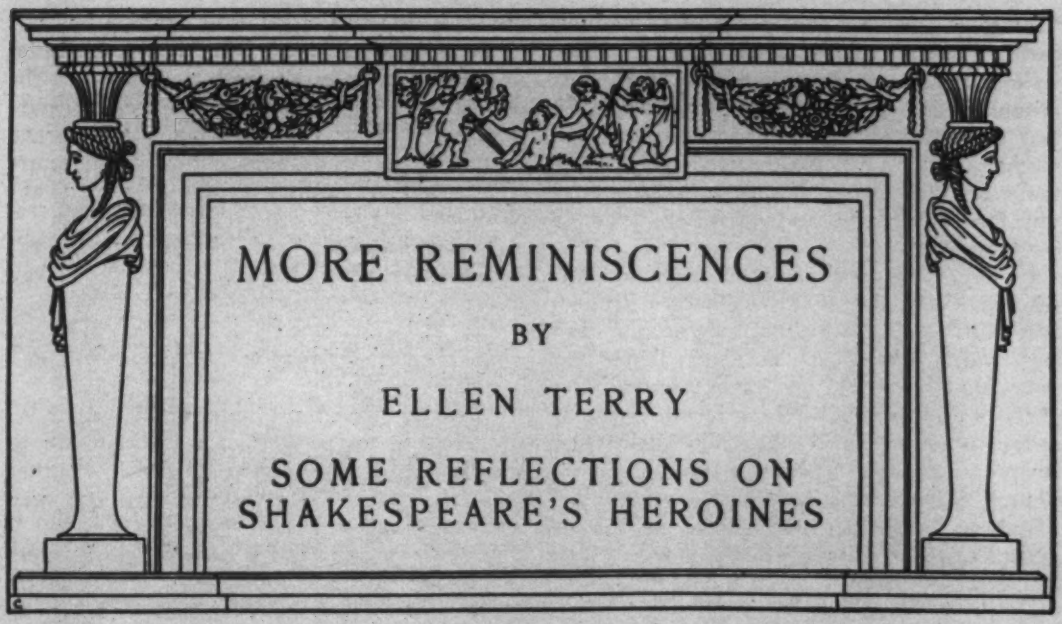
Scott's voice was like a trumpet, ringing and clear. He stepped close to Father O'Donnell, and laid his big hand on the priest's heaving shoulders gently as a woman, and the words sounded like a benediction.

"Tell the Bishop this, sir. Father O'Donnell made a mistake, but it will never happen again. I that was dead and am alive again promise you — I am his guarantee: for he saved my soul!"

The Vicar-General stood up. Micky Hickey declared afterward that he looked like an archangel.

"Gentlemen," he said, "a full report of your charges shall be laid before the Bishop, but I doubt if any further steps will be taken in the matter. I feel confident that the Bishop will be entirely satisfied with Father O'Donnell's guarantee."

And the Bishop was.



MORE REMINISCENCES

BY

ELLEN TERRY

SOME REFLECTIONS ON SHAKESPEARE'S HEROINES

DURING my long stage career I have often been asked how I think certain Shakespearian parts ought to be played. In other days, in younger days, I was too busy to answer. From morning to night I was at work, preparing for new productions at the Lyceum, and studying new parts — studying old ones, too; for, to a certain extent, one must accommodate one's acting to the different taste of different generations of playgoers.

Players must feel the pulse of the public. As long as they can still do that, they are never likely to become "old-fashioned": a nice word when applied to some things,— to manners, for instance, or to furniture,— but not at all complimentary when applied to acting! When once it is said we belong to the "old school," it is all up with us. We are no better than rusty nails, hanging by the wall, "in monumental mockery." In one sense, I belong to the "old school." I was born in it, trained in it. Indeed, I am not sure that I have not seen more than one "old school" in my time. But, just as I have tried to keep my *limbs* flexible (and, thanks be to God, have succeeded in doing so up to this year of grace!), so I have tried to keep my *ideas* flexible. The "old school" has always been to me more an invaluable training-ground than a reference-book of tradition.

A Story of Boucicault "Tradition"

Tradition! Who can say what stage tradition really is, and how far it is to be relied upon? How far is it wise to make an idol of it? The "tradition" as to the way certain parts should be acted is handed down to us in bits very often, and it is difficult to piece them together. Even when the whole "tradition" exists in a prompt-book, it may seem worthless in fifty years. I remember being told a story of Dion Boucicault, the elder, which illustrates this point.

He was, as is well known, a "producer" of extraordinary ability, as well as a writer of charming romantic plays, and when he was producing his plays every little detail was considered by him. The stage-manager's version of Boucicault's directions was written down in the prompt-book, and crystallized, as years went on, into the tradition of a Boucicault play. Now, it happened that when Boucicault was an old man he was asked to superintend a revival of one of his plays, one he had not thought of for fifty years — I rather think it was "The Peep o' Day."

"What do you mean by that? Why are you doing that?" said Boucicault, at one of the earlier rehearsals.

He was told that it had always been done, that it was "traditional," and the authority of the tradition was the prompt-book made during Boucicault's original production fifty years before.

"I can't remember a single thing about it," said Boucicault, "but I'm certain I never wanted any of this done."

He was shown the prompt-book, and could hardly believe it possible that it was all supposed to have originated with him. Yet for fifty years it had passed for the Boucicault

"tradition," which no one could afford to disregard. Probably the stage-manager, in transferring Boucicault to the prompt-book, had misunderstood him, or, more probably still, had taken down the directions faithfully but mechanically. This unintelligent reporting of the original production of a play may be responsible for many curious and apparently meaningless "traditions."

In any case, tradition must be sifted and selected. It is hopeless to swallow it with your eyes shut. I remember, when we were producing "Much Ado About Nothing" at the Lyceum, that Mr. Lacy, who, as a representative of the old school, was advising Henry Irving on certain points connected with his Shakespearian productions, told me of a tradition in the Church Scene which was so monstrous that I could not believe at first that he was serious. According to "tradition," Beatrice, when Benedick comes forward to assist the fainting Hero, "shoos" him away.

"Jealousy, you see," explained Mr. Lacy, "All women are jealous. She won't let him lay a finger on another woman. It gets a laugh," etc., etc.

I answered that not only was it impossible for *me* to do such a thing, but that it was so utterly opposed to Beatrice's character that it ought to be impossible for any actress playing Beatrice to do it!

It would be rash to argue from this that tradition is never any good. Take the case of a comedy of manners, such as "The School for Scandal." Such a comedy satirizes the manners and customs of a period, and, if we had no stage traditions to guide us, the period itself having faded out of memory, half the play would go for nothing. I believe that the reason why an Elizabethan comedy of manners would seem deadly dull to a modern audience is that the "tradition" is altogether lost.

Mrs. Siddons in the Sleep-Walking Scene

Traditional positions in a scene are nearly always valuable — perhaps because they teach us how little variety is possible in such matters. The building varies, but the scaffolding is the same. I once had in my possession a delicate little pencil sketch of Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth, given me by that member of the family whom we used to call "young Kemble" — who became in time old Kemble and is now dead. It was well drawn, done by some one at the time, and represented the Sleep-Walking Scene. There were the doctor and the gentlewoman in exactly the same positions as I have always seen them at the present time, and there was Mrs. Siddons, apparently making her exit in the whirlwind style. The Siddons tradition in the part of Lady Macbeth is stamped on the popular mind in a way that is a splendid tribute to the great artist's powers; but to the actress, examining the tradition technically, the figure of Mrs. Siddons' Lady Macbeth is by no means so clear.

That whirlwind exit! I have wondered, wondered about it; it is certainly not the key to her treatment of the whole scene.

John Philip Kemble on His Sister Sarah

There was alive until quite recently a Mr. A. who used to tell a story of a coffee-house in the city which his father frequented. Another regular customer was a very old man, still very handsome, and very deaf.

"That's old John Philip Kemble," the waiters used to tell the other customers. "No one dare speak to him. He loses his temper when he don't hear; and he don't, because he's so deaf."

However, Mr. A's. father, who was very enthusiastic about the theatre, kept on watching for an opportunity of getting into conversation with that cross, splendid-looking old man. And once, after handing him the mustard, or picking up his table-napkin, was rewarded by a "Thank'ee." This encouraged Mr. A. to shout,— he had to shout it!—"Could you tell me anything about your sister Sarah?"

"Eh — what?"

The question having been repeated several times, John Philip answered:

"Sarah? Oh, Sarah! You're quite right. She *was* a good actress."

This was baffling for the earnest inquirer! However, he persevered.

"What was her method in the Sleep-Walking Scene?"

"Oh, Sarah didn't cut out the Sleep-Walking Scene; oh, dear, no!"

"What was her method in the scene?" bellowed the earnest inquirer.

"*Method?* Sarah's method? Let me see — Sarah's method. Well, let me see,"— rubbing his chin. "*She never moved!*"

Such answers may be disappointing to earnest inquirers, but they convey a great deal to an actor. Only, what one would like to know is how my little pencil drawing of the stormy exit and that story of the motionless method can be reconciled. They can be reconciled, of course, but how did Sarah conduct the transition?

Her recorded memoranda on the part tell us nothing of that. Curiously enough, while they contain a great deal of penetrating criticism of incidents in the play, they present a picture of

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TWO PICTURES OF ELLEN TERRY AS LADY MACBETH

"SHAKESPEARE LOVED RESOLUTE WOMEN," SAYS MISS TERRY, "GALLANT, HIGH-SPIRITED CREATURES EVER READY FOR ACTION, A HUNDRED TIMES MORE INDEPENDENT THAN THE HEROINES CREATED BY WRITERS IN THESE LATER DAYS"

Lady Macbeth herself which seems totally at variance with the picture that the actress drew on the stage. I understand this very well. It is possible that, in the notes I am going to make on Shakespeare's women in this article, I may express quite different views from those which I have expressed practically by my acting. "After the practice, the theory"; but it is in the *practice* that players can give their best critical studies. Action, gesture, voice are the actor's medium. When he takes up the pen he becomes a literary critic of an inferior order. If I wanted to read about Hamlet, I should not go to a book written by an actor; but I doubt if, in all the books to which I should go, books which great writers have contributed to the study of that wonderful character, I should find any criticism equal to that given by Henry Irving in his acting of the part. I am *quite sure* that I should not find any.

ADELAIDE NEILSON AS VIOLA

I don't believe, for one thing, that any scholar has such advantages as we have. They don't learn so much Shakespeare by heart, and that is the way to *penetrate* his meaning. They may have far more erudition — precisely as a man who studies religion scientifically has more erudition than a simple peasant saying an ave. But which of the two, the professional theologian or the devout peasant, best knows what the ave means?

Henry Irving as a Critic of Shakespeare

In this connection I recall a conversation I once had with Henry on the subject. I was telling him of my Shakespearian studies.

"When I was about sixteen or seventeen, and very unhappy, I forswore the society of men. Yet I was lonely all the same — I wanted a sweetheart. Shakespeare became my sweetheart! I read everything there was to read about my beloved one. Between the ages of seventeen and twenty I lived with his plays. I am sure, by the way, that 'Titus Andronicus' is not by Shakespeare. What do you think?"

"I can't say," Henry answered calmly. "I have never read it."

I was much impressed by this simple admission, and contrasted it with the pretentious claims to know all about everything which some lesser men put forward.

"But," went on Henry, "I will guarantee that when I have read it I shall know more about it than A. or B. or C." (mentioning some literary folk). "Do you notice that they read the plays, and read them, and read them, but never penetrate further? When I read a play, I see it — I live it. Reading! What sort of reading is it that makes any one talk as S. talked last night about 'Macbeth'!"

This referred to a conversation in the course of which a Mr. S. had attacked Henry for his reading of "Macbeth." Henry, I remember,

ELLEN TERRY AS IMOGEN, WHICH SHE CONSIDERED ONE OF HER BEST PARTS

MISS TERRY'S LATEST PORTRAIT

had listened patiently to the rather conventional reasons urged by Mr. S. to support his assertion that Henry was all wrong. Macbeth was a brutal, burly warrior, and so on. When Mr. S. stopped for want of breath, Henry said blandly:

"I say, S., have you ever *read* 'Macbeth'?"

People of the same type as S. often said, too, that Henry Irving's Hamlet was not Shakespeare's Hamlet. But what is Shakespeare's Hamlet? There are so many Hamlets hidden in the poet's written words, and surely Henry was more competent to interpret these words than his critics. Each actor shows us Shakespeare's lines under different conditions, and interprets them by a method special to himself.

Ellen Terry's Lecture Tour

At the time of writing this I am just setting forth on a long lecture tour in the United States,* and I am delighted to think that it will be possible in a lecture to work a little in my own medium. When I talk *about* Ophelia or Juliet or Lady Macbeth, I may convey very little; but, if I quote their own words, action, gesture, voice will all help me to make them living women to my audiences.

I was discussing this lecture on Shakespeare's women with an American friend, the other day, and asking him if he thought it would be interesting. "I know the subject is not exactly new," I said, "but I think it is the one in which

* Miss Terry will arrive in New York on October 26, to begin her lecturing tour in the United States.

ADELAIDE NEILSON AS JULIET

MISS TERRY HAS NEVER SEEN A JULIET, SHE SAYS, WHO WAS GREAT ENOUGH — GREAT IN PASSION AS IN DARING. NEILSON WAS A VISION OF LOVELINESS, BUT DID NOT PORTRAY THE FLAMING SOUL OF JULIET

I can best use myself, because all that I have learned about Shakespeare's heroines has become a part of me."

I was a little ashamed of the egotism of this remark, but it's no good an actress denying that her art is *personal*. To my surprise, my friend's objection to my programme was that it was not egotistical enough.

"The most popular lecture you could give would be one on yourself."

"On myself! What do you mean?"

"Autobiography is what the public wants," my friend answered. "Tell them about your life. They'll eat it. Egotism in life may do harm, but in lectures it ought to be as delightful as it is in memoirs. When people talk about other people, or write about them, they are often dull; but when they talk about themselves they are seldom uninteresting. If Pepys had not chattered about himself in his diary, who would care to read it nowadays?"

I quite saw the truth of this, but it seemed to me that, in dealing with Shakespeare's heroines in one of my lectures, I should of necessity be including a good deal of autobiography; for a great part of my life has been spent in the closest and most intimate association with them, and if you take them out of my life you take one of the props that hath sustained my life! You take twenty years of my career and wipe them out altogether.

Twenty years in such company could not fail to educate any one, I assure you! You may gather that I have a great opinion of Shakespeare's women. I *have*. He brought the idea that women are human beings, with separate individualities,— beings no less important, if different, from men,— to a point that no other writer before or since has ever reached.

Shakespeare's Gallant, High-Spirited Women

Shakespeare had a fondness for drawing reflective, dreamy men. He preferred the artist to the man of action — perhaps because the very masculine type, the straightforward man

SARAH BERNHARDT AS LADY MACBETH

"THERE WAS SOMETHING STRANGE, SOMETHING ALOOF, SOMETHING TERRIFYING ABOUT HER," SAYS MISS TERRY, IN DESCRIBING BERNHARDT IN THE SLEEP-WALKING SCENE

of few words and many deeds, is not, after all, of the highest interest to the dramatist; perhaps because, as Mr. Frank Harris has proved very ingeniously in "The Man Shakespeare," all his characters were, in a sense, but different revelations of his own individuality. Certainly, we find the dreamer and philosopher in Macbeth, the murderer; in Richard II., the King; in Romeo, the lover; in Anthony, the soldier; in Arthur, the child; in Jacques, the courtier and man of the world. By way of contrast, Shakespeare seems to have loved *resolute* women, gallant, high-spirited creatures ever ready for action, a hundred times more independent than the heroines created by writers in these later days. With the exception of George Meredith's women, all nineteenth-century heroines seem singularly "backward" and limited compared with Shakespeare's.

How far do Shakespeare's women conform to a certain well-bred, well-educated, independent type which was the direct product of the Renaissance woman's movement? That type is to be

DUSE, WHOSE JULIET MISS TERRY DESCRIBES AS POSSESSING A "KIND OF SIMPLICITY — THE STRAIGHT THOUGHT, STRAIGHTLY IMAGINED AND PORTRAYED"

MODJESKA AS LADY MACBETH

MISS TERRY LIKED MODJESKA BEST AS JULIET. "SHE HAD THE NOBLE TOUCH," SHE SAYS IN DESCRIBING THIS GREAT ARTIST'S PERFORMANCE

recognized, I think, in Beatrice, in Rosalind, in Portia, and in Juliet; but one must not strain the point too far, any more than one must wholly identify Cleopatra and Armida with Mistress Filton, Shakespeare's "dark lady," or Miranda and Perdita with his daughter Judith — any more than one must see his wife Anne in all the disagreeable and shrewish women of the earlier plays, and his mother in Volumnia. But, as his early marriage with a provincial-bred woman older than himself may reasonably be supposed to have affected his ideas of women when he first came to London and wrote plays, as his passionate devotion to Mistress Filton may at a later time have given him material for the creation of the *grande amoureuse* in Cleopatra and the ignoble light woman in Cressida, so some highly educated, well-bred, noble-hearted woman — some true daughter of the Renaissance movement — may have suggested the creation of Beatrice and Portia.

But none of Shakespeare's women are faithful copies of living models. Perhaps that is why they are as much alive now as they were in

ELLEN TERRY AS VIOLA

MISS TERRY SAYS NOTHING OF HER OWN PERFORMANCE OF THIS PART, BUT SHE THINKS SHE KNEW HOW TO PLAY BEATRICE. AS OPHELIA SHE CAME NEARER SATISFYING HERSELF THAN IN ANY OTHER PART

the sixteenth century. Perhaps that is why they need no special type of actress to interpret them. Every good actress is Juliet, is Lady Macbeth, is Rosalind, according to her imagination; and the best actresses are always right, whatever their interpretations may be. Until recent years I had seen very few actresses in Shakespeare, and the fact that when I did see them it was generally in one scene at a matinée, or in a last act, when I rushed away from my own theatre to theirs, makes it impossible for me to comment on and discuss their interpretations in detail. One remarkable thing I have noticed, and that is that great acting is always, in a sense, the same, *and* (though this sounds a paradox, it is true) great actors and actresses never resemble one another in the slightest degree!

People have sometimes told me that if Mrs. Siddons could come back to us now, we should probably not be able to stand her; her acting wouldn't do in modern times — and so on. Wouldn't it! I say that, if we could see her now, all that we shouldn't be able to stand would be the illumination of it! She would dazzle us with light.

The Lady Macbeth of Mrs. Siddons, Ristori, and Sarah Bernhardt

Mrs. Siddons, according to her notes on the part, thought that Lady Macbeth was "fair,

PHYLLIS TERRY, ELLEN TERRY'S NIECE
AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN, WHEN SHE HAD HARDLY BEEN ON THE STAGE A YEAR, THIS YOUNG ACTRESS SURPRISED LONDON BY HER EXQUISITE PERFORMANCE OF VIOLA

feminine — nay, perhaps even fragile." Yet, on the stage (if those contemporaries who have left impressions of her performance are to be trusted) Mrs. Siddons presented a threatening and commanding figure, a woman imbued with "a turbulent and inhuman strength of spirit," an "exultant savage." Mrs. Siddons must have realized that her physical appearance alone — her nose, her raven hair, her eagle eyes, her commanding form — was against her portraying the Lady Macbeth of her imagination. It is no use an actress wasting her nervous energy on a battle with her personality. She must use it as an ally.

Yet I do not believe, all the same, that the Siddons Lady Macbeth was a "man in petticoats." Those who said so were imposing an eighteenth-century standard of femininity. Mrs. Siddons had to abandon the Lady Macbeth of delicate and sensitive spiritual structure and fragile physique, but I dare assert she gave them a womanly Lady Macbeth, for all that.

There is not a line in this short part — short in words, but how long in opportunities for the actress — that does not indicate that the "dearest partner" of Macbeth's ambition and crime is a *woman*, with the nervous force of a woman, the devotion of a woman, and, above all, the conscience of a woman. It is her tortured conscience that kills her in the end.

I saw the great Italian actress, Ristori, as Lady Macbeth, but, alas! my memories of it are most indistinct. She created a great impression on me, in particular, by her reception of Duncan. I can see her now, bowing, bowing, ceaselessly bowing, almost to the ground. It was very Italian, and very good. She played the Sleep-Walking Scene in a way that emphasised its ugly side. She was the somnambulist before everything, and her heavy breathing was rather upsetting in its realism. My ideas about the famous scene have completely changed since I played Lady Macbeth at the Lyceum more than twenty years ago. I know I struck no note of horror. Sarah Bernhardt I saw in just this one scene, and there was something strange, something aloof, something terrifying about her. It was as if she had come back from the dead. Oh, that I could remember *how* she got that effect!

JULIA MARLOWE AS VIOLA

MISS MARLOWE, IN THE FACE OF THE SUPERSTITION THAT ONLY MATURE ACTRESSES SHOULD ATTEMPT VIOLA, PLAYED THE PART WHILE YET A YOUNG GIRL. "WHAT WAS LOST IN SOME WAYS WAS GAINED IN OTHERS," SAYS MISS TERRY IN COMMENTING UPON HER PERFORMANCE

Adelaide Neilson's Juliet

I think it is very important for any actress who studies the part of Juliet to remember that, although she is a girl, she is not an *ordinary* girl, still less an ordinary English girl. She has all the young Italian's mastery in dissimulation, and a nobility in loving that seems to have been one of the special attributes of the women of the Italian Renaissance. There is a kind of gravity about her which makes her seem older than her years, and a courage which is conventionally supposed to be found oftener in men than in women. I don't remember to have seen any Juliet who was *great* enough — great in passion as in daring. My sister, Kate Terry, looked a little girl. I really was a little girl at the time, but I can recall the sweetness and fragrance of her performance in the Balcony Scene (my worst scene, by the way); but I don't remember the rest. I saw Modjeska in the same scene, with Johnston Forbes-Robertson as Romeo. She had the noble touch. Duse has it, too: a kind of simplicity — the straight thought, straightly imagined and portrayed.

Then, there was Adelaide Neilson's Juliet. I see a vision of loveliness, great velvety eyes, a pure white brow; a ridiculous dress with a Victorian lace "bertha." I hear a soft, gentle

voice, ruined by an artificial and pedantic diction. But where is the flaming soul of Juliet?

"O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!"

This is a beautiful creature; she may give us but a painted sorrow, yet what a lovely painting! Its beauty takes one's breath away — makes us love her, and forget that this is only the face of tragic passion, not its heart.

Julia Marlowe and Ada Rehan as Viola

I would far rather see a young English actress tackle Viola than Juliet. I was impressed by this idea some years ago in America, when I saw Miss Julia Marlowe in this part. She conquered the audience with her *youth*. It was something quite new then (for me) to see a young girl rushing in (not at all like a fool) where experienced actresses (not always like angels) dare not tread. There was a sort of understanding, in England at least, that it was a life-time before one knew enough of one's trade to venture on such parts as Viola, Juliet, Rosalind, Portia, etc. But Julia Marlowe knocked the superstition to bits. What was lost in some ways was gained in others. I felt this again, many years later, when I saw Viola Tree make her first appearance as Viola, and once again, the other day, when my brother Fred's daughter, seventeen-year-old Phyllis Terry, surprised London by her exquisite performance at the Shakespeare Festival at His Majesty's. The child had hardly been on the stage a year, but she was almost the perfect Viola.

Of course, in her case, inherited aptitude for the stage must to a certain extent have supplied the want of experience, but it was none the less an extraordinary contradiction of the theory that actresses cannot play Shakespeare's young heroines until they are too old to play them! Fred, who a quarter of a century earlier had been the twin-brother Sebastian to *my* Viola, played it again with his young daughter. The likeness between them was extraordinary. It is as sure as anything can be in this world that my niece Phyllis has a great future. I don't think I have seen any other young actress with such a heaven-born instinct for the stage.

Ada Rehan's Viola was more sophisticated. As a whole, I missed something which I learned later extreme youth can give better than the most accomplished art, but I shall never forget her delivery of the speech in which Viola answers Olivia's question as to what she would do if she loved:

Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house.
Write loyal cantos of contemnèd love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night.
Hallo' your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, "Olivia!" O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!

What wonderful things Ada Rehan did with her wonderful voice in that speech I defy any critic to convey; and all seemed governed by a most true and beautiful emotion. There was at times an unspeakably attractive bashfulness, a shy reticence, in Ada Rehan's comedy which I believe must be inherent in the Irishwoman, for I have noticed it in another Irish actress — Ellen O'Malley. It was fascinating in Ada Rehan's Viola, although, to my thinking, this was not her best Shakespearian performance. To see that, you had to see her Katharine in "The Taming of the Shrew."

Helen Faucit's Rosalind

"More than common tall." Shakespeare was fond of tall heroines — because Mary Fitton was tall, says Mr. Frank Harris; because the actresses of his day were young men, say others. She is vivid and witty in her speech, like Beatrice; enjoys rather racy jokes, like many of his heroines: but, for all her "cheekiness," she has a breeding which it is impossible to mistake. At least, I should have thought so, but I cannot help remembering performances of Rosalind that were epitomes of vulgarity.

Helen Faucit (afterwards Lady Martin) was a beautiful Rosalind. It is true that I saw her when she was no longer young, and she took the part at the pace that *kills*. It was all portentously *slow*, more like a lecture on the part than the part itself. And yet, the grace of gesture and speaking, reflecting a yet greater grace of mind, the perfect adjustment of the means to the end, the certainty of everything, stamp this performance in my mind as the greatest I ever saw of a Shakespearian part.

Mrs. Charles Kean's Shakespearian Acting

I have often been asked about Mrs. Charles Kean's acting in Shakespeare, but, as I only saw her when I was a small child, and when, moreover, I stood in great awe of her,— hardly dared to look at her,— any opinion I can express is inadequate, to say the least of it. Of her Constance in "King John," of which I ought to know something, as I was the Arthur of that production, I can remember very little except that she never took her eye off me — at least,

I never *found* it off me. She sobbed a great deal. Her Hermione was very dignified, in spite of the petticoats she wore under her classic draperies. My young heart was deeply moved by her sufferings, whereas when she wept as Constance I did not care a bit — a test, of a kind. Her Queen Katharine in "Henry VIII."— well, she *could* play Katharine, I can tell you, even if she didn't terrify the surveyor as much as Mrs. Siddons is reported to have done.

A Story of Mrs. Siddons' Realism

One has to be familiar with the scene to appreciate the story. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor is there, prepared to answer any questions put by the King and Wolsey. He knows that the more damaging his answers are to Buckingham, the more he will please them. Suddenly the woman, the Queen, on whom he hasn't counted at all, whom he presumes perhaps to be indifferent, turns round at some particularly mendacious statement of his, and, fixing him with a penetrating look, exposes his want of disinterestedness in the matter:

> If I know you well
> You were the Duke's surveyor, and lost your office
> On the complaint of the tenants: take good heed
> You charge not in your spleen a noble person
> And spoil your nobler soul. I say, take heed;
> Yes, heartily beseech you.

The man who played the surveyor to Mrs. Siddons' Katharine trembled and shook to such a degree at rehearsal that the great actress had to ask him to control himself. His answer was to run off the stage. They tried to bring him back. "I can't, I can't; I'd rather die!"

Ellen Terry's Criticism of Her Own Acting

By this time it may easily be seen that my experience of actresses in Shakespearian parts is limited, and that what I have seen has never, not even in the case of Helen Faucit's Rosalind, surpassed my *imagination* of how these parts might be played. With my own acting of them I have, assuredly, never been satisfied.

I was terrified, the first night I played Ophelia, at my complete failure to realise *scientifically* my ideas — and concluded I was a complete failure with the public. Afterwards I came to please myself in this particular part more than in any other — and found, to my surprise, that the public had been pleased all along!

A few nights in my life I have played Portia well. Beatrice I knew how to play, but I was never swift enough. Imogen, I think, was one of my best parts. I did good things now and again in Lady Macbeth, in Volumnia, and in Hermione, but in whatever I did I could not live down the superstition that I was too "womanly" and "tender" for such parts.

I sometimes think people use these words without knowing what they mean, and talk as if strength means something disagreeable and sweetness something weak.

I suppose my day as a Shakespearian actress is over, although there still remain a few parts, such as Constance, Katharine, Mistress Page, and Hermione,— parts any woman might act at any age,— to say nothing of the Nurse of Juliet, Emilia, Queen Gertrude, and others. It was in Shakespeare that I made my reputation, and in Shakespeare that I kept it. Happy the actress who is associated with Shakespeare, for she cannot play any of his parts without exerting imagination, without using every faculty. He suggests much, but often says little. He can never be literally translated. I do not know a single Shakespearian part that is *easy* to act. Happy the actress who is associated with Shakespeare, I say again, for she learns to think nobly of women, and, as if that were not enough reward, has her mortality clothed in the ample cloak of his immortality.

MY EXPERIENCES IN SAN FRANCISCO

BY

YOSHIO MARKINO

AUTHOR OF "A JAPANESE ARTIST IN LONDON"*

[NOTE.—This is a piece of autobiography by a Japanese artist now in London, dealing with his experiences as a boy when he first reached the United States.]

ON the early morning of July 15th, 1893, the S. S. *Peru* arrived at Golden Gate and I was on her board. Of course I was one of the Asiatic steerage passengers. The word "Asiatic steerage" is something more than dreadful for me to recollect now. Only those Chinese and Japanese laborers were the passengers in this class. First few days I could not eat the food they gave me. It was something more like the foods for dogs or horses. But I was lucky enough to be petted by those night watchmen. I don't know why they were so kind to me. Perhaps I was the youngest and neatest. They used to bring me some nice dishes. "Don't show that to the steward," they warned me. One Chinese boy, Han tsu Gi-Lon, was especially so kind. He was far more educated than those average Chinese. I used to have the conversation with him by writing, and he composed poetries; some of them were quite good. I still remember the names of two of those American night watchmen. One was called Hinton and the other Black. They became great friends. I believed and trusted everybody, and very often I took even their sneerings as kindness instead, all through my ignorance of their English (American, to speak more correctly!). One evening I went up to the deck, and it was rather cold, so I wrapped up myself with a rug. I looked just like Daruma (an image of a Buddhist disciple). A negro boy pointed on me and shouted, "Jesus Christ!" Of course I did not know anything about the American swearing; so I was quite pleased to be called Christ, who is equal with Buddha in Japan. Black and Hinton looked sorry for me and told me "not to let a negro swear at me."

The negro himself found out I was such a hopeless boy to swear at, and he afterwards became a real friend of mine and he taught me how to play "casino." Among the first-cabin passengers there was Mr. Tsuda, an old Japanese gentleman well known by his intemperance work. He often invited me to his cabin.

During all through the voyage I had something so seriously to worry. It was just the time that the immigration law was established in America, and I was told that some American officers would come on board and examine all the steerage passengers, and if one had not more than one hundred dollars, he would not be allowed to land.

Alas! I had a little less than twenty dollars, and I spent about thirteen dollars at Honolulu. I told about this to all my Japanese, Chinese, and American friends. They all said I need not worry about that, because I was not a laborer. Some of them suggested me that if the officer asked me how much I had, I should say several hundred dollars, which I have sent to some bank in San Francisco. I said I could not lie like that, and if I try to lie, my expression changes immediately and they will find out the truth. And I wept. One or two of them soothed me tenderly and said it was not quite necessary to lie, but the officers would surely pass me.

I spoke this matter to Mr. Tsuda at last. He gave me such a happy idea. He said he would

* "'Gentler, easier, and fairer than any business I had before!' I said to myself. Oh, I don't hate the business matter now! I see it does not always taste like castor oil. This is perfectly honey!'" And as Yoshio Markino had these sentiments when it was settled that he should assist in the production of "The Darling of the Gods," so can I find no words more fitted to describe my sentiments on starting to review his latest books. To say that I have read them is to put it mildly. They are one continuous enchantment, from the time of his theatrical experience, when "my brain was quite busier than Mr. Tree was imagining," from the Samurai dinners of that period to those black days when for his lunch at San Francisco in the art school he was forced to eat the bread which was provided for the purpose of charcoal drawing.—*From the London "Bookman's" review of "A Japanese Artist in London."*

accompany me to the officer and tell the officer that I am his personal friend, and if the money was necessary he would show his own money. Oh, I felt so easy and happy, as if I had met with a Buddha in the Hell.

All the passengers were excited on the night of July 14th, because we had to land on the next morning. Perhaps I was the most excited one. I could not sleep, so I was on the deck all night. About 2 A. M. I saw a light above the horizon. It was the pilot boat which was to lead our boat. Half an hour later I saw a hilly land on the left side, with plenty of electric illumination. That was San Francisco, the very destination of mine. How very beautiful city it must be!

We were soon enveloped into a thick mist. Nothing could be seen and our boat stopped her engines. A few hours passed before the mist cleared up. About ten o'clock the *Peru* began to move on slowly. On the shore we saw many laborers were at work to take out the coals with transporter from the boats. I have never seen such severe work. Their faces were quite black with the coal dust, and the terrible sounds of the transporter were deafening.

Mr. Tsuda pointed them out and said to me, "You must go through that sort of life!"

"Quite willingly!" I answered him such courage. Who knows, this courageous feeling of mine had to be swept away by some great disappointment! What was my disappointment then? Well, however dusty their faces were, however hard they were working, those white races are treated as humans. And it was quite different matter with us Japanese. The readers must be patient until they come to my experiences later on, unless they have witnessed Japanese life in California.

Our boat arrived at the wharf at last. Hundreds of Chinese were made into rows on the deck. Several officers of the emigration came to examine the Chinese. I saw my dear friend Han tsu Gi-Lon in the row. He had put on his best silk robe for landing. The officers were making mark on the back of each Chinese with chalk, and so pitilessly an officer made a big mark on my friend's shoulder, then they were shouting and pushing and kicking those poor Chinese.

Oh, what on earth does that mean? I have never seen the human beings treated like that before. The English shepherds would treat their sheeps much tenderer!

I went straight to Han tsu Gi-Lon and shook his hand. "I cannot bear to see you treated like this. It makes me feel so sad."

My Chinese friend seemed not much minded. "Ah, allo Melicans do the same. You savez, Hip allight." Then he took out a piece of paper and wrote his address in Sacramento Street and asked me to call on him. An emigration officer came to us and shouted, "What are you doing here? You, Jap, have nothing to do with the Chinamen!" I politely explained him, with my very broken English, that that Chinese was my dear friend.

The officer, without single word, pushed me away so roughly. I could not even weep. No, it was beyond that. I was really angry. I said to myself, "Oh, how mistaken I was to think America was one of the most civilized countries! This is really most barbarous country indeed."

Mr. Tsuda came to me and said, "Now you must go to that room where you shall be examined."

I followed after him. In the room I found out the American officer with an interpreter and two Japanese gentlemen. One of them, I understood, was Mr. Chinda, the Japanese Consul, to whom I had an introduction letter.

The officer asked me, "What for you come to America?" I said directly to him in English, "For studying."

"Do you know anybody in San Francisco?"

I said, "No. But I have an introduction to the Japanese Consul," and I pulled out the letter from my pocket and was going to give it to Mr. Chinda. Mr. Chinda shook his head. I understood that he meant I mustn't do that there. The officer announced, "Pass!" Mr. Tsuda and I both so delighted. But I met another difficulty. Mr. Tsuda landed quite safe from the cabin gangway. He hired a cab and beckoned me to land at once. Alas, no ladders were put from the steerage deck!

I saw some sailors were arranging two narrow boards from the deck to the wharf. I thought it was for me to land. I stepped on them. Lo! they were so flexible and so slippery that I slipped right down to the wharf. They shouted after me, "Here, here, what are you doing?"

Afterwards I learnt that was for sliding the luggages!

After I joined to Mr. Tsuda I found out I had forgotten my bags on board. I wanted to get on board again, but I was not allowed.

One of the Japanese steerage passengers shouted, "Never mind. I shall bring that out for you."

I said, "Nothing much in it, so if it is too troublesome for you, throw it into the water."

However, he was kind enough to take care of it, and brought it out after half a day's delay (all the steerage passengers had to be detained half day). Mr. Tsuda and I drove to a Japanese Mission in Mission Street.

Many young Japanese were in a room where I

entered in. I was quite shocked with the topic of their conversation. It seemed to me a dream of dreams. Most of them seemed to be proud of being "Americanized." They were even calling each other with such Christian names as "Charlie," "Jack," "Joe"! Fancy giving up their own Japanese names which their beloved parents gave them! Let me write down a sketch of their conversation.

"Charlie, what are you doing now?"

"I? I got a job—three dollars and half a week!"

"What is it?"

"Well, cook; but the mistress talks awfully lots. She is a cat! And what about yourself, Joe?"

"General housework! Only two families and two dollars and half. They say they will raise up to three later on."

"Oh, you are a lucky dog!"

"And you, Tom?"

"I have no work; I am trying to get a job as a 'school-boy.'"

I myself sat down on a chair in the corner and drooped my head and kept silence. One of them came to me and said, "I suppose you are green, aren't you? You better to hurry up. When the rainy season comes, you can not get any work, you know!"

I said very timidly, "Could we not get any work a little more manly than domestic?"

They laughed at me and said, "That is why we call you 'green.' Um, do you think the whites would give us chance beside domestic, or fruit-picking, or railway-laying?"

But at that moment I was foolish enough to believe I could make money by the brain.

On the same night there was Dai Nippon Jin Kai (social meeting of the great Japan).. In Japan we have many associations and clubs with the names "Dai Nippon so and so." To me "Great Nippon" sounded something very noble; so I was much flattered to attend to Dai Nippon Jin Kai. I went out in the street and asked a policeman where was the meeting. He asked his comrade, "Where is Japs going to have a meeting?" Fancy, the Californian translation for "Great Nippon" is "Japs"! It gave away 100% of dignity.

I was so astonished and the shock went deeply into my spine. In that meeting Rev. Harris and Mr. Chinda had the demonstration about the Japanese education in California. Whereupon I learnt a great lesson: For the first time in my life I realized the critical question about Japanese in California. I most sincerely appreciated the kindness of Rev. Harris who was trying so hard to protect us!

The next day I went to the Golden Gate Park with another Japanese. Whenever we passed before the crowds, they shouted "Jap!" and "Sukebei!" (the latter word is too rude to translate). Then some of them even spat on us. When we came out to the corner of Geary Street pebbles were showered upon us! That was my first and very last visit to the Golden Gate Park!

By the experiences day after day, I had learnt that there was nothing but domestic work left for my livelihood, because the Californians didn't recognize us as the humans and they wouldn't accept any of our brain work. I thought, "How dreadful that is!" But I had to go through it, for my last nickel was gone within a week and I had to get any work immediately. I decided myself that as long as I did domestic work I should persevere everything in silence; because it would be absolutely foolish to talk about dignity after making myself as a slave.

I was told there was one job as a "schoolboy" in Sutter Street near Steiner Street. First thing I had to do was to buy a white coat and apron. Some Japanese lent me the money for that. Then he took me to the house. He settled my wage with the "ma'am" — one dollar and half a week.

Immediately the ma'am demanded me to scrub the kitchen floor. I took one hour to finish. Then I had to wash windows. That was very difficult job for me. Three windows for another hour! She said, "You are slow worker, but you do everything so neat. Never mind; you will learn by and by. I like you very much."

In the evening her husband, sons, and daughters came back. The whole family was eight in number. The ma'am taught me how to cook.

She asked me if my name was "Charlie." I said, "Yes, ma'am." At the dinner-table, she called, "Charlie, Charlie." But by that time I had quite forgotten that "Charlie" was my own name; so I did not answer. I was sitting on the kitchen chair and thinking what a change of life it was. The ma'am came into the kitchen and was so furious! It was such a hard work for me to wash up all dishes, pans, glasses, etc., after the dinner. When I went into the dining-room to put all silvers on sideboard, I saw the reflection of myself on the looking-glass. In a white coat and apron! I could not control my feelings. The tears so freely flowed out from my eyes, and I buried my face with my both arms. One of the daughters noticed that and asked me what was the matter. I said, "Nothing, Miss." The rest of the family came in. She said to them, "Something is not quite right with this little Jap." But that time I had quite recovered from my foolish misery. So I laughed, and they all called me "a funny little Jap."

I think I worked there about four days. Such a hard work from six in the morning until ten in the night! On the fourth or fifth evening I went to the Japanese Y. M. C. A. in Height Street, where one of my villagers was. I told him all about my daily work. He was so surprised. He said, "That is not a school-boy, but the general housework. If you work as a school-boy you ought to get time for the school hours. I suppose they are taking advantage of you, because you are green. Ask them to give you time to study."

There I learnt a new lesson and I went back to my room to sleep. All night I was thinking what to do. I hated to have any dispute which the servants generally do with their mistress. So I had come to the conclusion to leave that house altogether. At the luncheon time next day, when there were the ma'am and her elder daughter, I simply said this: "Please let me go immediately."

They asked me why I wanted to go away. I said, "Because I want to go away." They did not want to lose "a nice little Jap they have ever had." But after a few minutes the daughter broke in: "Oh, let him go away; we have no right to stop him against his will!" (I think this is the real American spirit, and I admire it so much. Even now I can not forget.)

The mother lost her temper and shouted, "That is not your business." Whereupon the daughter was very indignant. They had a furious quarrel about half an hour. Then the mother insisted she wouldn't let me go before her husband came back, or else she wouldn't pay my wages. I said I did not want any payment and said, "Good-by, Ma'am and Miss." When I came to the door, the daughter came to me and said, "I myself will pay you from my own pocket," and she gave me one dollar.

Since then I have been in seven or eight houses to work as a school-boy, "half day housework," or "a cook." In some places I got "sack" because I could not work quick enough, and in other places I ran away because either they did not pay me at all or they treated me too cruelly. In that way one whole year passed. During that time the Japanese Y. M. C. A. was my first headquarter, but I soon changed it to the Een sei sha (non-Christian Association), where I passed my starving days interval to my working days. Very often I could not pay for my bed, 10 cents a night, and I passed whole nights by walking on the streets. One morning, after my all night walk, I called on some house in Bush Street where my Japanese friend was working as a cook. Of course I went to the back door. He was so sorry for me and took me to his own room in down-cellar. Just while he was making some hot cakes for my breakfast, his ma'am came into the kitchen and asked him, "What for are you making so many hot cakes?" Whereupon he replied, "These are for my own breakfast, ma'am," and he ate all in her presence. He told me afterwards it was the hardest work for him to eat so much when he had no appetite, and he was so frightened that the lady might come into his room, where I was lying down, so he locked the door. I slept on his bed for a half day, and when his ma'am went out for afternoon shopping, he put two boiled eggs in my pocket and made me go away.

At that time I met with the Japanese Consul and some other elderly country-fellows, and I told them my ambition to become an English writer. They all advised me to be an artist instead, because the foreigners never become master of the other language.

I thought they were quite right and I decided to study the art. I wanted to attend to the Hopkins Art College. But the difficulty was the expense. The monthly tuition was six dollars for the cast class and seven dollars for the life class.

If I worked as a school-boy I could get the school hours, but my wages were not enough to pay the tuition. If I tried to get enough money I could not get time enough. I thought the best way was to do some hard work and save money for study. So I took a job as a general house-worker and cook at a house on Pine Street near Gough Street. It was three dollars a week.

When my room was shown to me, I saw some Japanese writing on the wall. Evidently some Japanese had been working here before. I read this:

"Beware! This is the most horrible place, the ma'am is such a hard-hearted woman!"

I said to myself: "Very well. Let the ma'am be 'hard-hearted' and let this place be as 'horrible' as possible. I am only a slave at the present moment; I shall persevere everything." But that prophesying was only too true. The woman (really I cannot call her lady) was so selfish and so bad-tempered. From morning till night she was grumbling at me for nothing. Well, I succeeded to bear that. But I was so unfortunate to get a severe influenza. It was needless to plead my illness; so I worked just the same. On my every step my head felt as if it was going to be cracked, and the woman grumbled at me because my work was so slow. When I went to bed at ten o'clock, I felt as if some red hot iron was stuck to my spine and yellow smoke was puffing through my nostrils. I passed three or four days in that way.

My patience was broken at last, and I left that house after four weeks or so. All my Japanese friends told me that I was so pale and nothing

but skin and bones. I got a nickname, "Kageboshi" (shadowy figure).

However, I had earned a little over ten dollars. Some Japanese told me the best thing was to do day-work. By which it meant to go to the Japanese employment office and get jobs of cleaning windows and steps, etc. So I did that. Then I got a better job to vulcanize some false teeth for some dentists.

By these ways I earned the money enough to attend to the Art College for two months. Then the saddest blow fell upon me. I got the news of my father's death in Japan. I suppose there is no one who doesn't feel sad by losing father. But I had shock more than anybody. I was so much attached to him, especially after my mother's death, and to me his one pleasing word was far more than thousands of nice reviews. I intended to succeed before he died only to see his pleasing smile!

My sister and brother wrote me all graphic details, and I learnt that my father was caught with paralysis so suddenly. They asked my father what were his last words to leave for me.

He could not speak, so he wrote on a piece of paper: "I shall not die until I see Yoshio's success." It was only a few hours before he died. This made me quite broken down. I passed the first few days as a dream. Then I began to swear at the Creator. Why has he so cruelly snatched my father away? In my boyish mind I thought it was too foolish to walk on the proper way in this beastly wretched world. So I became a gambler, and lived in the Chinese opium den.

It did not last more than three or four weeks. Their heads were so low and their behavior was so rough, and I could not get on well with them. But there I learnt a great lesson. I heard some great professional gambler was talking. He said: "Sometimes I come here with hundred dollars in my pocket, and during a night they get down to ten cents. However, with this ten cents I could make hundred dollars again. But if I bring only ten cents in my pocket, that ten cents never makes hundred dollars, nay, not ten dollars."

This stimulated my heart so much, I said to myself, "Well, I came out into this world as a Samurai. Although I am no more than a slave now, I shall get back to a Samurai, wherever I go." Thus I determined to study hard.

By this time I had learnt all cookings and washings and ironings, so I got just a suitable job for myself. Miss Holden, a medalist student at the Art School, wanted a Japanese boy at her house in Vallejo Street. Her family was seven in number, and I had to cook breakfast and dinner, and on Saturday to do washing half day and house-cleaning for the other half. All her family treated me very tenderly. They were English — very English; indeed, Queen Victoria's portrait was hung over the middle wall of the drawing-room!

I felt quite at home. They gave me all conveniences for my art study. If I wanted to go out for sketching, they would have early breakfast in beds. In the evenings, if their friends came, I was always called to the drawing-room to have chat with them. I was so earnest to make some composition for the fortnightly competition at the school. I always put my half finished composition on the kitchen table while I was cooking, and so absent-minded I was I made awful mess on the cooking. A kettle on the fire had no water and began to crack. I got a dipper full of water and poured it on mashed potatoes instead of in the kettle. Sometimes I burnt porridge. Sometimes when I opened the oven I found my sponge cake was transfigured into a red flaming fire. They always forgave my faults and passed every mistake simply by laughter. I worked there nearly three years.

Only once I had a dreadful time which I cannot forget even now. Their lovely cat had four kittens. They asked me to take these four little kittens in a potato sack to the sea-shore near by and drown them! I could not act myself as such a cruel demon. Yet I could not refuse the demand by my master and mistress. Anyhow, I took that cats-full-sack to the sea-shore. I pulled one of them out and I so fearfully put itin a shallow water and watched it. It looked so miserable, so I picked it up. I went to a lonely street and took all kittens out of the sack and left them amidst the street with heartily earnest hope that some sympathetic person might pick them up. When I ran away from them, they cried so loud, "Mew, mew, mew!" Now some fifteen or sixteen years passed since then, but even now I can hear their pitiful "mew, mew" so clearly!

At the school I paid six dollars a month out of my wages, so I had only two dollars a month as my pocket money, with which I had to buy all necessary things for my study as well as for my living. So naturally I could not pay traffic fares. I had to walk all the way. I often had bad fever on rainy days, because I was quite wet through, yet I had no other suits or boots to change. So often I wanted to give up this hard study. But every time I got some encouragement to go on. I attended on the cast class for about six months, then I reached to the extremity of the hardship, thought I must give up the school. Then Mr. Mathew (the headmaster) came to me and said, "You work so well, you must join to the life class from to-morrow."

All my classmates envied me, and I was much encouraged; but, on the other hand, fancy, I had to pay seven dollars a month! My pocket money was reduced into one dollar a month. I decided to do some window washing in the morning before the school hours. So I hurried to wash the breakfast dishes as quick as possible and went to the Japanese employment office to get jobs.

One day awfully comical incident happened. I got a job to wash ten windows for half dollar. It was a fortune for me. So I carried a few rags and rang the bell. A young boy came out. Lo! he was my classmate!

"Hallo, how could you find out my house? Walk in! I shall show you my sketches. Then have luncheon with me, and then we shall go to the school together." I was so shy to say I went there to wash windows, so I hid the rags in my pocket and did just as I was told, and I enjoyed myself. Afterwards I learnt that his mother went to the employment office and complained very much because they did not send her a Jap to wash windows!

In that way I attended to the Art School for eleven or twelve months with many intervals, and I always made my own luncheon from the breads given to the students for charcoal drawings. But as the time was passing on my suits were getting into rags, my boots worn out, and my shirts and hat getting too old to wear. Alas, I had to give up my school lessons. So I did all sorts of day works instead of going to the school. An idea came into my mind that I need not attend to the school for landscape study. With the money I got by washing windows and scraping the steps for several months, I bought a painting-box, some tubes of oil paints, and brushes, but as I could not buy canvases, I asked Mr. Holden to give me those cigar-boxes to paint on. One day I went to Land's End (near Cliff House) with all my provisions to learn the sketching. Some rough boys came and destroyed all my materials. It was such a disheartening thing for me. I was so frightened to go out — even on the streets, they used to throw stones at me. But it must be remembered they are not all the haters of Japanese. Once while I was passing the spare ground on the corner of Fillmore Street and Geary Street, some big young fellow threw a large stone at me. It struck my head. My hat was broken and my head got hurt. I never took any notice, but walked on.

A young lady was walking on the opposite side. She came to me and said: "Why don't you get a policeman to prison him?"

I said: "No, ma'am. It is quite useless, ma'am. I tried once or twice before, but police don't take any notice of us Japanese."

She expressed her deep sorrow and said she would speak to her father about that.

Another time, some one spat on me, and a gentleman was near by. He caught that fellow and smacked his head. I asked the gentleman not to be too severe, because I was so afraid that fellow might revenge on me only too hard.

Since then I tried to avoid to go out, unless it was quite necessary. I thought for studying any subject would do, to draw or paint, so I used to sketch books, kettles, chairs, or anything handy in the room.

This is a very rough sketch of my four years' life in San Francisco. All the time I was thinking that was not the place for me to stay long. Every day, nay, every hour, I wanted to get out from this actual Hell, and come out to the "East" or Europe. Oh, so often I looked at the eastern sky and worshiped and prayed, "Let me go." On the August, 1897, I met with Captain Sakurai, who happened to be in San Francisco for building a Japanese cruiser there. He gave me some introduction letters to his friends in Paris and London. He bought one of my sketches for thirty dollars (I think it really did not worth a nickel). Then another Japanese, Mr. Ota, gave me twenty dollars. With this money I paid the railway fare to New York.

At New York I had no less hard life — quite penniless again.

I wanted to cross the Atlantic as a sailor. But any employment office would not give me a job as a sailor because I was "too delicate." I struggled very hard there for four months. Then one of my Japanese friends in San Francisco forwarded me fifty dollars for the boat-fare. With this I came to Europe. Now San Francisco is simply my nightmare, yet I am most grateful to her. To confess the truth, I was such a weak-minded boy, especially for girls; all my villagers thought I might so possible ruin my life on account of love affairs. But that hard life in San Francisco saved me from all the temptations.

PEACE AND DISARMAMENT

BY

COLONEL RICHARD GÄDKE*

"AN Utopia!" the statesmen as well as the generals tell us, with a superior smile—being in this opinion divided by no bounds of nationality, country, or race. "Eternal peace is a dream, and not even a beautiful dream, and war is a component part in the fixed order of the universe, established by God himself. It develops man's noblest virtues of courage and renunciation, faithfulness to duty and readiness for self-sacrifice. Were it not for war the world would become bemired in materialism." Thus wrote Field-Marshal Count von Moltke, on December 11, 1880, in a letter to Professor Bluntschli, instructor in international law. This exaltation of battle as a God-ordained law does not ill become the great military leader whose name is forever linked with two glorious wars. However, those who, for lack of better foundation, cite the authority of Moltke, who is, as it were, pleading his own cause, might have their attention called to the fact that even he has not always regarded the beauty of war as beyond peradventure. On April 24, 1877, he said in the German Reichstag:

"Gentlemen, I share the *hope* and the *wish* of the orator for a lasting peace, but I do not share his *confidence*. Happy will be the time when the States will no longer be in a position where they must devote the greater part of their income merely to rendering their existence safe, and when not only the governments, but the peoples and parties also, shall have convinced themselves that even a successful campaign costs more than it brings in. Human life in exchange for wealth cannot be called a gain.

"But, gentlemen, this lasting peace is prevented by mutual distrust, and in this distrust lies our greatest danger."

Our Civilization Rent Asunder by National Jealousies

And still later, on March 1, 1880, he acknowledges in the Reichstag:

"Who could propose, by way of averting calamity, that the whole of Europe should groan under the burden of an armed peace! Mutual distrust is what keeps the nations in arms against one another. . . . All nations stand equally in need of peace."

In truth, not even an opponent of the efforts made with such inspiration and conviction by the Peace Society could fail to perceive the force of Moltke's arguments.

The state of peace—"the Truce of God"—within the circle of the civilized world is, surely, no Utopia, but it is an ideal that can only be realized slowly, step by step. Swift results cannot be expected, for it must be clearly borne in mind that the evolution of mankind does not proceed uninterruptedly in a direct line toward a fixed goal, but rather it advances in spirals, and displays a constant tendency to relapse into the barbarous old habits and conceptions.

The mutual distrust of which Count von Moltke spoke really does impede the approach of the civilized nations to one another; they are, unhappily, in a position where no one of them can fully trust the others. Every State is, in a certain sense, a large business concern, in competition with every other State, jealously watching the progress of its neighbors, and contemplating their ruin or submission. Although civilized mankind in Europe and America really forms one great community, united by innumerable bonds of similarity, we still believe that we are separated from one another by abysses, and say all manner of evil of one another. In the opposition of petty interests the community of great interests which bind us together is forgotten.

And so European-American civilization stands, inwardly split and rent asunder, facing the dangers which threaten from its borders.

One of the greatest barriers erected between

* Colonel Gädke, the great German military critic, is universally recognized as one of the foremost living authorities on military and international affairs.

us lies in the dream of a world-power, in the flattering thought of imperialism, which lies dormant in the background of our soul. We all desire, eventually, a friendly community, the organized peace of the civilized world — but we can hardly think of it otherwise than as under the supremacy of our own nation. Therein we are all alike, Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, and Americans. The more we think of our own power and ability, the oftener we have tasted of the fruit of victorious war, the more are we surrounded by the evil spirits of chauvinism and of imperialism. War is the father of other wars.

Japan's Ambition to Master the Pacific

The most modern example of this we see in Japan. It was a fatal error to suppose that the national aspirations of the youngest military power would be satisfied by the victory won over Russia under peculiarly favorable circumstances. "Eating creates hunger" is applicable in this case also. The self-conceit of the Japanese has been immensely quickened by the last war, and it expresses itself in ever-increasing armament and the broadening of their territory and sphere of national interests. I extract from the *Review of the German Navy*, dated February of this year, a triumphant proof of this contention. In the *Annual Register* of the English Navy League, a Japanese naval officer published an article with the significant title, "The Mastery of the Pacific." It says:

"That State only is a genuine sea-power which does not need to let itself be disturbed by the laws of neutrality. *Whether permitted or not permitted, Japan's insistent craving is the mastery of the Pacific Ocean.* . . . However friendly we [Englishmen and Japanese] may feel toward each other, we must come to a perfectly clear understanding with regard to one fact, namely, that there is not a single officer in the Emperor of Japan's service who would ever ask aid from Great Britain either on land or sea, however great might be his need, however firm the alliance. *Japan is armed on every side with men who are stronger than armor-plate.*"

And then comes an assumption which may not escape contradiction by the navy and people of the United States, but, in any case, will offer food for thought:

"From a naval standpoint, the Russian Baltic fleet was commanded better in its difficult position in time of war than the American fleet was commanded in time of peace. The Russian commander-in-chief at least brought his fleet to the field of battle and advanced on the enemy, but the Americans had to change their commander three times before the Armada arrived again at Hampton Roads."

It would hardly be possible for any one to speak with higher national self-importance.

War begets chauvinism and armaments; armaments beget distrust; and distrust, in turn, augments armaments in the same ratio as these increase distrust. It is a vicious circle into which the civilized world of our day appears inextricably to have fallen.

Are Our Armaments the Insurance Premiums of Peace?

It is only partly true that armaments are the insurance premiums of peace. With better right they might be called a constant menace to peace. At any rate, they have become a monstrous burden for the people. The most progressive and the greatest States are precisely those which suffer most under this burden.

If Field-Marshal Count von Moltke thirty years ago could not refrain from complaining about the oppression of the growing military armaments, how much more are we justified in complaining, now that they have risen to truly gigantic proportions. At that time the hostility between France and Germany dominated the political-military situation, and the campaign between the two States was confined to the land forces; and, even in that limited sphere, it did not demand their entire national strength.

But to-day the fever for armaments has seized upon almost the whole world. Nations, great and small, are incessantly trying to perfect armor and guns, and, as far as possible, to place every man capable of bearing arms in the ranks of the national defense.

I have already pointed out that the principal focus of this armament fever is old Europe, where the greatest enmities are crowded into the smallest space — where the inheritance that the Roman Empire bequeathed to us has preserved the conception of world-sovereignty in the most vivid fashion throughout the long course of nineteen hundred years. The long and rancorous hostility between France and Germany which followed the peace of Frankfort in 1871, and made the whole world hold its breath in suspense for two decades, has, it must be admitted, relaxed as time passed on, since in both lands a new generation has grown up, and has undertaken the guidance of political affairs.

But the direction of a course which a great State has once entered upon cannot be altered at an instant's notice, even when the determining causes have long since ceased to act with the former force. The law of inertia acts

in the realm of politics as well as in that of physics. There is no reconciliation between the two States, and on each side confidence in the trustworthiness of the other is lacking.

Europe Menaced by the Rivalry between England and Germany

But in the meantime another enmity, more powerful and more dangerous than the last, has sprung up in this world of European States, an enmity that is more far-reaching in its influence on the policy of the States as a whole, more incalculable in its issue — the rivalry between England and Germany. The military campaign of conquest between France and Germany has terminated in favor of the latter, because of Germany's increasing prosperity and its incomparably greater and still augmenting population; but between the cognate Germanic nations a still unsettled, quiet and tenacious battle is being waged through an incessantly strengthened naval armament. While Germany announces that she is making herself strong merely for the sake of her own interests, England openly acknowledges that her armaments are wholly and essentially influenced by the consideration of Germany. The enormous strength of the German army, which is able to put almost every able-bodied man of our nation in the field as a trained warrior, makes the anxiety of the Island Kingdom seem not entirely without foundation, in view of the comparative numerical weakness of the English regular army. Only so long as the narrow strip of water which separates it from the Continent can be defended by a superior fleet is England absolutely protected against an invading martial force from the Continent. But, on the other hand, Germany considers that she has interests vital to her existence that must be defended upon the sea and across it, and is working with iron energy, and to the extreme limit of her financial ability, to become at least the second naval power, as she already is, indisputably, the first land power.

The Fear of Germany a Dominating Influence in English Politics

It would be contrary to the purpose of this article for me to attempt to follow up these last grounds of the jealousy between England and Germany; for it would be difficult to remain completely impartial in the matter. I should run the risk of stirring up strife, whereas my concern is to set forth the value and the indispensability of international conferences which shall put a check on the excess of war armaments. Any one who has attentively followed the recent election struggle in England can entertain no doubt that the fear of Germany has played a great and often a decisive rôle therein — greater than the question of the House of Lords and even than the reform of the tariff, which also, in turn, is connected with the political hostility to Germany.

But the greatest danger lies in the armaments themselves.

The whole of Europe appears to have been converted into a great armory where all the material, intellectual, and moral forces are applied in the service of one single idea — the service of destruction, the service of the bloody "struggle for existence."

And while these States are ready to hurl the fire-brand into their neighbor's house as soon as they believe themselves to be prepared, the enemy of the white man's supremacy is already lurking on the frontiers of the civilized world, waiting to bring about the day of the "Götterdämmerung"— the twilight of the gods. For, in the final solution, it is no longer merely a question of "The Mastery of the Pacific" that we have to consider here.

Europe is only a little greater in extent than the United States. But within this comparatively narrow space, wherein four hundred million persons daily wage the painful fight for their daily bread, more than three and a half million men are under arms day in, day out, withdrawn from peaceful labor, and training only for battle against one another. If one include also those who belong to the militia or to the reserves, and are called out for brief drilling, as many as six million may be engaged in warlike exercises in the midst of peace. More than a sixth part of this number belong to Germany alone, almost a third to Germany and France combined. Both nations, in case of need, are able to place against each other the gigantic number of more than seven million men.

Tremendous are the financial burdens that these war armaments impose upon all the States, but most tremendous for the world-powers, which claim the greatest authority upon the earth. If we consider only the eight great military powers of the world (Germany, England, Russia, the United States, France, Austria, Italy, Japan), we find a sum of nearly two billion dollars expended annually for army and navy. At the head, at the present moment, stands Germany with $350,000,000 and England with $300,000,000. They are followed by Russia with $270,000,000, and the United States with $265,000,000. France attains the sum of $250,000,000, while the three others follow closely after. We must not forget, however, that the

purchasing power of money differs greatly in different lands. Last year $1,400,000,000 were wasted in expenses for defense by the European powers alone. One third of the entire disbursements of a State, and in some cases more than a third, is spent upon armaments.

If one does not include Russia, the enormous extent of whose domain, huge population, and gigantic frontiers, menaced at many points, create for it an exceptional position, the three Germanic States* march at the head of the expenditure for armaments. And at least two of them are threatening each other! In the last ten years (1900 to 1909) Germany has spent about two and a half and England more than three billion dollars for their army and navy. Germany, moreover, during the last four years has for the first time flung herself, with the iron determination of which our race is capable, upon the task of strengthening her sea power, without at the same time forgetting her accustomed care for her army. But her expenditure for these first years has by no means reached the highest point, and neither has that of England. If things go on at the present rate, by the end of the decade that has just begun (1910 to 1919), the two hostile peoples will each have sacrificed three and a half or four billions of dollars to the Moloch of war preparations.

The Gigantic Growth of the Navies

Upon the sea the efforts of the three Germanic nations surpass everything that the world has seen up to this time. England, the oldest sea power, is far in the lead of the others; Germany and the United States claim the second place with almost equal strength, but at a great distance behind Great Britain. All the other States are far in the rear. France — in this respect, perhaps, the wisest among the Great Powers — learned long ago to bring her expenditure for armament into accord with her means — a concession which opens for the first time the possibility of a practical limitation of armaments. France's latest program provides a fleet of only twenty-eight ships of the line, while England already possesses an armada of fifty-five ships of the first rank, and will build from four to eight Dreadnoughts every year. And Germany is on the way to procure for herself a sea power of fifty-eight fighting-ships of the most modern kind (thirty-eight ships of the line, and twenty cruisers). If one merely takes into consideration the tonnage of the battleships that have been built in the last twenty years, the United States comes next to England, and, combined with Germany, almost equals her. But, at any rate, England still has the overpowering preponderance in armored cruisers.

In a few years the monster vessels with at least eight guns of the heaviest caliber will be the only ones accounted full-powered implements of battle. Of these at the present time England possesses seven ships of the line and three armored cruisers of the line, with the same number under construction. The United States has four ships of the line and as many in building; while Germany has only two ships of the line completed, but has eight under way, and three armored cruisers of the line ready to be put into commission within a short time. It must be borne in mind that the combined cost of operating the marine force does not furnish an available scale of measurement for the development of the navy. The keep of the crews in the United States and in England must be far more expensive than it is in Germany, for Germany possesses in her obligatory naval and military service a cheap and never-failing source for replenishing her supply of sailors. Only the building fund of a navy forms an adequate measure for its expenditure. Germany has already outstripped the United States in her expenditure for new vessels, and has closely approached England. In 1909 England's expenditure for new vessels amounted to about $60,000,000, Germany's to $52,000,000. Both countries will impose still higher sums upon their taxpayers during the coming year. Ten years hence the real naval power will be judged only by the sums which these States will have spent for new battleships of the first class.

All the other nations lag behind these three, and only Japan, who at the present moment represents the military power of the East Asian civilization, is making strenuous efforts to gain a prominent place in naval affairs. If we leave her out of the reckoning, the newest and most powerful implements of war are wielded chiefly by the three Germanic nations, each one of which appears to be determined to assure for itself the future, which means in the end the sovereignty of the world.

The most dangerous enemies of the English sea sovereignty are the two most nearly related nations; and it lies in the very nature of things that the one that is situated nearest the central point of British power, the one that proves to be the most astute competitor upon material fields, also appears to be the most dangerous.

Considering this fact, the nervousness of England is readily comprehensible.

And now comes in the additional fact, that the finances of both States are already beginning

* Germany, England, and America.

to suffer by this competition. It may be that other general causes should be held responsible for this distress; that, possibly, a depression in trade and industry, which is felt all over the world, is in part to blame. But, assuredly, the crisis would have been more easily overcome had not the disbursements of billions for armaments eaten such a big hole in the purse of these rich nations. Only by superhuman efforts has Germany been able to effect a financial reform which is supposed to increase her revenues by one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars annually, but which probably will do nothing of the kind. In England, too, affairs have come to a parliamentary-political crisis over the reorganization of the budget and the taxes requisite thereto; and that crisis is far from being at an end, and may, perhaps, lead to painful civil strife.

It almost seems as if the "insurance premium" against war had now reached, with both peoples, a threatening height, where it is beginning to be the reverse of economical. No private individual, no cautious business man, would lay out so much for insurance against fire and burglary that, for the sake of a possible danger in the future, he would place himself in financial straits in the present. This, however, is what some of the greatest nations appear to be doing in the matter of armaments.

Undoubtedly, neither England nor Germany desires war. But — I must repeat it again — in the mutual distrust between the two nations, in the competition of armament which it provokes and the aggravation which this economic burden imposes upon the people, lies the possibility of a sudden, fierce outbreak. There are, it is true, everywhere philosophers who regard war as the only means for selection among nations. The people that is superior from a military point of view is asserted to be, in general, the one that is superior in culture also — so I have just read in a military journal. The military competition of the States, it is stated, exerts an influence on culture which promotes progress, for the danger of war forces every community to acquire the high standard of culture of the most powerful and advanced nations.

From the historical point of view, one must offer some opposition to this theory; for examples are sufficiently abundant where it was not the higher civilization, but brute force or superior size, which decided the outcome of a great war of nations; where the civilization of the conquered has been trampled under foot by the barbarism of the victor. Mankind has, in all probability, lost more through wars than it has won.

The view of the civilization-promoting influence of war is derived solely from the history of the last four centuries, in which the standard-bearers of culture, and also the possessors of the greatest military power and energy, were of the white race. It has not always been so, and there is no certainty that it will remain so. We should think differently about the civilizing effects of war if the representatives of the colored races should win the upper hand over the white race, especially over its strongest representatives, the Germanic nations.

A War between the Germanic Nations Might Undo the Supremacy of the White Race

A war between the Germanic nations would always be a catastrophe; it would be the greatest scourge that could afflict mankind. What would the civilization of the world gain through a destructive war between Germans and Englishmen, Englishmen and Americans, Americans and Germans? Infinite treasures of culture, spiritual as well as material, would be destroyed thereby; the might and strength of the brother nations would rend each other into pieces; and nations outside of the white race, who endure our superiority with ill-concealed rancor, would stand ready to take up the inheritance of power. A war between the Germanic nations would be a crime against humanity; it must be prevented at all costs, and will be prevented so long as there is a single spark of conscience or common sense left in the statesmen and in the people. Therefore everything must be avoided which might stir up hatred or discord between them; and all efforts to make a lasting peace between them should be supported.

I believe I have demonstrated that the last and greatest danger to peace is the excess of armaments, which keeps the thought of war awake in the hearts of the peoples, and puts upon their shoulders a financial burden that they cannot bear for any great length of time without injury. Therefore, the time has come when we should earnestly consider a limitation of armaments — *for we shall hardly be able now to alter the mutual relations between the three strongest nations.* At the moment when the balance shall be disturbed, the nation that is threatened first will, in all probability, endeavor to rid herself of the danger, at any cost, even at that of a bloody war.

Nothing but binding agreements between the nations can avert, in a peaceful manner, the dangers that are ceaselessly lying in wait for us; treaties are remedies which work gradually for an assured peace among civilized nations.

But if we are forced, nevertheless, to take up arms, let it be, not against one another, but for one another.

Berlin, Steglitz, February 19, 1910.

ON GOVERNMENT

WITH this number we begin a history of the most powerful forces in American life. Messrs. Moody and Turner will describe the great industrial monopolies and semi-monopolies that are loosely called the "System," "Big Business," "Predatory Wealth," the "Corporations," etc.

All human societies are governed by the strongest constituent element or elements in any given political entity. If the ordinary legal government is stronger than any element in the body politic, then the legal government and the real government are identical. This is very largely the case in Germany, both city and nation, in England, and in most of the northwestern countries of Europe. But such a condition is exceptional in the United States. At times in the national government itself, and generally in most of our States and cities, there have been two governments: the legal government, weak, badly organized (under absurd charters and constitutions), corrupt; and the real government, consisting largely of men seeking office for personal ends, backed by public utility corporations and railroad companies, banks, trusts, etc. San Francisco, Pittsburgh, New York City, New York State, Pennsylvania, and Illinois are illustrations that rise at once to the memory.

Now, it is a universal law that all human society is strongly ruled. No human society ever existed under the sway of a weak, gentle government. If the legal government is mild, gentle, and not strong, an extra-legal or illegal government gets the power of legal government, and usually the people are cruelly and harshly governed.

The choice of the people is between a strong, just government and a strong, cruel government.

This magazine has described government under Schmidt and Ruef in San Francisco and under Tammany in New York City, and cruel, strong governments in other cities and States. During the coming year it will publish a series of articles dealing with the present seats of power of the real government of the United States, and show why these conditions are inevitable. We cannot quarrel with a law of nature: water always flows downhill; government always seeks a strong hand. If, even from the noblest motives, or through inexperience, or by fraud, a people establish a government weak in form, hampered so as to be ineffective, government will scorn such a home and will inevitably seek the strongest seat. It will make no difference as to the beneficent or maleficent purposes of the people who furnish this seat of strength. Government, abstractly, is as unmoral as a force of nature. The great struggle in the United States to-day is to transfer government from the real seat of power to the legal seat of power. One of the manifestations is insurgency. The real power, and hence the real government, is in Wall Street. The struggle is to transfer the real power, and hence the real government, to Washington.

Government will only go where there is power. There is a difference of opinion as to whether we should have a strong centralized national government, or a government in which the States retain their sovereign rights. Those who contend for the rights of the States, and oppose the centralizing of the power in the national government, labor under the impression that the American people have a choice in the matter.

The United States is governed to-day by a strongly centralized national government, seated in Wall Street, and the seat of government will remain where it is until sufficient power is given to the national government in Washington to attract the real government to Washington.

Messrs. Moody's and Turner's article describes the railroad companies who divided in the '50's the ownership of what is now the New York Central. Supposing the New York Central Railroad had remained as it formerly was, could it have competed with such a magnificent system as it is to-day? The comparative efficiency of the New York Central as now organized, and of the New York Central Railroad as organized about fifty years ago, will about

measure the comparative efficiency of a nation composed of forty or fifty little republics (mostly corrupt) and a nation organized with a strong centralized national government.

The present well-organized national systems of railroads, banks, and so-called trusts engaged in the production of fundamental materials like steel, coal and iron ore, etc., form a powerful national government.

An equally strong government by men of equal ability, organized as efficiently and for the highest efficiency, will have to exist in Washington if we can hope to separate government from the great corporate powers.

Some people complain because the corporations are in politics, and plan to oust the corporations from politics. Such a thing is impossible. It is possible to remove government from the corporations by furnishing government a stronger seat of power. And such a seat must be national to be powerful enough.

While the permanent seat of government will be either in Wall Street or in Washington, there is a possible temporary unstable abode which some people might call socialism, others semi-confiscation. This seat is situated in unreasoning, passionate gusts of popular opinion.

It is to the interest of all citizens, and above all to the interests of those who own and those who control the great corporate interests, that as peaceable and rapid as possible a transference of the seat of real government be made to Washington. This is Mr. Roosevelt's prime object. And the interests of corporate wealth are above all things to aid him and avoid an interregnum that would be very disastrous to the general welfare.

Strong national government will always exist, but, unless the real government is identical with the legal government, the business of the country will always be in a condition of unstable equilibrium.

In all ages the principle has held good that to make the legal government the real government, the legal government must be as powerful as any force or institution to be governed. The gigantic developments and institutions resulting from the great body of inventions and discoveries of the last hundred years demand a government much more powerful than existed a hundred years ago.

One hundred and two years ago — November 17, 1808 — the great statesman, Freiherr Von Stein, laid the foundation for the development of the German nation by the reform of municipal government.

The beginning of good government in any nation is in good city government.

The commission form of government for cities is the most important contribution in American history to good government in the United States.

The general establishment and success of commission-governed cities will lead to the consideration of the corrupt State legislatures, which are identical in moral degradation and inefficiency with the average board of aldermen. State legislatures, as we understand them now, will be ultimately abolished, and a short ticket of from three to five names will take the place of the present unworkable system.

It might be worth while to consider the making of some modern nations. Within half a century Italy has become a single nation, composed of hitherto separate states. Several German states have united to form the German Empire; and, including the United States, there are four English-speaking nations in process of making, in process of passing from the federal to the national form. These are the United States, Canada, Australia, and South Africa.

From many kingdoms England became one; finally Scotland was added, and then Ireland; and the very name, United Kingdom, indicates the origin.

France as a nation is a comparatively modern achievement. The names Normandy, Brittany, Touraine, etc., are to-day mere geographical expressions. At one time they were as significant as Illinois, Massachusetts, and California.

The four English-speaking nations in process of development from a federal into a national form are not all in the same stage of development; but all will arrive in time at the same goal.

S. S. McClure.

"DAUGHTERS OF THE POOR" ONE YEAR AFTER

A YEAR ago McCLURE'S MAGAZINE gave an accurate picture of white slavery and prostitution under Tammany rule. Investigations made by the New York State Commission of Immigration, by the United States Government, and by other investigators revealed a like condition.

For a few months after the publication of the article New York ceased to be a town in which vice flourished under official sanction; but for the last six months* the magazine has been in constant receipt of information showing that, while Tammany was partially defeated last November, the group of low politicians, pimps, and strong-arm men which compose the lowest strata of Tammany Hall had lost little of their dreadful power by the election.

The unforeseen activity of Acting Mayor Mitchel has revealed the truth. Through his efforts, and the evidence he has laid before the Grand Jury, we have official recognition of the situation.

Details So Revolting No Newspaper Can Print Them

(From the New York *Evening Sun*, Sept. 21, 1910)

Not since the days when Tammany Hall rode the Police Department to suit itself, and when pool-rooms, gambling-houses, and disorderly resorts were going full blast, have things been as flagrantly wide open as they are to-day, according to some of those familiar with some of the evidence gathered recently. So revolting are the details reported by Mr. Mitchel's men that no newspaper can print them.

It has leaked out that the affidavits turned in have told of orgies of the most revolting sort in houses in which families with young children occupied other floors. In some instances the dives are alleged to have run almost without cover, in buildings where numbers of young women were employed.

Worse Than the "Red-Light" Days

(From the New York *Evening Post*, Sept. 21, 1910)

Not the tenth part of what Mitchel's investigators discovered has been told — or ever will be — to the general public. It is enough to say that the vicious resorts running openly in the city to-day are, on the whole, of far worse character than those of the Red-Light days which caused the election of a reform city ticket, headed by Seth Low, in 1901.

According to the information furnished to the Grand Jury by the Acting Mayor Mitchel, conditions as to gambling and other vice in New York City were never more flagrant and the Tenderloin was harboring more unlawful resorts than in the days prior to the Lexow investigation.

What Acting Mayor Mitchel Was Able to Do

(From the New York *Daily Mail*, Sept. 23, 1910)

The gamblers and the iniquitous are lying low, hoping for a return of the conditions which the drastic and sweeping methods of Acting Mayor Mitchel and his aide, Commissioner of Accounts Fosdick, wiped out in the absence of Mayor Gaynor.

They were uncertain, for a time, as to what the outcome was to be, until Police Commissioner Baker's men, driven by the fear of the wrath of the Acting Mayor, started in on such a city cleaning as has not been seen in New York in years, and produced a situation totally different from anything which has been found in the present administration headed by Mayor Gaynor.

To New Yorkers not familiar with the conditions that have prevailed for the last six months in the Tenderloin — such, for instance, as those of West Thirty-second Street, where were reënacted the vile conditions of Allen Street in 1900, which resulted in the election of Mayor Low and a reform administration — the disclosures of vice and crime have come as a terrible shock.

Letters of commendation are pouring in upon Acting Mayor Mitchel, commending him highly for the strength and acumen with which he has grappled with the vicious problem which has been set before him, offering a high example for those in executive position to follow.

* This editorial was written on September 23.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The article on Professor Ehrlich and his work, including his recent important discovery "606," announced in the October number of McClure's, will be printed in the December issue.

In the December McClure's will also appear the third chapter of Goldwin Smith's Reminiscences, dealing with three great English statesmen — Peel, Disraeli, and Gladstone.

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

GOOD King Wenceslas look'd out,
On the Feast of Stephen;
When the snow lay round about,
Deep, and crisp, and even:
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gath'ring winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it telling,
Yonder peasant who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest-fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."
Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together:
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger,
Fails my heart I know not how;
I can go no longer."
"Mark my footsteps, good my page;
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the Saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor
Shall yourselves find blessing.

Dr. Neale